This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

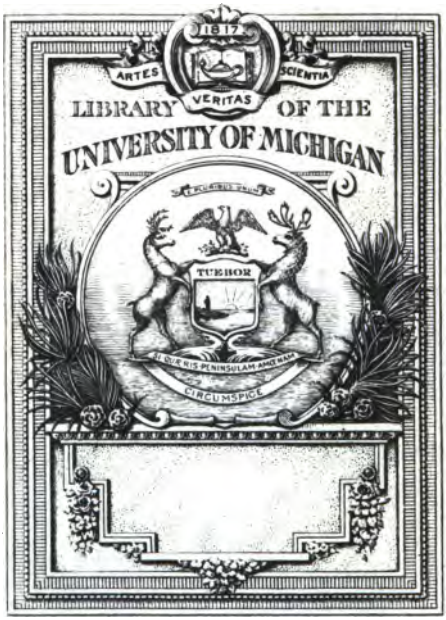
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

EX LIB
RIS
SYD
NEY·
ELLIO
IT·P
REST
ON

348
529
tB88
v.1


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

M. Vauter Gucht Scul: title page

Cor
R
n
T

Tr

F
R

Th

Prin
BIN

THE WHOLE

Comical Works

Browne OF Greenford

Monſ. SCARRON,

In Two Volumes.

VOL. I.	VOL. II.
Containing his comical Romance of a Company of Stage-Players. *In Three Parts complete.*	All his Novels and Hiſtories. His ſelect Letters, Characters, *&c.*

A great Part of which never before in Engliſh.

Tranſlated by Mr. *Tho. Brown*, Mr. *Savage*, and Others.

——*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & Melius Magnas plerumque ſecat res. Hor.
Rebus in Anguſtis facile eſt contemnere Vitam:
Fortiter ille facit, qui miſer eſſe poteſt. Mart.

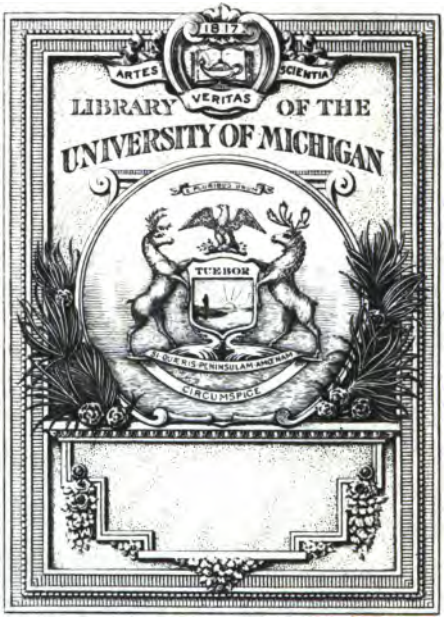
VOL. I.

The FOURTH EDITION, Revis'd and Corrected.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and J. KNAPTON; J. and B. SPRINT; R. ROBINSON; T. SANDERS; B. MOTTE; and A. WARD. 1727.

EX LIB
RIS
SYD
NEY·
ELLIO
TT·P
REST
ON
Port
after
stormie
seas

845
529
tB88
v.1


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

M. Vander Gucht Scul: title page

the beſt of ye, when 'tis my turn to be a Reader. Thou wilt grumble in thy Gizzard, I ſay, and ſnarl, and quarrel, and huff, and puff, becauſe forſooth, I ſhew thee my Back-ſide. But prithee, old Friend, don't be too Cholerick. Aſſure thy ſelf I did not do it with a deſign to turn my Breech upon the Company; but only becauſe the Convexity of my Beak is more proper to receive an Inſcription, than the Concavity of my Stomach, which is wholly covered by the Penthouſe of my Head, that hangs over it, and becauſe the Situation, or rather the irregular Plan of my Perſon may be ſeen as well behind as before. I am not ſuch a Coxcomb as to pretend to make a Preſent to the Publick (for by thoſe Jolly Damſels the nine Muſes, I ſwear and proteſt I never dreamt in my Life of ſeeing my Head ſtamped in a Medal) but I would have had my Picture drawn, if I could have found a Painter bold enough to take my Phyz in black and white. For want of a Picture therefore, I'll deſcribe my ſelf to thee as near as I can.

I am paſt thirty, as thou mayſt ſee by the back of my Chair. If I live to be forty, I ſhall add the Lord knows how many Misfortunes to thoſe I have already ſuffer'd for theſe eight or nine years laſt paſt. There was a time when my Stature was not to be found fault with, tho now 'tis of the ſmalleſt. My Sickneſs has taken me ſhorter by a Foot: My Head is ſomewhat too bigg conſidering my Height, and my Face is full enough in all conſcience for one that carries ſuch a Skeleton of a Body about him. I have Hair enough on my Head not to ſtand in need of a Periwig, and 'tis

gray

gray too, in ſpight of the Proverb. My Sight is good enough, tho my Eyes are large; they are of a blew colour, and one of them is ſunk deeper into my Head than the other, which was occaſion'd by my leaning on that ſide. My Noſe is well enough mounted. My Teeth, which in the days of yore looked like a row of ſquare Pearl, are now of an aſhen colour, and in a few years more, will have the complexion of a ſmall-coal Man's Saturday ſhirt. I have loſt one Tooth and a half on the left ſide, and two and a half preciſely on the right, and I have two more that ſtand ſomewhat out of their Ranks. My Legs and Thighs in the firſt place compoſe an obtuſe Angle, then an equal one, and laſtly an acute. My Thighs and Body make another, and my Head leaning perpetually over my Belly, Fancy makes me not very unlike the letter Z. My Arms are ſhortned as well as my Legs, and my Fingers as well as my Arms. In ſhort, I am a living Epitome of humane Miſery. This, as near as I can give it, is my Shape. Since I am now got ſo far, I will e'en tell thee ſomething of my Humour. Under the Roſe be it ſpoken, Courteous Reader, I do this only to ſwell the bulk of my Book, at the Requeſt of the Book-ſeller; the poor Dog it ſeems being afraid he ſhould be a Loſer by this Impreſſion, if he did not give the Buyer enough for his Money: were it not for this, a Digreſſion of this Nature wou'd be to no purpoſe as well as a thouſand more. But to our comfort be it ſaid, ours is not the firſt Age wherein People have play'd the Fools out of Complaiſance, not to reckon the Follies they commit of their own Heads.

I was

To the Courteous READER.

I was always a little Cholerick, a little given to my Guts, and a little lazy. I frequently call my Man Son of a Whore and Fool, and a little after ſalute him Sir. I hate no Man, and could wiſh all the World did the ſame by me. I am as blithe as a Bird when I have Mony, and ſhould be much more, were I in health. I am merry enough in Company. I am content enough when alone. I bear all my Ills pretty patiently. And now as I humbly conceive, the Porch is big enough for the Houſe, and 'tis high time for me to conclude.

A TABLE of the CHAPTERS IN THE *Comical Romance.*

The FIRST PART.

Chap. Page

I. A *Company of Strollers come to the Town* Mans 1

II. *What ſort of Man* la Rappiniere *was* 3

III. *What deplorable Succeſs the Play had* 5

IV. *Wherein farther mention in made of Monſieur* la Rappiniere; *and of what happen'd that Night at his Houſe* 8

V. *Which contains no great matter* 10

VI. *The Adventure of the Chamber-pot: What Diſturbance* Rancour *made that Night in the Inn: The Arrival of part of the Strolling Company:* Doguin's *Death; and other memorable Occurrences* 14

VII. *The Adventure of the Litters* 18

VIII. *Wherein are contain'd many Things neceſſary to be known, for the underſtanding of this true Hiſtory* 20

IX. *The Hiſtory of the Inviſible Miſtreſs* 23

X. *How* Ragotin *receiv'd a Blow on the Fingers with a Buſk* 39

XI. *Which contains what you'll find, if you'll but take the Pains to read it* 43

XII. *A Combat in the Night* 48

XIII. *The*

XIII. *The History of* Destiny *and Mrs.* Star 53
XIV. *How the Curate of* Domfront *was carried away* 70
XV. *The Operator, or Mountebank's Arrival in the Inn. A Continuation of the History of* Destiny *and* Star. *A Serenade* 74
XVI. *The Opening of the Stage, with other Matters of no less Consequence* 99
XVII. *The ill Success of* Ragotin's *Civility* 103
XVIII. *The Continuation of the History of* Destiny *and* Star 105
XIX. *Some Reflections which are not amiss.* Ragotin's *new Disgrace, and other Things, which you may read if you please* 115
XX. *The shortest in this present Book.* Ragotin's *Fall off his Horse, and something of the like nature which happen'd to* Roquebrune 120
XXI. *Which perhaps will not be found very entertaining* 122
XXII. *The Impostor outwitted, a Novel* 125
XXIII. *An unexpected Misfortune, which prevented the acting of the Play.* 143

The SECOND PART.

Chap. Page
I. *Which serves only as an Introduction to the rest.* 148
II. *Of the Boots* 151
III. *The History of Mrs.* Cave 155
IV. *How* Destiny *found* Leander 165
V. Leander's *History* 167
VI. *A cuffing Battle; the Death of mine Host, and*

and other memorable Matters 171
VII. Ragotin's *panick Fear, attended by several Mishaps. The Adventure of the dead Body. A Shower of Cuffs, Boxes, and other surprizing Accidents, worthy to have a place allotted 'em in this true History* 175
VIII. *What became of* Ragotin's *Foot* 183
IX. *Another of* Ragotin's *Misfortunes* 188
X. *How Madam* Bouvillon *could not resist a certain Temptation; and besides, how she got a Bunch in her Forehead* 191
XI. *Of what perhaps will entertain the least of the whole Book* 195
XII. *Which it may be will be as little diverting as the foregoing* 200
XIII. *An unhandsom Action of the Sieur* la Rappiniere; *and a farther Account of Madam* Star's *and* Destiny's *Travels* 205
XIV. *The Judge in her own Cause, a Novel* 209
XV. *A matchless piece of Impudence in the Sieur* la Rappiniere 239
XVI. Ragotin's *Misfortune* 241
XVII. *Some Passages between the little* Ragotin *and the great* Baguenodiere 250
XVIII. *Which has no occasion for a Title* 256
XIX. *Of the two Rival Brothers, a Novel* 258
XX. *How* Ragotin's *Sleep came to be disturb'd.* 283

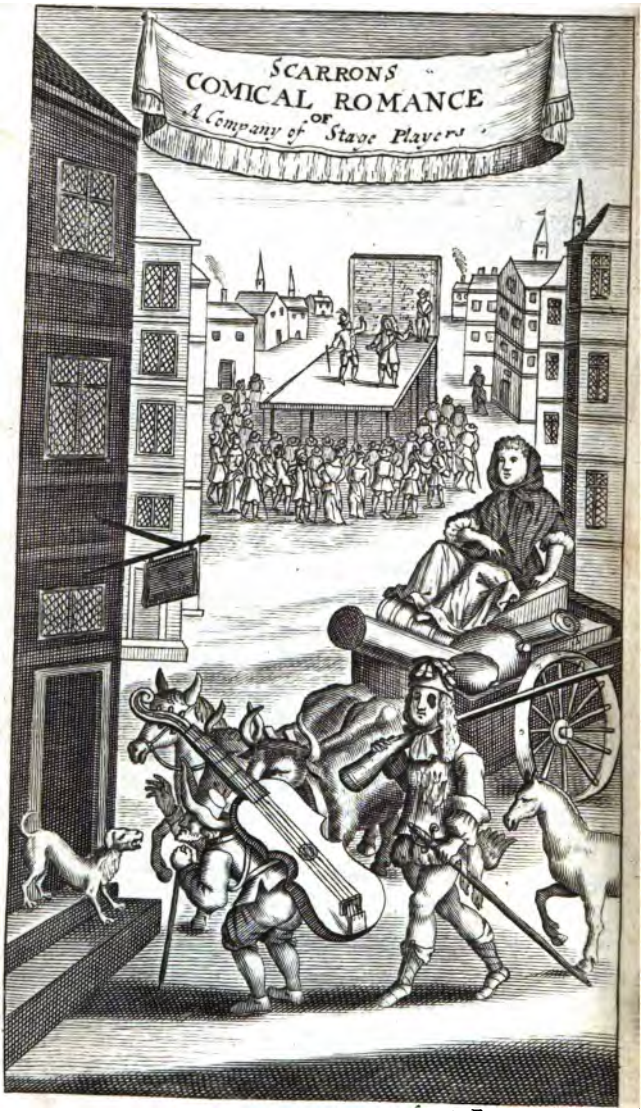
The THIRD PART.

Chap. Page
I. *Which may serve for an Introduction to the Third Part* 286
II. *Where you'll find* Ragotin's *Design* 290
III. Le-

III. Leander's *Project and Harangue, together with* Ragotin's *being admitted among the Strollers* 292
IV. *Of* Leander's *Departure; the Strollers going for* Alengon *and* Ragotin's *Misfortune* 298
V. *What happen'd to the Strollers between* Vivain *and* Alengon, *together with another Misfortune of* Ragotin's 304
VI. *Of* Saldagne's *Death* 310
VII. *The Sequel of Mrs.* Cave's *History* 316
VIII. *The End of Mrs.* Cave's *History* 320
IX. *How* Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and some other Comical Adventures of* Ragotin's 324
X. *The History of the Prior of St.* Lewis, *and the Arrival of Monſ.* Verville 330
XI. *Reſolution of* Deſtiny's *marrying with* Star, *and* Leander *with* Angelica 341
XII. *What happen'd in the Journey to* Freſnaye, *as likewiſe another Misfortune of* Ragotin's 344
XIII. *The Continuation and Concluſion of the Prior of St.* Lewis's *History* 346
XIV. Verville's *Return, accompanied by Monſieur* la Garouffiere. *The Actors and Actreſſes Marriages; together with an Adventure of* Ragotin's 368
XV. *The two Jealous Ladies, a Novel* 374
XVI. *The Capricious Lady, a Novel* 379
XVII. Ragotin's *Deſpair and Death, with the end of the Comical Romance* 386

Illustrations, 4 or 16 mm. 68 74 79 and 86

R-


SCARRONS
COMICAL ROMANCE
OF
A Company of Stage Players

SCARRON's Comical Romance.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

A Company of Strollers come to the Town of Mans.

BRIGHT *Phœbus* had already [perform'd above half his Career; and his Chariot having paſt the Meridian, and got on the Declivity of the Sky, roll'd on ſwifter than he deſired. Had his Horſes been willing to have made uſe of the Slopingneſs of the Way, they might have finiſhed the Remainder of the Day in leſs than half a quarter of an Hour: But inſtead of pulling amain, they curvetted about, ſnuffing a briny Air, which ſet them a neighing, and made them ſenſible that they were near the Sea, where their Father is ſaid to take his Reſt every Night.

To ſpeak more like a Man, and in plainer Terms; it was betwixt five and ſix of the Clock, when a Cart came into the Market-place of *Mans:* This Cart was drawn by two Yoke of lean Oxen led by a breeding Mare, who had a Colt that skipp'd to and fro like a ſilly Creature as he was. The Cart was laden with Trunks, Portmantues, and great Packs of painted Clothes, that made a Sort of Pyramid; on the Top of which ſat a Damſel, in a half-City, half-Country Dreſs. A young Man, as poor in Clothes as rich in Mien, walked by the Side of the Cart: He had a great Patch on his Face (which cover'd one of his Eyes, and half of one Cheek) and carried a long Birding-Piece on his Shoulder, wherewith he had murther'd ſeveral Magpies, Jays, and Crows, which having ſtrung together, made him a Sort of Bandileer; at the bottom of which hung a Hen and Gooſe, that look'd as if they had been taken from the Enemy by way of Plunder. Inſtead of a Hat he wore a Night-cap, ty'd about his Head with Garters of ſeveral Colours; and which was, without doubt, a kind of unfiniſh'd Turbant. His Doublet was a Griſet-Coat, girt about with a Leather Thong; which ſerv'd likewiſe to ſupport a Rapier ſo very long, that it could not be us'd dextrouſly without the Help of a Reſt. He wore a Pair of Breeches tuck'd up to above the middle of his Thighs, like thoſe that Players have when they repreſent an ancient Hero. Inſtead of Shoes he wore Tragick Buskins, beſpatter'd with Dirt up to the Ancles. An old Man, ſomething more regular in his Dreſs, tho' in very ordinary Habit, walk'd by his Side. He carried a Baſe-viol on his Shoulders; and becauſe he ſtoop'd a little as he went, one might have taken him at a Diſtance for a great Tortoiſe walking upon his hind Feet. Some Critick or other will perhaps find Fault with the Compariſon by reaſon of the Diſproportion between that Creature and a Man: But I ſpeak of thoſe great Tortoiſes that are to be found in the *Indies*; and beſides, I make bold to uſe the Simile upon my own Authority. Let's return to our Strolling Company. They paſs'd by the Tennis-Court at the *Hind*; before which were then aſſembled ſeveral of the Chief Men of the Town. The Novelty of our Strollers Equipage, and the Noiſe of the

the Mob, who by this time had gather'd about the Cart, drew the Eyes of all thoſe Honourable Burgo-Maſters upon our unknown Travellers. Amongſt the reſt, a † Lieutenant to the Provoſt, *la Rappiniere* by Name, made up to them, and with the Authority of a Magiſtrate, ask'd them, *Who they were?* The young Man, whom I deſcrib'd before, without offering to pull off his Turbant, (becauſe with one Hand he held his Gun, and with the other the Hilt of his Sword, leſt it ſhould beat againſt his Legs) anſwer'd him, That they were *Frenchmen* by Birth, and Players by Profeſſion: That his Stage-Name was *Deſtiny*; his old Comrade's *Rancour*; and the Gentlewoman (who ſat rooſting like a Hen on the Top of their Baggage) *Cave.* This odd Name ſet ſome of the Company a laughing; whereupon the young Stroller added, That the Name of *Cave* ought not to ſeem more ſtrange to Men of Wit, than thoſe of *la Montagne*, *Valley*, *Roſe* or *Thorn.* The Converſation ended with the Noiſe of Blows, Curſing, and Swearing, that was heard before the Cart. This Squabble had been occaſion'd by the Servant of the Tennis-Court's falling foul upon the Carter, without ſaying why, or wherefore; yet the Reaſon was, becauſe his Oxen and Mare had been a little too free with a Truſs of Hay that lay before the Door. However, the Combatants were at length parted; and the Miſtreſs of the Tennis-Court, who lov'd to hear a Play more than a Sermon or Veſpers, out of unheard-of Generoſity in a Keeper of a Tennis-Court, bid the Carter let his Cattle eat their Bellies full. He took her at her word: And whilſt the hungry Beaſts were feeding, the Author reſted a while, and bethought himſelf what he ſhould ſay in the next Chapter.

† *An Under-Sheriff.*

Chap. II.

What Sort of Man la Rappiniere *was.*

THE Sieur *la Rappiniere* was at that time the Droll or Jeſter of *Mans*; for you muſt know there is not a Town in *France*, tho' never ſo ſmall, but has ſuch an Ani-

mal belonging to it. The City of *Paris* has ſeveral in each Ward; and I my ſelf might have been the Jeſter of mine, had I been willing to undertake it. But every Body knows, 'tis a long Time ſince I have forſaken all the Vanities of this World. To return to Monſieur *la Rappiniere*; he ſoon renew'd the Converſation which the Squabble had interrupted, and ask'd the young Player, Whether their company conſiſted only of Mrs. *Cave*, Monſieur *Rancour* and himſelf? Our Company, anſwer'd he, is as compleat, as that of the Prince of *Orange*, or of his Grace the Duke of *Epernon*; but through a Misfortune that befel us at *Tours*, where our rattle-headed Door-keeper happen'd to kill one of the Fuzileers of the Intendant of the Province, we were forc'd to fly in a hurry, and in the ſad Pickle you ſee us. Thoſe Fuzileers of the Intendants, ſaid *la Rappiniere*, have been as troubleſome to you Strollers at *la Fleſche*: Ay, a Pox take them, ſaid the Miſtreſs of the Tennis-Court, If they could help it we ſhould have no Plays. Nay, anſwer'd the old Stroller, had we but the Keys of our Trunks, we might entertain the Town for four or five Days, for all them, before we reach *Alençon*, where the reſt of our Company are to rendezvous. This Player's Anſwer made every Body to prick up their Ears: *La Rappiniere* offer'd an old Gown of his Wife's to *Cave*; and the Tennis-Women two or three Suits of Clothes, which had been left with her in Pawn, to *Deſtiny* and *Rancour*. But added ſome of the Standers-by, there are but three of you. No Matter for that, replied *Rancour*, for I once acted a whole Play my ſelf, and repreſented the King Queen and the Amaſſador with my ſingle Perſon. I made uſe of a falſe Treble Tone when I Perſonated the Queen; I ſpoke thro' the Noſe for the Ambaſſador, and addreſſed my ſelf to the Crown which I plac'd upon a Chair; and as for the King, I reſum'd my ſeat, Crown and Gravity, and lower'd the Key of my Voice to a Baſe. Now to convince you of this, if you will ſatisfie our Carter, defray our Charges in the Inn, and lend us what Clothes you can ſpare, we will act ſtill before Night; otherwiſe we muſt beg leave to go to drink, or reſt ſelves, for we are come a great Way. The Company lik'd the Propoſal, but

but that Devil *la Rappiniere*, who was ever hatching ſome Miſchief or other, ſaid there was no Occaſion for any other Clothes, than thoſe of two young Men of the Town, who were then Playing a Set at Tennis, and that Mrs. *Cave* in her ordinary Dreſs, might paſs for any thing in a Play. No ſooner ſaid but done; in leſs than half a quarter of an Hour the Strollers drank three or four Glaſſes of Wine a-piece, ſhifted themſelves; and the Company, who by this Time had encreas'd to a full Audience, having taken their Places in an upper Room, a dirty Cloth, inſtead of a painted Courtain, was drawn up, which diſcover'd *Deſtiny* lying on a Quilt, with a Strawberry Basket on his Head, in the room of a Crown, rubbing his Eyes, like one who had wak'd out of his Sleep, and mouthing in the Tone of *Mondori*, the Part of *Herod*, which begins thus:

Injurious Phantom, that diſturbs my Reſt.

The Patch which almoſt cover'd one Half of his Face, did not hinder him from ſhewing himſelf an excellent Player: Madam *Cave* acted to Admiration the Parts of *Mariamne* and *Salome*; *Rancour* pleas'd every Body with his Actions; and the Play was carrying on to a happy Concluſion; when the Devil, who never ſleeps, interpos'd, and made the Tradegy end, not with the Death of *Mariamne*, and *Herod's* Diſpair, but with a thouſand Cuffs, and Boxes on the Ears, as many Kicks, numberleſs Oaths; and laſt of all, a Verbal Proceſs and Information, which was taken out by *la Rappiniere*, the moſt skilful of all Men in thoſe Matters.

Chap. III.

What deplorable Succeſs the Play had.

IN all the inferior Towns of the Kingdom, there's generally a Tennis Court, whither all the idle People are us'd to reſort, ſome to play, others only to look on. 'Tis in thoſe Places where Curſing and Swearing paſſes for a Rhetorical Flouriſh, and where the abſent are murthered with the Tongues of Backbiters and Bullies; no Man 'ſcapes

Scot-free; there all live in open Defiance, and every Body is admitted to rail, according to his Talent. 'Twas in one of theſe Tennis-Courts, if my Memory fails me not, that I left three comical Perſons, reciting *Mariamne* before an honourable Company; at which preſided Monſieur *la Rappiniere*. Now while *Herod* and *Mariamne* were telling each other their Faults, the two young Men, whoſe Clothes they had ſo freely borrowed, came into the Room in their Drawers, each of them with his Racket in his Hand, having neglected to get themſelves rubb'd, that they might come and hear the Play. They were not long in the Room before they perceiv'd that *Herod* and *Pherores* had their Clothes on; when the moſt paſſionate of the two addreſſing himſelf to the Waiter of the Tennis-Court; Thou Son of a Bitch, ſaid he to him, Why didſt thou give my Clothes to that Mountebank? The innocent Waiter, who knew him to be a bruitiſh ſort of a Man, told him with great Humility, That he had no Hand in it. Who then, Scoundrel? added he. The poor Fellow durſt not accuſe *la Rappiniere* in his Preſence; but he himſelf the moſt inſolent of all Men, riſing from his Seat, told him, 'Twas I; What have you to ſay to it? That you are a Raſcal, replied the other; and at the ſame time gave him a plaguy Blow over the Pate with his Racket. *La Rappiniere* was ſo ſurpriz'd to be ſtruck firſt, whereas he us'd to be beforehand with all Men, that he ſtood motionleſs, either thro' Amazement, or becauſe he was not yet angry enough, and that 'twas not a ſmall Provocation that could make him reſolve to fight, tho' it were but at Fiſty-Cuffs. Nay, perhaps the Quarrel had gone no farther, had not his Man, who was more cholerick than he, fallen foul upon the Aggreſſor, and dealt him a ſound Cuff on the Chops, and in the middle of his Face, and afterwards in a great many other places where he could find room to imprint his Fury. *La Rappiniere* charg'd him behind, and work'd on him like one that had receiv'd the firſt Provocation: A Relation of his Adverſaries inveſted *la Rappiniere* after the ſame manner. This Relation was attack'd by one of *la Rappiniere's* Friends, in order to make a Diverſion: This Combatant was aſſaulted by another, and this laſt again by another.

In

In ſhort, the whole Audience divided into Parties; ſome curſt and ſwore; others call'd Names; all beat one another. The Tennis-Woman, who ſaw her Goods broken to pieces, rent the Air with doleful Cries. In all probability they had murder'd one another with Stools, Kicks, and Cuffs, had not ſome of the Magiſtrates of the Town (who happen'd at that time to be walking in the Piazza of the Market place, with *des Eſſars*, Seneſchal of *Mayne*) ran with all ſpeed to the Squabble. Some propos'd to throw two or three Pails full of Water on the Combatants; which perhaps might have been ſucceſsful; however, they at length gave over fighting, thro' Wearineſs: Beſides two Capuchins, who out of Charity flung themſelves into the Field of Battle, procur'd, tho' not a firm Peace betwixt the contending Parties, yet a ſort of Truce; during which a Negotiation was ſet on foot, without derogating from the Informations that were taken on both ſides, in order to a Tryal in due courſe of Law. *Deſtiny*, one of the Strollers, perform'd Wonders at Boxing; whoſe great Actions are talk'd of to this very Day in the Town of *Mans*, according to the faithful Account deliver'd by the two young Men that rais'd the Squabble, whom he particularly engag'd, and almoſt cuff'd to death; beſides a great many others of the Enemy, whom he diſabled with the firſt Blow. Having loſt his Patch in the Scuffle, People took notice his Face was as fine as his Shape. The bloody Noſes were handſomly waſh'd with clean Water: Thoſe that had their Bands torn, put on others inſtead of them; Cataplaſms were applied where Need requir'd; ſome few Stitches ſerved to darn many a torn Doublet; and the Houſhold-Goods were ſet in their proper Places, tho' not ſo ſound and whole as they were before. In ſhort, a Moment after there remain'd nothing of the Fight but a great Spite and Animoſity, which appear'd in the Faces of thoſe of both Parties. The poor Strollers went out a long while after the Combat with *la Rappiniere*, who was ſtill for making Speeches. In their way from the Tennis-Court to the Market-place, they were inveſted by ſeven or eight Bullies with Swords in their Hands; *la Rappiniere*, according to Cuſtom, was in a great Fright, and indeed not without Cauſe, had not

Deſtiny generouſly thruſt himſelf between him and a Sword which was about to run him through; however he could not ſo well parry the Thruſt, but that he receiv'd a ſmall Wound in the Arm. Thereupon he drew his Rapier, and in the twinkling of an Eye, beat two Swords out of the Hands of the Enemy, broke two or three Sculls, batter'd and flaſh'd as many Faces, and diſcomfited ſo dextrouſly the Gentlemen of the Ambuſcade, that all the By-ſtanders unanimouſly confeſs'd, they never had ſeen ſo valiant a Champion. This abortive Plot had been laid againſt *la Rappiniere*, by two Squires, whereof one married the Siſter of him, who begun the Fight with a great Blow with a Racket, by which in all Likelihood *la Rappiniere* had been ſpoil'd for ever, but for the valiant Protector, whom Providence had rais'd for him in the Perſon of our ſtout Player. This Benefit melted his Heart of Flint, inſomuch, that he would not ſuffer the miſerable Remains of a ſcatter'd Company of Strollers to lodge in an Inn; but brought them to his own Houſe, where the Carter having laid down the ſtrolling Furniture, return'd Home to his Village.

Chap. IV.

Wherein farther Mention is made of Monſieur la Rappiniere; *and of what happen'd that Night at his Houſe.*

MAdam *la Rappiniere* receiv'd the Company with a great deal of Civility, as being the moſt ſubmiſſive of Wives; ſhe was indifferently handſom, tho' ſo very lean and dry, that ſhe never ſnuff'd a Candle with her Fingers, but they preſently catch'd Fire. I could relate a thouſand curious Stories about her, which I paſs by for fear of being tedious. The firſt Compliments were ſcarce over, when the two Ladies grew ſo well acquainted, that they began with *My Dear*, and *My Deareſt*. *La Rappiniere*, who was as great a Braggadochio as any in the World, was no ſooner come into the Room, but he bid ſomebody go to the Kitchin and Larder, and haſten Supper. This was a meer Rodomantade; for beſides his Valet, who like-

likewiſe dreſt his Horſes, there was no body in his Houſe, but a young Maid, and an old lame Woman, as crazy as a mangy Dog. His Vanity was puniſh'd by an Accident, that fill'd him with Confuſion; he was us'd to diet at the Tavern, at the Expence of Fools and Bubbles, whilſt his Wife and his orderly Family were reduc'd to feed on Soop and Cabbage, according to the Cuſtom of that Country; Now, being willing to make a Shew before his Gueſts, and treat them nobly, he was going to ſlip behind his Back, ſome Money into the Hands of his Man, to fetch ſomething for Supper; but thro' the Awkardneſs either of the Servant or the Maſter, the Pence fell on the Chair he ſat on, and from thence to the Ground. *La Rappiniere* look'd blue upon it; his Wife bluſh'd; the Man curs'd; *Cave* was uneaſy; *Rancour*, perhaps, did not mind it; and as for *Deſtiny*, I could not well learn what Effect it had upon his Mind. However, the Money was taken up, and whilſt Supper was getting ready, they engaged in Converſation. *La Rappiniere* ask'd *Deſtiny*, Why he diſguis'd his Face with a Patch? He anſwer'd, He had great Reaſon to do it; and as he had other Clothes on by Accident, ſo he likewiſe deſign'd to make his Face unknown to ſome Enemies he had. At laſt Supper came in, good or bad: *La Rappiniere* drank ſo much, that he made himſelf ſuddled; *Rancour* had his Load; *Deſtiny* ſupp'd like a ſober well-bred Man; *Cave* like a famiſh'd Player; and Madam *la Rappiniere* like one who had a mind to lay hold of the Opportunity; that is to ſay, ſo very greedily, that ſhe got a Surfeit. Whilſt the Servants were at Supper, and the Beds making, *la Rappiniere* teaz'd his Gueſts with a thouſand Stories full of Vanity. *Deſtiny* lay in a little Room by himſelf; *Cave* in a Cloſet with the Chamber-Maid; and *Rancour* with the Valet I know not where. They all had a great mind to ſleep, ſome thro' Wearineſs, others for having ſupp'd too plentifully, and yet they ſlept but little; ſo true it is, that there is nothing certain in this World. After her firſt Sleep, Madam *la Rappiniere* had an Inclination to go where Kings are forced to go themſelves in perſon; her Husband wak'd at the ſame time, and tho' he had not recover'd his Drunkenneſs, yet he found

himſelf alone: he call'd his Wife; no body anſwer'd: Whereupon he grew jealous, fell in a paſſion, and inſtantly roſe out of his Bed in a fury. As ſoon as he was got out of the Chamber, he heard a ſtamping of Feet before him, and for ſome time follow'd the Noiſe thro' a little Gallery, that led to *Deſtiny*'s Room. He found himſelf ſo near what he purſu'd, that he trod upon its Heels, and thinking it to be his Wife, he was going to lay hold on her, crying out, You Whore! But his Hands could catch nothing, and his Feet ſtumbling at the ſame time, he fell down upon his Noſe, and felt ſomething that was pointed running into his Breaſt: Thereupon he cry'd out after a moſt hideous manner, Murder! Murder! I am ſtabb'd—— without letting go his Wife, whom he thought he held by the Hair, and was ſtruggling under him. His Cries and Oaths ſet all the Houſe in an Uproar, and every body ran to his Aſſiſtance; the Maid with a Candle; *Rancour* and the Valet in their dirty Shirts; *Cave* in a tatter'd Petticoat; *Deſtiny* with a Sword in his Hand, and Madam *la Rappiniere* laſt of all, who, like all the reſt, was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee her furious Husband grappling with a She-goat, which was kept in the Houſe to ſuckle ſome young Puppies, whoſe Dam happen'd to die. No Man was ever ſo much out of countenance, as *la Rappiniere*: His Wife, who preſently ſuſpected the Truth of the matter, ask'd him if he was mad? He anſwer'd, without knowing well what he ſaid, That he had taken the Goat for a Thief; *Deſtiny* gueſs'd the Buſineſs; every one return'd to his Bed, and made what Conſtruction he thought fit upon the Adventure; as for the Goat, ſhe was ſhut up again with her Puppies.

Chap. V.

Which contains no great Matter.

THE Stroller *Rancour*, one of the principal Heroes of our Romance, for one alone will not ſerve our turn; and ſince there's nothing more perfect than the Heroe of a Book; half a Dozen Heroes, or ſuch as would be thought ſo, will do more credit to mine than a ſingle one, who might

might happen to be the leaſt talk'd of, ſince all human Things are ſubject to the Caprice of Fortune. *Rancour*, I ſay, was one of thoſe Miſanthropiſts, who hate every body, and do not love even themſelves: Nay, I was told by ſeveral credible Perſons, that no Man ever ſaw him laugh. He had a pretty deal of Wit, and an indifferent Talent in making doggrel Rhimes: He was not over-ſtock'd with Honour or Conſcience upon any account; and beſides, he was as malicious as an old Monkey, and envious as a famiſh'd Dog. He found fault with all of his Profeſſion, according to his Opinion; *Bellerofe* was too affected; *Mindori* too rough; *Floridor* wanted Spirit; and ſo of the reſt; by which he inſinuated, that he was the only Player without Fault; whereas he was ſuffer'd in the Company, merely on the ſcore of his being an old Stander. When the Stage was reduc'd to *Hardy's* Plays, he acted the Parts of Nurſes in a treble Tone, and with a Vizor; but ſince the Stage had been improv'd, he overlook'd the Door-keeper, acted the Parts of Confidents, Ambaſſadors, and Bailiffs Setters, when there was occaſion to attend a King, murder any body, or fight a Battel. He ſung but ſcurvily the Tenor in *Opera's*, and was Jack-pudding in *Farces*. Upon theſe great Accompliſhments, he had built an unſufferable Pride, which was attended with an unexhauſted Faculty of Railing and Slandering, and a quarrelſom Humour, which however was ſupported by a little Courage: All theſe made him to be fear'd by his Comrades, *Deſtiny* only excepted, with whom he was as tame as a Lamb, and ſhew'd himſelf as reaſonable as his natural Inclination would ſuffer him. 'Twas once given out, that he was beaten by *Deſtiny*; but that Report did not continue, no more than that about his having ſo great an Affection for other Peoples Goods, that he would ſometimes ſeize upon 'em clandeſtinely: Yet upon the whole, he was the beſt Man in the World. I remember I acquainted you before, how he lay with *la Rappiniere's* Man, by Name *Doguin*: Now whether the Bed was none of the beſt, or that *Doguin* was but an ill Bed-fellow, it ſo happen'd, that he could not ſleep a wink all Night. He roſe at break of Day, as well as *Doguin*, who was call'd up by his Maſter, when going by

by *la Rappiniere*'s Chamber, he ſtepp'd in to wiſh him good Morrow; *la Rappiniere* receiv'd his Compliment with the State of a country Provoſt, and ſcarce return'd any of his Civilities; but as Players are us'd to act all manner of Parts, ſo *Rancour* was little concern'd at it. *La Rappiniere* ask'd him a thouſand Queſtions about the Stage, particularly, How long *Deſtiny* had been one of their Company? Adding, That he was a very good Player. All is not Gold that glifters, reply'd *Rancour*: When I play'd the firſt Parts, he acted thoſe of *Pages*; how the Devil ſhould he now underſtand a Trade, that he never learnt? He has not been long upon the Stage, and Players do not come up like Muſhrooms in one Night. Now he is lik'd, becauſe he is young; but if you knew him throughly as I do, you would not have half ſo good an Opinion of him; beſides, he is as proud, as if he was lineally deſcended from St. *Lewis*, and yet he won't tell us who he is, nor whence he comes, no more than a handſom *Phillis* that accompanies him, under the Name of Siſter, and grant Heaven ſhe proves no worſe. As mean as I am, I ſav'd his Life once in *Paris*, at the Expence of two great Wounds I receiv'd from a Sword; and he was ſo unthankful for my good Office, that inſtead of ſeeing me carried to a Surgeon, he ſpent the whole Night in looking in the Dirt for a certain Jewel enrich'd with Diamonds of *Alençon*; of which he ſaid, he was robb'd by thoſe that ſet upon us. *La Rappiniere* ask'd *Rancour* when this Miſchance befell him? Upon *Twelfth-day*, on the *New Bridge*, anſwer'd *Rancour*. Theſe laſt Words caſt *la Rappiniere* and his Man *Doguin* into a great Trouble; they turn'd pale and bluſh'd; then bluſh'd and turn'd pale again; and *la Rappiniere* ſhifted the Diſcourſe ſo quickly, and with ſo great a Diſorder, that *Rancour* began to wonder at it. The Hangman of the Town, and ſome Archers who came into the Room interrupted their Converſation, at which *Rancour* was highly pleas'd; for he was ſenſible that what he had ſaid, had touch'd *la Rappiniere* in a very tender Part; tho' he was not able to gueſs what Share he might have in the Adventure. In the mean time *Deſtiny*, who had been the Subject of his Encomiums, was in no ſmall Trouble: *Rancour*

found

found him with Mrs. *Cave*, wafting his Breath to no purpoſe, to make an old Taylor confeſs, that he did not conceive well, and had work'd ſtill worſe. The Matter in diſpute was this: At the taking the Play-houſe Furniture out of the Cart, *Deſtiny* having found two Doublets and a Pair of Breeches much worn out, had given them to this old Taylor to make out of 'em a more faſhionable Suit, than the Trunk-Breeches he had on; now this Prickloufe, inſtead of making one of the Doublets ſerve to mend the other, and the Breeches, thro' a Fault in Judgment, unworthy of a Man who had patch'd old Clothes all his Life-time, mended both the Doublets with the beſt Pieces out of the Breeches; inſomuch, that poor *Deſtiny* with ſo many Doublets and no Breeches, was reduc'd either to keep his Chamber, or to make all the Children run after him, as they had done before, upon account of his comical Habit. *La Rappiniere's* Generoſity repair'd the Miſtake of the Taylor, who had the botch'd Doublet for his pains, and *Deſtiny* was preſented with a Suit of Clothes, the Spoils of a Highway-man, whom *Rappiniere* had caus'd to be broke upon the Wheel not long before. The Hangman, who happen'd to be there, and had left thoſe Clothes in cuſtody of *La Rappiniere's* Maid, ſaid very ſaucily, That they were his Fees; but *la Rappiniere* ſoon ſilenc'd him, by threatning to turn him out of his Place. The Clothes fitted *Deſtiny* to a Hair, and ſo out he went with *la Rappiniere* and *Rancour*: They all din'd at a Tavern at the Expence of one of the Burghers, who had Buſineſs with *la Rappiniere*. As for Mrs. *Cave*, ſhe paſs'd her Time away in waſhing her dirty Nightrails, and kept her Landlady company. The ſame Day *Deguin* having met two of thoſe young Men whom he had beaten the Day before in the *Tennis-Court*, return'd Home with two great Wounds in his Guts, and abundance of Cudgel-blows on his Back. Now, becauſe he was dangerouſly ill, *Rancour* having well ſupp'd, went to the next Inn for a Bed, being almoſt tir'd to death with walking up and down the Town together with his Comrade *Deſtiny*, to attend Monſieur *la Rappiniere*, who ſwore he would have Satisfaction for the Murder of his Man.

CHAP.

Chap. VI.

The Adventure of the Chamber-pot: What Diſturbance Rancour *made that Night in the Inn: The Arrival of Part of the Strolling Company:* Doguin's *Death; and other memorable Occurrences.*

Rancour went into the Inn ſomething more than half drunk: *La Rappiniere's* Maid who introduc'd him, bid his Hoſteſs get a Bed ready for him: Who have we here? ſaid the Hoſteſs; Faith, had we no other Cuſtomers, our Houſe-rent would be but ill paid. Hold your Tongue, Huſſy, ſaid the Husband: Monſieur *la Rappiniere* does us too much Honour: Quickly let a Bed be got ready for the Gentleman ——Ay marry, but where ſhall one get it, ſaid the Hoſteſs; for there was but one left, and I parted juſt now with it to a Merchant of *Lower-Maine*. Hereupon the Merchant coming in, and hearing the occaſion of their Diſpute, offer'd one half of his Bed to *Rancour*, whether out of Civility to *la Rappiniere*, or becauſe he was of an obliging Nature is uncertain; However *Rancour* return'd him Thanks, as far as his ſmall Stock of Civility would go. The Merchant ſupp'd, the Hoſt kept him Company, and *Rancour* without much Entreaty, putting in for a Third, began to drink upon a new Score. They diſcourſed about Taxes, rail'd againſt Exciſemen, ſettled the Nation, and unſettled their own Brains ſo much, eſpecially the Inn-keeper, that he lugg'd his Purſe out of his Pocket, and call'd for the Reckoning, having forgot that he was at Home, but his Wife and his Maid quickly after pull'd him by the Shoulders into his Chamber, and laid him upon a Bed with his Clothes on. *Rancour* told the Merchant, that he was troubled with a Strangury, and would be very ſorry if he ſhould incommode him; to which the Merchant replied, that a Night would ſoon be over. Now you muſt take Notice, the Bed had no *Ruelle*, but was cloſe to the Wall: *Rancour* went into it firſt, and the Merchant going after him into the Place of Honour, *Rancour* ask'd him for the Chamber-pot,——what to do? ſaid the Merchant: Why,

Why, to put it by me, to avoid being troubleſome to you, ſaid *Rancour*; the Merchant replied, he would give it him whenever he had Occaſion for it; to which *Rancour* ſeemed unwilling to conſent, proteſting he ſhould be extream ſorry to trouble him The Merchant fell aſleep without returning him an Anſwer, and ſcarce began to be in a ſound ſleep, before the malicious Stroller, (who could have parted with one of his Eyes, ſo as he might make his Neighbour loſe both his) pull'd him by the Arm, and cry'd, Sir, Sir; The poor Merchant half aſleep gaping and ſtretching, ask'd what he would have? Pray reach me the Chamber-pot, quoth *Rancour*; the Merchant lean'd over the Bed, and having taken the Pot gave it to him, when putting himſelf in a piſſing Poſture, and having us'd all his Endeavours, or at leaſt ſeem'd to do ſo, mutter'd a thouſand Oaths, and complained of his Diſtemper; he return'd the Chamber-pot to the Merchant, without making a drop of Water. The Merchant ſet it on the Ground again, and ſtretching his Mouth as wide as an Oven, ſaid to *Rancour*, Truly Sir, I pity you, and fell aſleep preſently. *Rancour* ſuffer'd him to indulge his Drowſineſs, till he ſnor'd as loud as the Drone-pipe of an Organ, and then the Traytor wak'd him again, and ask'd him for the Chamber-Pot with as much Malice as he had done before. The Merchant deliver'd it into his Hands with his uſual Kindneſs; when *Rancour* put it to the Place thro' which one Piſſes, not ſo much with a Deſign to leak, as to keep the Merchant awake: He cried out ſtill louder than before, and was twice as long, endeavouring in vain to make Water; but at length deſiring the Merchant not to give himſelf the Trouble to reach the Chamber-pot any more, he told him he would for the Future reach it himſelf: The poor Merchant, who at that Time would have parted with half his Eſtate to have ſlept his Belly-full, anſwer'd him yawning, that he might do as he thought fit, and ſo ſet the Chamber-pot in its proper Place again: They bid one another good Night, after a very civil Manner, and the poor Merchant would have laid a round Sum, that he was going to take the beſt Nap he ever had in his Life. *Rancour*, who knew well enough where his Comedy would end, ſuffer'd

ſuffer'd him to fall into a ſound Sleep, and then without making Conſcience to wake a Man that repos'd ſo innocently, laid his Elbow on the Pit of his Stomack, cruſhing him down with the whole Weight of his Body, and ſtretching forth the other Arm out of the Bed, like one that had a Mind to take up ſomething from the Ground. The unfortunate Merchant, almoſt cruſhed and ſtifled to Death, ſtarted out of his Sleep, crying out in a moſt hideous Manner, Zouns, Sir, what do you mean? you have almoſt kill'd me—— *Rancour* with as ſoft and gentle a Voice as that of the Merchant was loud and vehement, anſwer'd him, I ask your Pardon, I only deſign'd to take the Chamber-pot——Udſlife, cried the other I had much rather give it to you, and not ſleep all the Night long ——you have ſo hurt me; that I ſhall feel it as long as I live. *Rancour* made him no anſwer, but fell a piſſing ſo plentifully and with much Force, that the very Noiſe of the Chamber-pot, had been ſufficient to wake the Merchant: At laſt he fill'd the Pot, and return'd the Lord the Thanks with a villanous Hypocriſie. The good Merchant wiſh'd him Joy as well as he could, for his plentiful ejaculation of Urine, which gave him Hopes his Sleep would no more be interrupted: When the curſed *Rancour* (making as if he would ſet the Chamber-pot on the ground) let fall both Pot and Piſs on his Face, Beard, and Breaſt; excuſing himſelf only with, Sir, I cry your Mercy! The Merchant return'd his Civility no Anſwer; for as ſoon as he felt himſelf drown'd in Piſs, he got out of Bed, roaring like a Madman, and calling for a Candle; *Rancour*, with a cunning Calmneſs, told him, Truly, 'tis a great Miſchance! In the mean time the Merchant rais'd the whole Houſe with his continual roaring; and the Inn-keeper, his Wife, Maids and Servants, being come to know what the matter was, he told them, They had put him to bed with the Devil, and deſired to have a Fire lighted in another Room; they ask'd him, What ail'd him? But he was in ſuch a paſſion, that he gave no Anſwer; and taking his Cloaths in a fury, went down into the Kitchin to dry himſelf, and there lay all Night ſtretch'd on a Bench by the Fire-ſide. The Inn-keeper ask'd *Rancour*, What he had

done to him? To which *Rancour*, with a counterfeit Ingenuity, anſwer'd, I do not know what he can complain of.——He awak'd out of his ſleep, and rouz'd me, crying out, Murder;——ſure, he has had ſome ill Dream or other, or is turn'd mad; for beſides, he has bepiſt the Bed. Mine Hoſteſs put her Hand upon it, and ſaid, The Gentleman ſpoke truly, that her Quilt was wet through, and ſwore a great Oath, that ſhe would make the Merchant pay for it: They bid *Rancour* good Night, and ſo went their way. As for *Rancour*, he ſlept as peacefully as any honeſt Man might have done, and made himſelf amends for the bad Night he had at *la Rappiniere's*. However he roſe earlier than he deſign'd, being call'd up by *la Rappiniere's* Maid, who came running to fetch him to *Doguin*, who was a dying, and deſired to ſpeak with him before he made his Exit. He ran to him much perplex'd, to know what a dying Man, with whom he got acquainted but the Day before, might have to ſay to him. But 'twas a Miſtake of the Maid; for hearing the dying Wretch call for the Player, ſhe took *Rancour* for *Deſtiny*; who when *Rancour* came, had juſt ſhut himſelf in *Doguin's* Chamber, being inform'd by the Prieſt who heard his Confeſſion, that he had ſomething of great Importance to communicate to him. He had not been there above a quarter of an Hour, when *la Rappiniere* came Home, having been Abroad at break-a-day about ſome Buſineſs: He was told at his Arrival, that his Man was breathing his laſt, the Surgeons not being able to ſtop his Blood, (by reaſon one of his great Veins was broke) and that he deſir'd to ſee the Player *Deſtiny* before he died. And has he ſeen him, ask'd *la Rappiniere* very much diſorder'd?——Anſwer was made, They were lock'd in together; at which Words he was in a manner thunder-ſtruck, and ran in a great Fright and knock'd at *Doguin's* Chamber-door, at the very ſame time that *Deſtiny* was opening it to call for Help; the ſick Man being taken with a fainting Fit. *La Rappiniere*, with Trouble in his Face, ask'd him, What his ſilly Servant had to ſay to him? I think he is light-headed, reply'd *Deſtiny* coldly; for he as'd me pardon a Thouſand Times, and I cannot tell that he ever offended me; however, let ſomebody look

to

to him, for he cannot live long. Thereupon they made towards the Bed, and at that very inſtant, *Deguin* gave up the Ghoſt, at which *La Rappiniere* ſeem'd rather p'eas'd, than concern'd Thoſe who were acquainted with him, judg'd the reaſon of it to be, becauſe he ow'd him his Wages: But *Deſtiny* alone knew beſt of any, what he ought to think of it. In the mean time two Men came into the Houſe, whom our Stroller knew to be his Comrades, of whom we will ſpeak at large in the following Chapter.

Chap. VII.

The Adventure of the Litters.

THE youngeſt of the two Strollers who came to *La Rappiniere's*, was *Deſtiny's* Servant, of whom he learnt, that the reſt of the Company were all arriv'd, except Mrs *Star*, who had ſprain'd her Foot three Leagues off *Mans*. How came you hither? Who told you we were here? Said *Deſtiny* to him: The Plague which is now at *Alençon*, hinder'd us from going thither, and ſtopp'd us at *Bonneſtable*, anſwer'd the Stroller, *Olive* by Name; and ſome Inhabitants of this Town we met by the way, inform'd us you acted here; that you had fought, and was wounded; Mrs. *Star* is very much troubled at it, and deſires you to ſend her a Litter. The Keeper of the next Inn, who was come at the Report of *Deguin's* Death, ſaid he had a Litter at Home, and if they would pay him well, it ſhould be ready to go by Noon, carried by two ſtrong able Horſes. The Strollers hired the Litter for a Crown, and took Chambers in the Inn for the whole Company: *La Rappiniere* undertook to procure a Licence to act, from the Deputy-Governour; and about Noon, *Deſtiny* and his Comrades took their Journey towards *Bonneſtable*; it being a very hot Day, *Rancour* ſlept in the Litter, *Olive* was mounted on the hinder Horſe, and the Inn-keeper's Man on the other before; *Deſtiny* trudg'd it on foot, with a Gun on his Shoulder, and his Man entertain'd him with what had befallen them from the Caſtle of *Loire*, to a Village near *Bonneſtable*, where Mrs. *Star* had ſprain'd one of her

her Feet as ſhe lighted off her Horſe. During this, two Men well mounted, and who hid their Faces with their Cloaks as they paſs'd by *Deſtiny*, rode up to the Litter on that Side where it was uncover'd, and finding in it but one Man aſleep, he that was mounted on the beſt Horſe, ſaid to the other, I verily believe all the Devils are this day broke looſe againſt me, and have turn'd themſelves into Litters to plague me. Which ſaid, he clapp'd Spurs to his Horſe, and went his way croſs the Field, with his Companion after him. *Olive* call'd *Deſtiny*, and recounted to him the Adventure, the Meaning of which he could not underſtand, nor indeed did he much trouble himſelf about it. After they had gone a quarter of a League farther, the Leader of the Litter, whom the Heat of the Sun had ſtunn'd, and made drowſy, brought it into a Quagmire, where *Rancour* was like to be overturn'd; the Horſes broke their Traces, and they were fain to unharneſs them, and pull them out of the Mire by Neck and Tail. They gather'd the broken Remnants of their Wreck, and reach'd the next Village as well as they could. Now whilſt the ſhatter'd Furniture of the Litter was refitting, *Rancour*, *Olive*, and *Deſtiny*'s Man, took a merry Cup at the Gate of an Inn, that happen'd to be in the Village, when there came another Litter by, led by two Men on foot, which likewiſe ſtopp'd before the Inn. This Litter was ſcarce arriv'd, but there appear'd another an hundred Steps behind it. I believe all the Litters in the Province have agreed to meet here, about ſome Buſineſs of Importance, in order to hold a General Council, ſaid *Rancour*; and methinks they ought to begin their Conferences; for 'tis not probable that any more will come. Nay, marry ſaid the Hoſteſs, here's another that will not ſtick out, I warrant you,——and in truth they eſpy'd a fourth, which came from *Mans*: This made them all laugh heartily, except *Rancour*, who never laugh'd, as I ſaid before. The laſt Litter ſtopp'd with the reſt, and in the Memory of Man, ſo many Litters were never ſeen together. If thoſe that look'd for Litters, and whom we met a while ago, were here, they would have their Bellies full of them, ſaid the Leader of the firſt Litter. I have met with ſome of them, ſaid the Second;

Second: So have we, ſaid he that conducted the Stroller's Litter; to which he that came laſt added, He was like to have been thraſh'd by 'em. Why ſo, ask'd *Deſtiny?* Becauſe, anſwer'd he, They had a Deſign upon a certain Gentlewoman, who ſprain'd her Foot, and whom we carried to *Mans.* I never ſaw Men ſo furious and unreaſonable; for they quarrel'd with me, only becauſe they miſs'd of what they look'd for. This made the Strollers prick up their Ears; and by the Anſwer of the Litter-man to two or three Queſtions they put to him, they were inform'd, that the Lady of the Lord of the Village where Mrs *Star* ſprain'd her Foot, had given her a Viſit, and taken great care to have her carried ſafe to *Mans.* The Converſation continu'd a little longer between the Litters; and they learnt of one another, that they were all ſearch'd by the ſame Men whom the Strollers ſaw. The firſt Litter carried the Parſon of *Domfront*, who came from the Wells of *Belleſm*, and went to *Mans*, in order to get the Phyſicians of that Place to conſult about his Diſtemper. The ſecond carried a wounded Officer, who return'd from the Army. At laſt the Litters parted; thoſe of the Parſon of *Domfront* and of the Strollers went together to *Mans*, and the others where they thought fit. The ſick Parſon lighted at the ſame Inn, where the Strollers were quarter'd, being the Place where he uſed to lie on that Road. We will leave him to take his Reſt in his Room, and in our next Chapter we ſhall pay a Viſit to the Strollers, to ſee what was doing in theirs.

Chap. VIII.

Wherein are contained many Things neceſſary to be known, for the Underſtanding of this true Hiſtory.

THE ſtrolling Company conſiſted of *Deſtiny*, *Olive*, and *Rancour*, who had each of them a Servant, who all expected to be one Day Actors in chief. Of thoſe Servants, ſome began to ſpeak without bluſhing, or being daſh'd out of Countenance. But amongſt the reſt, *Deſtiny's* Man acted indifferently well, underſtood what he ſaid, and did

did not want Wit. Mrs. *Star*, and Mrs. *Cave*'s Daughter play'd the principal Parts. Mrs. *Cave* acted the Queen, and the Mother; and ſometimes *Merry-Andrew*'s Wife in a Farce. Beſides all theſe, they had a Poet or an Author with them; for all the Grocers Shops in the Kingdom were ſtor'd with his Works, both in Verſe and Proſe. This great Wit follow'd the Company almoſt againſt their Will; but becauſe he was no Sharer, and that he ſpent his own Money with them, they ſuffer'd him to act Underparts, which he neverthleſs generally murder'd. They all perceiv'd well enough, that he was in love with one of the two She-players; but however he was ſo diſcreet, tho' a little crack-brain'd, that 'twas not yet diſcover'd, which of the two he deſign'd to wheedle into Compliance, with the fair Hopes of making her immortal. He threatened the Company with a great many Plays of his own writing; but till then had ſpar'd them, and they only knew by Conjecture that he was about one call'd *Martin Luther*, of which they found the firſt Act; which however he diſown'd, altho' it was written with his own Hand. When our Strollers firſt arriv'd, the Womens Chamber was continually crowded with the moſt impertinent Fops and Beaux of the Town, whoſe Eagerneſs notwithſtanding was frequently cool'd by the indifferent Reception they met with. They talk'd altogether about Plays, Poetry, Poets, and Romances; and there could not poſſibly have been more Noiſe unleſs they had been fighting. The Poet, among the reſt, ſurrounded by three or four, who, without doubt, were the top Wits of the Town, labour'd to perſuade 'em, that he had ſeen *Corneille*, crack'd many a Bottle with St. *Amant* and *Beys*, and loſt a good Friend when *Rotrou* died. Madam *Cave* and her Daughter *Angelica* ſet their Goods in order, with as great Tranquillity, as if there had been no Body in the Room. 'Tis true, *Angelica*'s fair Hands were now and then ſqueez'd or kiſs'd; for theſe Country Gentlemen are ever pulling and hawling; but a Kick on the Shins, a Box on the Ear, or a Biting, according as Occaſion required, ſoon rid her of thoſe hot-ſpurr'd Lovers; nor was ſhe rude and impudent neither, but her free and gay Humour would not ſuffer her to uſe much

much Ceremony: As for her other Qualities, ſhe had Wit and was very Honeſt. Mrs. *Star* was of a quite different Temper; for there never was a more modeſt, gentle, and good-natur'd Woman in the World; and beſides ſhe at that Time ſtrain'd her Complaiſance ſo far, that ſhe cou'd not find in her Heart to turn theſe ogling Fops out of her Chamber, tho' ſhe felt a great Pain in her ſprain'd Foot, and had therefore Occaſion for Reſt. She lay in her Clothes on a Bed, ſurrounded by Four or Five of theſe whining fighing Coxcombs, ſtunn'd by abundance of Puns and Clinches, which Paſs for good Jeſts in the Country, and often forcing a Smile upon hearing Things ſhe did not like. But this is one of the greateſt Plagues of that Profeſſion, which together with their being oblig'd to laugh or weep, whether they have a Mind to it or no, takes very much from their Pleaſure of being ſometimes Emperors and Empreſſes, and of being ſtil'd as fine as Angels, though they be little handſomer than Devils, or addreſs'd to as young Beauties, tho' their Hair and Teeth be Part of their Furniture. There are a great many more Things to be ſaid upon this Subject, but we muſt uſe them ſparingly, and place them in ſeveral Stations for Variety's ſake. Let's return to Madam *Star*, beſet with Country-Squires, the moſt troubleſome of Men, all great Talkers, moſt of 'em very impertinent, and amongſt them ſome newly returned from the Univerſity. Among the reſt appear'd a little Man, who was a Widower, a Lawyer by Profeſſion, and an Officer in a ſmall Court of Judicature in the Neighbourhood: Since the Death of his little Wife, he ſometimes threatned the Women to marry again; and ſometimes the Clergy of the Province to turn Prieſt, nay, even a preaching Prelate. He was the greateſt little Fool that ever ran madding about ſince *Orlando Furioſo*. He had ſtudied Books all his Life-time; but tho' the chief End of Scholarſhip be the Knowledge of Truth, yet was he as great a Lyer as a Page, proud and obſtinate as a Pedant, and ſo bad a Poet as to deſerve drowning; if the Government would but have taken Care to rid the Kingdom of ſuch a troubleſome Race of Rhiming Fools. As ſoon as *Deſtiny* and his Comrades came into the Room, without giving them

them the Time to know who he was, he offer'd to read to 'em a Poem of his own making, call'd *The Deeds and Atchievements of* Charlemain, *in Four and twenty Books.* This Propoſal put all the Company into ſuch a Fright as made their Hair ſtand an End; but *Deſtiny*, who in this general Terror preſerv'd a little Judgment, told him ſmiling, that it was not poſſible for them to give him the Hearing before Supper. Well, quoth he, I will however read you a Story taken out of a *Spaniſh* Book, which was ſent me from *Paris*, and of which I deſign to make a regular Play. They ſhifted the Diſcourſe three or four Times, on purpoſe to avoid hearing what they ſuppos'd to be in Imitation of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Tom Thumb.* But tho' they often interrupted him, yet did our little Man not loſe Courage; inſomuch that with often beginning his Story, he at laſt forced them to hear him out; which however they did not repent, becauſe the Tale prov'd to be a good one, and caus'd them to alter the ill Opinion they had of all that came from *Ragotin*, for ſo was our *Jack-in a- Box call'd.* You will find the ſaid Story in the following Chapter, not ſuch as *Ragotin* told it, but ſuch as I had it from one of the Hearers. Therefore you muſt know that 'tis not *Ragotin* now ſpeaks, but my ſelf.

Chap. IX.

The Hiſtory of the Inviſible Miſtreſs.

DON *Carlos* of *Arragon* was a young Gentleman of the Family that bore that Name. He perform'd Wonders at the Publick Games, which the Viceroy of *Naples* entertain'd the People with, upon the Marriage of *Philip* the Second, Third or Fourth, for I have forgot whether. The next Day, after a Running at the Ring, where he bore away the Prize, the Viceroy gave liberty to the Ladies to go about the City in Diſguiſe, and to wear Masks after the *French* Mode for the Conveniency of Strangers, whom the Publick Rejoycings had invited thither. Upon that very Day Don *Carlos* put on his fineſt Clothes, and with many other Conquerors of Hearts, repair'd

repair'd to the Church of Gallantry. Churches are prophan'd in theſe Countries, as well as in ours; and the Houſe of God ſerves for an Aſſemblee to the Beaux and Coquets, to the eternal Shame of thoſe who have the curs'd Ambition of drawing Cuſtomers from other Churches to their own. Theſe Abuſes ought to be reformed, and there ſhould be Perſons appointed to turn Beaux and Coquets out of Churches, as well as to drive away Dogs and Bitches. I may be ask'd, What makes me concern my ſelf about this? Truly you will ſee more anon. However, let the Fool who is offended at it be ſatisfied, that all Men of this World are Fools as well as Lyars, ſome more ſome leſs; and I my ſelf am perhaps a greater Fool than the reſt, tho' I have more Frankneſs in owning it: And moreover my Book being but a Heap of Follies, I hope every Fool will find his own Character in it, unleſs he be blinded by Self-love. To return to my Story: Don *Carlos* being in a Church, with ſeveral other *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Gentlemen, priding themſelves in their fine Feathers, like proud Peacocks, three Ladies in Masks accoſted him amidſt all theſe fierce and gay *Cupids*, one of whom ſpoke to him thus, or to the ſame Effect: Signior Don *Carlos*, there is a Lady in this City, to whom you are very much oblig'd, for at all the Juſts and Turnaments, her Wiſhes went ſtill along with you in thoſe Exerciſes, wherein you carried the Prize. What I find moſt advantageous in this you tell me, anſwer'd Don *Carlos*, is to have it from the mouth of a Lady who ſeems to be a Perſon of Merit; yet had I ſo much as hop'd that any of the fair Sex had been on my ſide, I would have taken more Care to deſerve her Approbation. The unknown Lady replied he had given all the Proofs imaginable of his being a moſt dexterous and accompliſh'd Gentleman, and that by his Black and White Liveries, he had ſhewn he was not in Love. I never was well acquainted with the Meaning of Colours, anſwer'd Don *Carlos*, but this I know, that if I am not in Love, 'tis not ſo much on Account of my being indifferent, as becauſe I am ſenſible I do not deſerve to be belov'd. They ſaid to one another a Thouſand fine Things more, which I ſhall not relate, becauſe

becauſe I know nothing of 'em, and would be loath to compoſe Fictions, leaſt I ſhould wrong Don *Carlos* and the unknown Lady, who had a great deal more Wit than I can pretend to, as I was lately inform'd, by a young *Neopolitan* who knew 'em both. In ſhort, the Lady, in in the Mask declar'd to Don *Carlos*, that 'twas ſhe who had an Inclination for him: He deſir'd to ſee her face; which ſhe refus'd, and told him, That he muſt not expect it yet; that ſhe would look for a more proper Opportuntiy; and that, to let him know ſhe fear'd not to truſt her ſelf alone with him, ſhe would give him a Token. At theſe Words ſhe pull'd off her Glove, and having ſhew'd the *Spaniard* the fineſt Hand in the World, preſented him with a Ring; which he receiv'd with ſo great a Surprize at the Adventure, that he almoſt forgot to make a Bow, and thank her upon her going from him. The other Gentleman, who out of Civility had left him, being come to him again, he told 'em what had happen'd, and ſhew'd them the Ring, which was of conſiderable Value. Every one ſpoke his Thoughts upon this Adventure; and Don *Carlos* was upon this deep in Love with the unknown Lady, as if he had ſeen her Face. So great is the Power of Wit on thoſe who have their Share of it. He was eight long Days without hearing from this Lady; but whether or no he was uneaſie at it, I cou'd never be well inform'd. In the mean Time he went every Day to divert himſelf at the Houſe of a Captain of Foot, where ſeveral Men of Quality met to play. One Night having not been at Play, and going Home ſooner than ordinary, he was call'd by his Name out of a Parlour in a great Houſe. He went near the Window, which was lattic'd, and knew by the Voice that call'd him, that 'twas his inviſible Miſtreſs, who ſaid to him, Come near, Don *Carlos*, I expect you here to decide our Controverſie. You are but a Bragadocio, ſaid Don *Carlos*, you challenge with Inſolence, and yet hide your ſelf for eight Days together, and then alas appear only through a Lattice Window. We ſhall ſee one another nearer in Time, anſwer'd ſhe: 'Tis not for want of Courage I have delay'd being with you all this while, but I had a Mind to know you better before I

diſcover'd my ſelf: You know that in Duels the Combatants ought to fight with Arms alike: Now if your Heart be not as free as mine, you would fight with Advantage, and therefore I have made Enquiries after you. And what Information have you got, anſwer'd Don *Carlos*; That we are much upon the Square, return'd the Inviſible Lady. But, ſaid Don *Carlos*, there's yet a great Inequality betwixt us; for added he, you both ſee and know who I am, whereas I neither ſee, nor know who you are: Now conſider pray, what I can judge of your concealing your ſelf, ſince People ſeldom do ſo when they have a good Deſign. It is an eaſie Matter to impoſe at firſt upon a Man that miſtruſts nothing, but he is not to be cheated twice; if you make uſe of me only to give another jealouſy, I muſt freely tell you, that I am the moſt unfit Perſon for it in the World, and that I am good for nothing elſe beſides loving you. Have you done with your raſh Suſpicions, ſaid the inviſible Lady; You may call them raſh if you pleaſe, replied Don *Carlos*; however they are not really ſo. I would have you to know, ſaid ſhe, I am ſincere: you will find me ſuch in all our Intercourſe; and I expect you ſhould be ſo too. That's but reaſonable, anſwer'd Don *Carlos*; but 'tis juſt likewiſe that I ſhould ſee you, and know who you are. You ſhall be ſatisfied in that e'er it be long, ſaid the Inviſible Lady; and in the mean Time hope with Patience; for that's the only Way for you to obtain what you expect from me. Now, that you may juſtifie your Love to your Diſcretion, I am willing to let you know, that my Birth is not inferior to yours; that I have a Fortune ſufficient to make you live with as great Magnificence as any Prince in the Kingdom; that I am rather handſom than ill-favour'd; and as for Wit, you have too much of that your ſelf not to diſcover whether I have any or no. She had no ſooner made an End of her Speech, but ſhe withdrew, leaving Don *Carlos* with his mouth open, ready to anſwer her; ſo very much in love with a Perſon he never ſaw, and ſo perplex'd about this odd way of Proceeding, which might prove at laſt a Cheat, that he ſtood on the ſame Place for above a Quarter of an Hour, not knowing what to think of this extraor-

dinary Adventure. He was not ignorant that there were a great many Princeſſes and Ladies of Quality in *Naples*; but knew likewiſe, that there were abundance of greedy Courtezans in that City, eager after Strangers, great Jilts, and the more dangerous, as they were handſom. I cannot poſitively tell whether he had ſupped at this Time, or whether he went to Bed without a Supper.

Neither do I care to imitate the Writers of Romances, who mark with great Exactneſs all the Hours of the Day, and make their Heroes riſe betimes, relate their Adventures by Dinner-time, eat but little at Dinner, then reſume the Story after Dinner, or retire into the thickeſt Part of a wood, in order to entertain their own ſelves; unleſs when they have ſomething to ſay to the Rocks and Trees: At Supper-time, they make them repair at the uſual Hour, to the Place where they diet, there they ſigh and look penſive, inſtead of eating; and thence go to build Caſtles in the Air on ſome Tarraſs-walk that looks towards the Sea, whilſt the truſty Squire reveals, that his Maſter is ſuch a one, Son to ſuch a King; that he is the beſt Prince alive, and tho' he be ſtill the handſomeſt of all Mortals, that he was quite another Man before Love had diſfigur'd him. To return to my Story, Don *Carlos* repair'd the next Day to his Poſt, where the inviſible Lady waited his coming: She ask'd him if he had not been much perplex'd about their laſt Converſation, and if he had not doubted the Truth of what ſhe told him. Don *Carlos*, without anſwering her Queſtion, deſir'd her to tell him what Danger ſhe fear'd in diſcovering her ſelf, ſince they were upon even Terms; and that the End of their Amours being honourable, it would have the Approbation of every Body? The Danger is very great, and you will have it in Time, ſaid the inviſible Lady: Once more be ſatisfied that I am true, and that in the Account I gave you of my ſelf, I was rather modeſt than vain. Don *Carles* did not preſs her any farther, their Converſation which continued ſome Time longer, encreas'd the mutual Love they had for each other; and ſo they parted, with Promiſes to meet every Day, at the appointed Hour and Place. The next Day

after there was a great Ball at the Viceroy's, where Don *Carlos* hop'd to know his inviſible Charmer; in the mean Time, he endeavour'd to learn it at whoſe Houſe ſhe gave him thoſe favourable Audiences, and was told by the Neighbours that it belong'd to an old Lady, Widow to a *Spaniſh* Captain, who had neither Daughters nor Nieces, and liv'd very retir'd. He deſir'd to wait on her, but ſhe ſent him Word, that ſince her Husband died, ſhe admitted of no Viſits, which ſtill perplext him more and more. Don *Carlos* went in the Evening to the Viceroy's, where you may imagine there was a very fine and numerous Aſſembly, and nicely obſerv'd all the Ladies, in Hopes to find out his unknown Miſtreſs. He engag'd in Converſation with ſeveral, but was diſappointed in his Search. At laſt he kept cloſe to the Daughter of a Marquis of I know not what Marquiſate, for 'twas the moſt difficult Thing to know in the World, eſpecially at that Juncture, when every Body ſet up for that Quality. She was young and handſom, and had a Voice not unlike that of the Perſon he lookt after: But at the long run, he found ſuch great Diſproportion betwixt her Wit and that of his Inviſible, that he was ſorry that in ſo little Time, he had made ſuch Progreſs with this fine Lady, that without any flattery to himſelf, he had Reaſon to believe ſhe did not hate him. They danc'd ſeveral Times together, and the Ball being over, to the great Satisfaction of Don *Carlos*, he took his leave of his Captive, whom he left full of Pride; for having had to her ſelf in ſo fine an Aſſembly, a Cavelier who was envied by all the Men, and eſteem'd by all the Women. As ſoon as he came out of the Ball, he went in great Haſt to his Houſe, and from thence to the fatal Grate, which was not far off: His Lady, who was there already, ask'd him News of the Ball, although ſhe had been there her ſelf. He told her very ingenuouſly, that he had danc'd with a very beautiful Perſon, and entertain'd her all the Time the Ball laſted. She ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions in relation to her, which diſcover'd her Jealouſie: As for Don *Carlos*, he let her underſtand that he began to ſuſpect her Quality, by Reaſon ſhe had not been at the Ball; ſhe having taken Notice of it, us'd all the Charms

of

of her Wit to remove his Suſpicions, and favour'd him as far as was poſſible in a Converſation that paſt with a Grate between; adding withal, that in a ſhort Time ſhe would become viſible. Hereupon they parted: Don *Carlos* very much in Doubt whether he ought to believe her, and ſhe ſomewhat jealous of the fine Perſon he had entertain'd during the Ball. The next Day Don *Carlos* going to hear Maſs at a certain Church, the Name of which I have forgot, offer'd Holy Water to two veil'd Ladies who went to take ſome at the ſame Time with him: She who appear'd in the better Cloaths of the two told him, ſhe never accepted of any Civility, from one with whom ſhe had a Quarrel to decide. If you are not too much in haſte, anſwer'd Don *Carlos*, you may have Satisfaction in that this very Moment. Well, ſaid the unknown Lady, follow me then into the next Chapel. She led the Way, and Don *Carlos* follow'd very much in Doubt, whether ſhe was his unknown Miſtreſs or not; for tho' her Shape was the ſame, yet he found ſome Difference between their Voices, this new Lady ſpeaking ſomewhat thick: This is the Subſtance of what ſhe told him, after ſhe had ſhut her ſelf up with him in the Chapel. All the City of *Naples*, Signior Don *Carlos* talks of the high Reputation you have gain'd during that little Time you have been here; and every Body looks upon you, as the moſt accompliſht Gentleman in the World: The only Thing that People wonder at, is, your not taking Notice that there are in this City ſome Ladies of Quality and Merit, who have a particular eſteem for you; they have diſcover'd it to you as far as Decency would allow, and tho' 'tis their eager Deſires to make you ſenſible of it, yet they had rather you had not taken Notice of it, thro' Inſenſibility, than that you ſhould have deſpis'd their Favours thro' Indifference. Among the reſt, there's one of my Acquaintance who has ſo much value for you, as to hazard her own Reputation by telling you, that your Night Adventures are diſcover'd; that you raſhly engage in an Amour with one you do not know, and that ſince your Miſtreſs conceals her ſelf, ſhe muſt either be aſham'd of her Lover, or conſcious of not deſerving to be belov'd her ſelf. I

queſtion not but the Object of your contemplative Love is a Lady of great Quality and Wit; and that your Fancy has fram'd ſuch a Miſtreſs, as is worthy of Adoration upon all accounts: But, Signior Don *Carlos*, believe not your Imagination, at the Expence of your Judgment; truſt not a Perſon who conceals her ſelf, and engage no more in theſe Night-Converſations. But why ſhould I diſguiſe my ſelf any longer? I my ſelf am jealous of this Phantom of yours: I cannot bear you ſhould ſpeak with her; and ſince I have declared my Mind ſo far, I will ſo thwart all her Deſigns, that I do not much queſtion but I ſhall carry away the Prize, to which I have as much Right as ſhe, ſince I am not inferior to her, either in Beauty, Riches, Quality, or any Thing elſe that can beſpeak Love: If you are wiſe, you will make uſe of this my Advice. When ſhe had ſpoke theſe laſt Words, ſhe went away without giving Don *Carlos* Time to anſwer her. He was going to follow her, but met at the Church Gate a Man of Quality, who engaged him in a tedious Converſation, from which he could not rid himſelf. He reflected the Remainder of the Day upon this Adventure, and ſuſpected at firſt the Lady at the Ball, to be the veil'd Perſon that had appear'd to him: But then calling to Mind that ſhe had ſhew'd abundance more Wit, than he had found in this, he was at a Loſs what to think, and wiſh'd almoſt not to have been engaged with his unknown Miſtreſs, that he might give himſelf entirely up to this: But then again, conſidering that he knew her no better than his Inviſible, whoſe Wit had charm'd him in all the Converſation he had had with her, he firmly reſolv'd to be conſtant to his firſt Choice, without minding in the leaſt the Threats of the laſt Lady; for he was not to be wrought upon by Fear or Compulſion. That very Night he fail'd not to return to the grated Window at the uſual Hour, where in the Height of his Converſation with his Miſtreſs, he was ſeiz'd by four ſtrong Men in Masks, who having diſarm'd him, hurry'd him by Force into a Coach that waited for them at the End of the Street. I leave the Reader to think, how many abuſive Names he gave thoſe Men in Diſguiſe, and how he reproached them for attacking him

him ſo to diſadvantage: Nay, he endeavour'd to win 'em by Promiſes, but inſtead of perſuading them, he only made them to take more Care of him, and put himſelf out of Hopes of being able to ſhew either his Strength or Courage. In the mean Time the Coach and ſix Horſes drove on a full Trot, and having got out of the City, after an Hour's travelling, came into a great Yard, the Gate of which was kept open to receive it. The four Maskers alighted with Don *Carlos*, holding him under the Arms like an Ambaſſador introduced to ſalute the Grand Signior: He was carried up one Pair of Stairs in the ſame Manner, where two Gentlewomen in Masks came to receive him at the Door of a large Room, each with a Candleſtick in her Hand, when the four Men in Diſguiſe took their leaves of him with a profound Reverence. 'Tis probable they left him neither Sword nor Piſtol, and that he did not forget to thank 'em for their extraordinary Care of his Perſon: And yet perhaps he never thought on't; not but that he was a Man of good Breeding, but upon a Surprize, a ſlip in Point of Civility ought to be forgiven. Neither will I tell you, whether the Candleſticks the Gentlewomen had in their Hands were Silver, or only Silver-gilt and engraven. As for the Room, it was the moſt Magnificent in the World, and if you would know it, as well furniſht as ſome Apartin our Romances; namely the Ship of *Zelmane* in *Polexander*, the Palace of *Ibrahim* in the *Illuſtrious Baſſa*, or the Room wherein the King of *Aſſyria* receiv'd *Mandana* in *Cyrus*, which together with the others I nam'd before, is certainly a Book that has the beſt Furniture in the World. Now imagine what Surprize our *Spaniard* was in, to find himſelf in this ſtately Apartment with two Speechleſs Gentlewomen in Masks, who having conducted him into another Chamber, ſtill better furniſht than the great Room, left him there all alone. Had he been of Don *Quixot's* Humour, he would have found ſufficient Matter to pleaſe his Fancy, and imagin'd himſelf to be no leſs than *Eſplandian* or *Amadis*: But our *Spaniard* was no more concerned than if he had been in his Inn, ſave only that he had a great Regret for his Inviſible Lady; and as he kept his Thoughts continually employ'd upon her, he found that

Chamber more melancholy than a Priſon, which never looks pleaſant, but on the Outſide. He was eaſily perſuaded, that theſe who had provided him ſo fair a Lodging, were none of his Enemies; and doubted not, but the Lady who ſpoke to him the Day before in the Church, was the Conjurer that had rais'd all theſe Enchantments. He admir'd with himſelf the Fancies of Women, and how ſoon they put their Deſigns in Execution; as for his Part, he reſolved to wait patiently the End of this Adventure, and be faithful to his inviſible Miſtreſs, in ſpite of all the Threats and Promiſes he might receive in this new Lodging. A little while after, ſeveral Servants in Masks, and in very good Cloaths came to lay the Cloth, and then ſerv'd up Supper. Every Thing belonging to it was magnificent; Muſick and Perfumes were not forgotten; and Don *Carlos* not only gratified his Smelling and Hearing, but his Taſt alſo; for he eat and drank, more than I thought a Man in his Condition could have done. But what's impoſſible to ſo great a Courage! I forget to tell you that he waſh'd his Mouth; for I am inform'd he took great Care of his Teeth. The Muſick play'd a while after Supper, but all being withdrawn, Don *Carlos* fetch'd many a Turn about the Room, reflecting on all theſe Enchantments, or perhaps on ſomething elſe; then came in two Gentlewomen and a Dwarf all in Masks, who without asking him whether he had a Mind to go to Bed, or not, ſpread a Magnificent Toilet, in order to undreſs him. He comply'd with 'em in every Thing: The Gentlewomen turn'd down the Bed-Cloaths, and then withdrew: The Dwarf pull'd off his Shoes, Stockings, or Boots, and then his other Cloaths; all which being done without exchanging a Word, Don *Carlos* went to Bed, and ſlept pretty well for a Man in Love. At break of Day he was wak'd by the ſinging of Birds, that flutter'd about in an Aviary; the Dwarf came to wait upon him, and brought him the fineſt Linnen in the World, and the beſt waſh'd and perfum'd: If you think fit, I ſhall not mention what he did till Dinner, (which was at leaſt as good as his Supper had been) but paſs to the firſt breaking of that profound Silence, which had been obſerv'd to that very Hour. A Gentlewoman in

a Mask began to ſpeak, by asking him if he wou'd be pleas'd to ſee the Miſtreſs of that Inchanted Palace. Don *Carlos* ſaid, ſhe ſhould be welcom: And a little while after ſhe came in, attended by four Gentlewomen very richly Dreſt.

Such were not Cytherea's *Charms,*
When Dreſt in Gay and Looſe Attire,
She flew to a New Lover's Arms,
Upon the Wings of ſoft Deſire.

Never had our *Spaniard* ſeen a Perſon of more majeſtick Mein than this unknown *Urganda.* He was ſo tranſported, and ſurpriz'd at the ſame time, that he ſtumbled at every Bow and Step he made, as he led her into the next Room, whither ſhe directed him.

All the fine Things he had ſeen in the other Rooms I mention'd before, were nothing in Compariſon to what he found in this laſt, which ſtill receiv'd a new Brightneſs from the Lady in a Mask. They walk'd on the fineſt Foot-Carpet that ever was ſeen, ſince Foot-Carpets have been in Faſhion: There the *Spaniard* was plac'd in an Arm-chair in ſpite of himſelf, and the Lady ſitting by her ſelf, on I know not how many fine Cuſhions over againſt him; ſhe raviſh'd his Ears with a Voice as ſweet as an Harpſichord, ſpeaking to him to this Effect. I doubt not, Signior Don *Carlos*, but you are much ſurpriz'd at what has happen'd to you in my Houſe ſince Yeſterday; but if all that is not able to move you, yet by it you may ſee I am as good as my Word; and from what I have done, you may gueſs what I am able to do. Perhaps my Rival both by her Artifice, and the Advantage ſhe has of having attackt you firſt, has made her ſelf abſolute Miſtreſs of that Heart, which I nevertheleſs pretend to diſpute my Right to with her: But a Woman is not to be diſcourag'd by the firſt Diſappointment; and if my Fortune, which is not to be diſpis'd, with all that goes along with my Perſon, cannot perſuade you to love me; yet ſhall I have the Satisfaction of not concealing my ſelf out of Shame or Deceit, and chuſe to be deſpis'd through my Defects, rather than be belov'd through my Artifice. As ſhe ſpoke

theſe laſt Words, ſhe pull'd off her Mask, and ſhew'd Don *Carlos* the Heavens with all their Glories, or if you pleaſe, a Heaven in Miniature: The fineſt Head in the World, ſupported by the beſt Shape he ever admir'd before; in ſhort, a Perſon all over Divine. By the freſhneſs of her Complexion, one would not have thought her to have been above fifteen Years of Age; but by a certain free and majeſtick Air, which young Perſons generally want, ſhe appear'd to be near twenty. Don *Carlos* paus'd a while before he anſwer'd her, being almoſt angry with his inviſible Lady, who hinder'd him from ſurrendering himſelf intirely to the fineſt Perſon he ever ſaw, and dubious what he ſhould ſay or do: At laſt, after an inward Conflict, which laſted ſo long, as to make the Miſtreſs of the inchanted Palace uneaſie, he took a firm Reſolution not to conceal from her his inmoſt Thoughts; which without any manner of Queſtion, was the beſt Thing he ever did in his Life. This is the Anſwer he gave her, which ſome have found a little too blunt. Madam, I could not but own my ſelf extream happy in your Eſteem, if my Stars would but ſuffer me to love you. I ſee well enough, that I leave the fineſt Perſon in the Univerſe, for one who perhaps is only ſuch in my Fancy; but, Madam, would you think me worth your Affection, if you found me capable of Infidelity? And how can I be faithful, if I love you? Therefore, Madam, pity me, but blame me not: Or rather let us pity each other, and complain both; you of not obtaining what you deſire, and I of not ſeeing what I love. He utter'd theſe Words with ſuch a melancholy Air, that the Lady might eaſily perceive he ſpoke his true Sentiments. She uſed all the Arguments ſhe could think of to perſwade him to alter his Mind, but he was deaf to her prayers and unconcern'd at her Tears. She renew'd the Attack ſeveral Times, but met ſtill with a ſtout Reſiſtance. At laſt ſhe began to revile and reproach him, and told him,

What Rage and Jealouſie ſuggeſt,
When they poſſeſs a Love-ſick Breaſt.

and then ſhe left him, not to pick Straws, but to curſe a hundred Times his Misfortune, which proceeded only from being

being too happy. A Gentlewoman came a little while after to acquaint him, that he had the Liberty to walk in the Garden. He traverſed all theſe fine Apartments, without meeting with any Body, till he came to the Staircaſe, at the Foot of which he ſaw ten Men in Masks, who kept the Door, arm'd with Partizans and Carabines. As he was croſſing the Court to go into the Garden, one of the Gentlemen of the Guard accoſted him without looking him in the Face, and told him as tho' he fear'd to be overhear'd: That an old Gentleman had truſted him with a Letter, which he had promis'd to deliver into his own Hands, tho' his Life muſt anſwer for it, if he ſhould be diſcover'd; but that a Preſent of twenty Piſtols, and a Promiſe of as many more, made him to run all Hazards. Don *Carlos* promis'd him Secreſy, and went ſtrait into the Garden, where he read the Letter, which was as follows.

You may judge what Pains I have felt ſince I loſt you, by thoſe you ought to feel your ſelf, if you love me as much as I do you. However, my Uneaſineſs is ſomething abated, by being inform'd of the Place where you are. 'Tis *the Princeſs* Porcia *who ſtole you away; ſhe's a Woman that ſticks at nothing to pleaſe her ſelf, and you are not the firſt* Rinaldo, *of that dangerous* Armida. *But I will ſoon break all her Inchantments, and diſingage you from her Arms, to receive you into mine, which Favour you will deſerve, if you are as conſtant as I wiſh you to be.*

The Invifible Lady.

Don *Carlos* was ſo tranſported with Joy, to receive this News from his Lady, with whom he was really in Love, that he kiſt the Letter a Hundred Times over, and came back to the Garden Door, to recompence the Meſſenger with a fine Diamond Ring he had on his Finger. He walk'd a little longer in the Garden, ſtill wondering at the Princeſs *Porcia*, whom he often heard People report to be a young rich Lady, of the beſt Family in the kingdom; but as he was a Perſon of ſtrict Virtue, he conceiv'd

ſuch an Averſion for her, that he reſolv'd to break out of his Priſon, even at the hazard of his Life. As he came out of the Garden, he met a Gentlewoman unmaskt, (for from that Time forward, every Body went barefac'd in the Palace) who came to ask, if he would be pleas'd to have her Miſtreſs eat with him? And I leave you to think whether he anſwer'd, ſhe ſhould be welcome. A little while after they ſerv'd up Supper, or Dinner; for I have forgot which of the two it ought to have been: *Porcia* appear'd more bright and handſom, I ſaid juſt now, than *Venus Citherea*, and it will not be amiſs, if for Variety ſake, I now ſay, than an Angel: She was charming in every Reſpect, and during the Time they were at Table the *Spaniard* diſcover'd ſo much Wit in her, that he was in a manner ſorry, to find ſo many excellent Qualities, ſo ill beſtow'd on a Perſon of ſo high a Degree. He did all he could to appear in good Humour, and force a pleaſing Countenance, although he was continually thinking upon his unknown Miſtreſs; and burnt with Impatience to return to the Lattice-window. As ſoon as the Table was clear'd, they were left by themſelves, and becauſe Don *Carlos* ſpoke not a Word, either out of Reſpect or only to oblige the Lady to ſpeak firſt, ſhe broke Silence in theſe Words, I know not whether I ought to hope ſomething from the Gaiety I fancy I have diſcover'd in your Face; and whether mine, which you have ſeen already, does ſeem handſom enough to make you doubt, whether that of your Inviſible Miſtreſs, has more Charms to captivate your Heart. I do not conceal what I deſign'd to preſent you with, becauſe I would not have you repent the accepting my Preſent; and though a Perſon who has been us'd to be inſtructed by others, be apt to be offended at a Denial; yet will I forgive you, provided you repair your paſt Offence, by giving me what I have more Right to, than your Inviſible: Therefore tell me your laſt Reſolution, that if in Caſe it be not in my Behalf, I may at leaſt find out new Reaſons, ſtrong enough to combate thoſe, which I think I had to love you. Don *Carlos* thought ſhe would have gone on with her Speech; but obſerving ſhe ſpoke no more, and that with Eyes fixt on the Ground, ſhe expected

expected her Doom from his Mouth; he reſum'd his former Reſolution of telling her frankly, that he could never be hers, which he did in theſe Words. Madam, before I anſwer what you would know of me, I muſt deſire you, that with the ſame Frankneſs you expect from me, you would be pleas'd to tell me your Sentiments, about what I am going to propoſe to you. Suppoſe, added he, you had engag'd a Man to love you, and that by all the Favours a Lady can grant without wronging her Virtue, you had obliged him to ſwear an inviolable Fidelity; would you not account him the baſeſt and moſt treacherous of Mankind, if he ſhould fail in his Promiſe? And were I not that Villain, and that Traitor, if I ſhould leave for you, a Perſon who has Reaſon to think I love her? He was going to frame abundance of Logical Arguments, in order to convince her; but ſhe did not give him Time, and riſing abruptly from her Seat, told him, That ſhe plainly ſaw the Drift of his Diſcourſe; that ſhe could not but admire his Conſtancy, 'tho ſo much oppoſite to her own Quiet, that ſhe would ſet him at Liberty, and that ſhe only deſir'd him to ſtay till Night, to go back in the ſame manner he came. While ſhe was ſpeaking, ſhe held her Handkerchief to her Eyes, as though ſhe deſign'd to conceal her Tears, and afterwards left the *Spaniard* a little concern'd; yet ſo tranſported with Joy that he was to be again at Liberty, that he had not been able to conceal it, had he been the greateſt Hypocrite in the World; and I verily believe, that had the Lady taken Notice of it, ſhe would certainly have ſcolded at him for it. I know not whether 'twas long before Night came, for as I told you before, I don't trouble my ſelf about marking the Time or Hours; you muſt be contented to know, that Night came at laſt, and that he went into a cloſe Coach, and was ſet down at his Lodgings, after a pretty long Journey. As he was the beſt Maſter in the World, ſo his Servants were like to die with Joy at the Sight of him, and almoſt ſtifled him with their Embraces; but they did not enjoy him long; for having provided himſelf with Arms, and taken two of his ſtouteſt Men along with him, he preſently went to the Grated-Window in ſuch great haſte, that thoſe who accompanied him,

him, had much adoe to keep pace with him. He had no ſooner given the uſual Signal, but his Inviſible Deity communicated her ſelf to him: when they exchanged ſuch ſoft and tender Expreſſions, that I can't forbear weeping whenever I think on them. At laſt the Lady told him, ſhe had been lately affronted in that Houſe, and therefore had ſent for a Coach in order to leave it; but becauſe it might be a long while a coming, ſhe deſir'd him to ſend for his, which might be ſooner got ready; and that ſhe would carry him to a Place, where ſhe would no longer conceal her Face from him. The *Spaniard* needed no farther Intreaty, but ran like a Madman to his Men, whom he left at the End of the Street, and ſent for his Coach in all haſte. The Coach being come, the Inviſible Lady kept her Word, and went into it with Don *Carlos*. She directed the Coachman which Way he ſhould drive, and bid him ſtop at a great Houſe, into the Court-Yard of which the Coach went by the Light of ſeveral Flamboys, which were lighted at their arrival. The Cavalier leading his Lady, went up Stairs into a very large Room, where he was a little uneaſie, becauſe ſhe did not pull off her Mask. At laſt ſeveral Gentlewomen being come to receive them, with each a Candleſtick in their Hands, the Lady was Inviſible no longer; but pulling off her Mask, let Don *Carlos* ſee, that the Lady at the Grated-window, and the Princeſs *Porcia*, were but one Perſon. I will not endeavour to deſcribe the pleaſant Surprize of the *Spaniard*: The fair *Neapolitan* told him, ſhe had ſtollen him away a Second Time to know his laſt Reſolution; that the Lady at the Lattice had made over to her all her Pretenſions, and added a Thouſand Expreſſions, no leſs obliging than ingenious. Don *Carlos* threw himſelf at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and devour'd, as one may ſay, her Hands with Kiſſes: By that means avoiding all the Impertinence and Nonſenſe, which People generally ſpeak when they are tranſported with Joy. The Raptures of his Paſſion being over, he us'd all his Wit and Eloquence to extol the agreeable Caprice of his Miſtreſs, and expreſt himſelf ſo well to her Advantages, that he confirm'd her, ſhe was not miſtaken in her Choice. She told him, ſhe had been unwilling

willing to truſt any Body but her ſelf in a Thing, without which ſhe could never have lov'd him; and that ſhe would never have beſtow'd her ſelf upon a Man leſs conſtant than himſelf. Thereupon the Princeſs *Porcia*'s Relations came in, having had Notice given them of her Deſign: And as they were the Chief Men in the Kingdom, they eaſily obtained a Diſpenſation from the Archbiſhop for their Marriage. The ſame Night the Ceremony was perform'd by the Parſon of the Pariſh, who was an honeſt Prieſt, and a good Preacher; and ſo 'twere needleſs to ask, whether he made a fine Exhortation upon the Subject. 'Tis ſaid, they got up late the next Day, which I am inclin'd to believe. The News was ſoon ſpread about, at which the Viceroy, a near Relation of Don *Carlos*'s was ſo overjoy'd, that the publick Rejoycings began a-new in *Naples*, where to this Day they talk of Don *Carlos* of *Arragon*, and his Inviſible Miſtreſs.

Chap. X.

How Ragotin *receiv'd a Blow on the Fingers, with a Buſk.*

Ragotin's Story had a general Applauſe, and he valued himſelf as much upon it, as if it had been his own; which ſwelling his natural Pride, he began to treat the Men-players with Contempt, and afterwards accoſting the Women, ſqueez'd their Hands without their Conſent, and offer'd to feel their Breaſts; a piece of Country Gallantry, which ſavours more of the Satyr than Gentleman. Miſtreſs *Star* contented her ſelf to force her ſoft, fair Hands from his dirty rough Clutches; but Mrs. *Angelica* her Companion, gave him withal, ſmiling, a wrap on the Fingers with her Buſk. He left 'em abruptly, without ſo much as ſpeaking a Word, glowing with Rage and Confuſion, and return'd to the Men's Company, where every one ſpoke as faſt as he could, without minding what the reſt ſaid. *Ragotin* ſilenc'd moſt of 'em, by demanding of 'em with a ſuperior Voice, what they thought of his Novel. A young Man, whoſe Name I have forgot, anſwer'd him bluntly, It was no more his than any Body's elſe in the Company, ſince he had it out of a Book: Whereupon ſeeing one ſtick out of *Ragotin*'s Pocket, he pull'd

pull'd it out; which the little Man perceiving, ſcratch'd his Hands to get it from him; but in ſpite of *Ragotin*, he put it into another Man's Hands, from whom *Ragotin* endeavour'd to ſnatch it, to as little purpoſe as before. The Book having got by this Time into a third Man's Hands, after the ſame manner paſs'd to five or ſix different Hands more; which *Ragotin* however could not reach, becauſe he was the ſhorteſt Man in the Company. At laſt having ſtretch'd himſelf five or ſix Times in vain, torn half a dozen Pair of Cuffs, ſcratch'd as many Hands, and the Book ſtill travelling about through the middle Region of the Chamber, poor *Ragotin*, who ſaw every Body laugh at his Expence, ruſh'd like a Mad-man upon the firſt Author of his Confuſion, and dealt him ſeveral Blows on his Belly and Thighs, not being able to reach higher. The Hands of his Adverſary, who had the Advantage of the Place, fell five or ſix Times ſo perpendicular, and heavy on the Top of his Head, that the Crown of his Hat ſunk down to his very Chin; which ſo ſhook the Seat of his Reaſon, that the poor little Man did not for ſome Time know where he was. To compleat his Defeat, his Antagoniſt at parting, gave him a ſound Kick on the Head, which after a very ſudden Retrogradation, made him to fall on his Breech, at the Women-Players Feet. Now if poſſible, I would have you to conceive the Rage and Fury of a little Man, more proud than all the *Sieurs* in the Kingdom, at a Time when he was Cock-a-hoop about his Story; and that too, before Players, to whom he deſign'd to make Love; as you ſhall ſee anon, tho' he was yet ignorant, which of 'em had the greater Title to his Heart. To ſpeak the Truth, his little Body thus tumbled on his Breech, did ſo lively repreſent the Fury of his Soul, by the different Motions of his Arms and Legs, that tho' his Face could not be ſeen, becauſe his whole Head was enchas'd into his Hat, yet all the Company thought fit to joyn, and Form as it were a Barrier 'twixt *Ragotin* and his Adverſary; who by this means got away, whilſt the charitable *Women*-Players rais'd the poor little Man, roaring like a Lion in his Hat, which ſtopt his Eyes and mouth, and almoſt hinder'd him from fetching his Breath. Now

the

the Difficulty was, how to pull off this Hat of his: for its Crown being in the Form of a Butter-Pot, and the Mouth of it narrower than the Bottom, God knows whether a Head that got it ſelf into it by Force, and whoſe Noſe was ſo exceſſive large, was able to get out the ſame Way. This Misfortune had a good Effect; for his Anger being now at the higheſt, without doubt, its Effects had been anſwerable, had not his Hat which ſuffocated him, made him to conſult his own Preſervation, rather than contrive the Deſtruction of another. He did not cry out for Help, becauſe he had not the Uſe of his Tongue: But when the Company perceiv'd he lifted up in vain his trembling Hands to his Head, in order to ſet it at Liberty, and ſtamp'd on the Floor with Rage and Indignation, biting his Nails to no Purpoſe, they all bent their Thoughts on his Relief. The firſt Efforts they us'd, to pull off his Hat, were ſo violent, that he thought they had been going to pluck off his Head from his Shoulders: At laſt being almoſt ſpent, he made Signs with his Fingers to have it cut with with a pair of Sciſſars. Miſtreſs *Cave* unclapſt thoſe ſhe wore on her Girdle; and *Rancour*, who was to perform the Operation, having made a ſhew of making the Inciſion over againſt his Face, (which did not a little fright him) at laſt he ſlit his Hat behind his Head, from Top to Bottom. As ſoon as he had given vent to his Face, all the Company fell a laughing to ſee it bloated, as if it had been ready to burſt, upon Account of the vaſt Quantity of Spirits that had flusht'd to it; and beſides, his Noſe was a little excoriated. However the Jeſt had gone no farther, had not a bungling Taylor adviſ'd him to get his Hat Fine-drawn. This unſeaſonable Advice ſo revived his Anger, which was not entirely extinguiſh'd, that he laid hold of one the Andirons, and threaten'd to throw it at the Company; which put the ſtouteſt of them all into ſuch a Fright, that every one ran to the Door, in order to avoid the impending Blow. They preſs'd ſo far upon one another, that not above one was able to get out; and he too by a Fall, his ſparr'd Legs having entangled themſelves with thoſe of the reſt. *Ragotin* fell a laughing in his Turn, which gave all the Company freſh Courage; they return'd

return'd him his Book, and the Players lent him an old Hat. He fell into a violent paſſion againſt the Man who us'd him ſo ſcurvily; but being ſomewhat more vain than revengeful, he told the Players, with the Air of one that was going to promiſe ſome extraordinary Thing, that he had a Mind to make a play out of this Story of his, and would contrive it ſo well, that he was ſure to get as much Reputation by that ſingle Piece, as other Poets had in all their Lives gain'd by ſeveral. *Deſtiny* told him, the Story he had related was very entertaining, but wou'd by no Means fit the Stage. Sure, ſaid *Ragotin*, you won't pretend to teach me, I wou'd have you to know, that my mother was Seamſtreſs to the Poet *Garnier*, and I my ſelf have one of his Ink-horns at home. *Deſtiny* replied, that even *Garnier* would get no Reputation by it, if he was to do it himſelf. But what Difficulty do you find in it, ask'd *Ragotin*. The Difficulty, anſwer'd *Deſtiny*, is in that it cannot be brought into a regular Play, without committing a great many Faults, both in Point of Decorum and Judgment. As for that, ſaid *Ragotin*, a Man of my Parts, may make new Rules whenever he pleaſes. Pray conſider, added he, What a new and magnificent Thing it would be, to repreſent a great Church-Gate in Front of the Stage, before which twenty Beaux more or leſs, with as many Ladies, ſhould appear and ſpeak a Thouſand fine Things to one another, would it not raviſh all the Spectators with Admiration think you? I am ſo far of your Opinion, continued he, that one ought to obſerve Decorum and good Manners, and therefore would not make my Actors talk in the Church. *Deſtiny* interrupted, to ask him where they could get ſo many Gentlemen and Ladies? And how do they in Colleges, ſaid *Ragotin*, where they fight pitch'd Battles? I my ſelf plaid at *La Fleſche*, the Overthrow at the Bridge of *Se*, added he; above a hundred Soldiers of the Queen-Mother's Party appear'd on the Stage, beſides thoſe of the King's Army, which was more numerous: And I remember, that by Reaſon of a great Shower that fell that Day and ſpoil'd the ſport, 'twas reported, that all the Feathers of the Country-Gentry, which had been borrow'd on this Occaſion,

Occaſion, would never come to themſelves again. *Deſtiny*, who took great delight in hearing him utter all theſe judicious Things, reply'd, that Co leges had Scholars enough for that Purpoſe, whereas their Company did never conſiſt in all of above ſeven or eight Perſons: *Rancour*, who, you know, had ever been a malicious Dog, ſided with *Ragotin* in this Matter, the better to help to make him ridiculous, and told his Comrade, he was not of his Opinion; that he had been a Player before him, that a Church-Gate wou'd be the fineſt Scene that ever was ſeen; and as for the neceſſary Number of Gentlemen and Ladies, that they might have ſome Fleſh and Blood, and repreſent the reſt with Paſtboard. This fine Expedient of paſtboard, invented by *Rancour*, ſet all the Company a laughing: *Ragotin* laugh'd with the reſt, and ſwore he knew that Contrivance well enough, but had a Mind to keep it to himſelf. As for Coaches, added he, will it not be a Novelty in a Play? I formerly perſonated *Toby*'s Dog, and did it ſo to the Life, that the whole Audience was highly pleas'd with my Performance, taking me to be a real Dog. As for my Part, continued he, if we may judge of Things by the Effects they work upon our Minds, I never ſaw *Piramus* and *Thisbe* acted in my Life, but I was leſs concern'd at *Eraſmus*'s Death, than frighted by the roaring of the Lion. *Rancour* back'd *Ragotin*'s Reaſons with others as ridiculous, and by that Means ingratiated himſelf ſo far into him, that *Ragotin* took him to Supper. All the other Impertinents left likewiſe the Players at Liberty; who 'tis probable had much rather go to Supper, than entertain theſe idle Coxcombs of the Town.

Chap. XI.

Which contains what you'll find, if you'll but take the Pains to read it.

Ragotin carried *Rancour* to a Tavern, where he call'd for the beſt Things the Houſe could afford. 'Tis thought he would not carry him to his own Houſe, becauſe

cauſe his Commons were but indifferent; but I will ſay nothing about that, for fear of paſſing raſh Judgment; neither did I care to enquire much into the Truth of the Buſineſs, becauſe I did not think it worth my while, eſpecially having Matters of far greater Importance to relate. *Rancour*, who was a Perſon of great Diſcernment, and knew his Men at firſt Sight, no ſooner ſaw a Brace of Partridges and a Capon ſerv'd up for two People, but he began to think that *Ragotin* had ſome Deſign or other, and did not treat him ſo well either upon Account of his own Merit, or to repay the Civility he had receiv'd from him, in maintaining his Story to be a good Subject for a Play. He therefore expected to hear ſome new Extravagance from *Ragotin*, who, however, did not diſcover his Thoughts at firſt, but continued talking about his Novel. Notwithſtanding he at length repeated ſeveral Lampoons he had made upon moſt of his Neighbours, ſome Cuckolds that were nameleſs; and other Women: He ſung drunken Catches, and ſhew'd *Rancour* abundance of Acroſticks and Anagrams; which are generally the firſt Things with which your paltry Rhimers begin to plague Men of Senſe. *Rancour* made him a compleat Coxcomb; by crying up all he hear'd, with Eyes lifted to Heaven, and ſwore like a loſing Gameſter, that he never heard any Thing ſo fine in his Life: Nay, he was ſo tranſported, that he made a ſhew of pulling off his Hair in an Extaſie of Pleaſure. He told him now and then, 'tis a great Misfortune both for you and us, that you do not leave off all other Buſineſs and write for the Stage; for in ſuch Caſe, in two or three Years Time, *Corneille* would be no more talk'd of, than *Alexander Hardy* is now. I am, added he, an abſolute Stranger to Flattery; but to encourage you, muſt needs own, I no ſooner ſaw you, but I read in your Face that you were a great Poet; and you may be ſatisfi'd by my Comrades what I told 'em about it. I am ſeldom miſtaken: I can ſmell a Poet at two Miles diſtance; and therefore as ſoon as ever I caſt my Eyes on you, I was acquainted with your Genius, as well as if I had brought you up. All this fulſom Stuff went down with *Ragotin* as glib

glib as ſeveral Glaſſes of Wine, which he drank at the ſame Time, and which intoxicated his Brain, as much as *Rancour*'s Commendations ſwell'd his Vanity. As for *Rancour* he eat and drank very heartily, crying out now and then, for God's ſake, Monſieur *Ragotin*, improve your Talent: Once more let me tell you, you are much to blame, not to make your Fortune and ours. For my Part, I ſcraul a little Paper ſometimes as well as other People, but if I could make Verſes half ſo good as thoſe you have been reading to me, I ſhou'd not have been ſo hard put to it to keep Life and Soul together, but would live upon my Income as well as *Mondory*. Therefore, Monſieur *Ragotin*, once more pray write; and if this next Winter we do not eclipſe the Companies of the *Hoſtel de Burgogne*, and *des Marez*, may I never tread the Stage more without breaking one of my Arms or Legs. I'll ſay no more, and ſo let's drink. He was as good as his Word; for having put a double Quantum into a Glaſs, he drank Monſieur *Ragotin*'s Health to Monſieur *Ragotin* himſelf, who pledg'd him after the ſame manner, and return'd his Civility with drinking the Health of the Women-players. This he drank Cap in Hand, and in ſuch a Rapture, that as he ſet the Glaſs down on the Table, he broke its Foot, without taking Notice on't; however, he afterwards attempted three or four Times to ſet it upright but finding it impoſſible, he at laſt flung it over his Head; when pulling *Rancour* by the Sleeve, he let him know he had had the Honour of breaking a Glaſs in drinking the Players Health: It vex'd him a little that *Rancour* did not laugh at it; but, as I ſaid before, he was rather an envious than a riſible Animal. *Rancour* ask't him, What he thought of their Women? ——— The little Man bluſh'd without giving an Anſwer: But *Rancour* putting the ſame Queſtion to him again, at laſt, what by his Stuttering, Bluſhing, and broken Speech, he gave *Rancour* to underſtand, that he lik'd one of the Players extreamly. But which of 'em, quoth *Rancour*? The little Man was ſo diſorder'd for having ſaid ſo much, that he anſwer'd, I don't know ——— Nor I neither, ſaid *Rancour*. This Reply caſt him into a greater Diſorder, inſomuch, that with a bewil-

der'd

bewilder'd Look, he ſaid, 'Tis, 'tis —He repeated the ſame Words five or ſix Times over again; at which the Stroller growing impatient, cry'd I like your Choice, ſhe's a very beautiful Perſon. This put him quite out of Countenance, inſomuch that he could never tell which he lov'd moſt; tho' it may be he knew nothing of the Matter himſelf, or that his Paſſion was rather Luſt than Love. At laſt *Rancour* naming Mrs. *Star*, he ſaid, 'Twas ſhe with whom he was in Love: For my part, I verily believe, that had he nam'd either *Angelica*, or her Mother *Cave*, he would have forgot the Blow he had receiv'd with a Busk from the one, and the Age of the other, and given himſelf Body and Soul to the very firſt that *Rancour* had nam'd. ſo great was the Confuſion of Goatiſh *Ragotin*. The Stroller however made him drink a good Bumper, which carrying off Part of it, pledg'd him with another; which done, looking about the Room, he whiſper'd, as tho' it were a great Secret he was about to tell, tho' there were no Body. Well your Wound is not mortal, quoth *Rancour*, and you have addreſs'd your ſelf to one who is able to cure you, provided you will be but rul'd by him, and keep Counſel; not but your Enterprize is a little difficult; for Mrs. *Star* is a very Tygreſs, and her Brother *Diſtiny* a Lion: But ſtill ſhe does not ſee Men every Day like you, and I know not what I can do; let's drink out our Liquor, and to Morrow will be Day; they drank each a Glaſs of Wine, which interrupted their Converſation for a while. After this *Ragotin* recounted all his Accompliſhments and Riches, and told *Rancour*, that a *Nephew* of his was Clerk to a *Financier*; that this *Nephew* had contracted great Friendſhip with the *Pariſian de Ralliere*, during the Time he was at *Mans*, to ſettle an Exciſe-office there, by the Means of which *Nephew's* Intereſt he endeavour'd to give him Hopes that he would procure him ſuch a Penſion from the King as his Players in Ordinary had. He told him likewiſe, That if any of his Relations had Children, he could prefer them in the Church, by Reaſon his Niece had married the Brother of a certain Miſs, kept by the Steward of an Abbot of that Province, who had good Livings in his Gift.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Ragotin* was thus relating what great Intereſt he had, *Rancour*, who, the more he drank, the more Thirſty he grew, was ſtill filling both the Glaſſes, which were emptied in an Inſtant, *Ragotin* not daring to refuſe any Thing from the Hands of a Man from whom he expected ſuch a great Piece of Service. In ſhort, they ſwill'd it about, till they had both their fill. *Rancour*, according to his Cuſtom, grew more ſerious, but *Ragotin* became ſo dull and heavy, that he laid down his Head on the Table, and fell aſleep. *Rancour* call'd one of the Maids to make a Bed ready for him, becauſe no Body was up at his Inn. The Maid told him, ſhe had as good make two, for ſhe was ſure Monſieur *Ragotin* wanted one as well as he. In the mean Time, he ſlept and ſnor'd as heartily as ever he had done in his Life, for all the Noiſe they made while they were putting clean Sheets on two of the three Beds that were in the Room: But when the Maid came to wake him, and acquaint him his Bed was ready, he call'd her a thouſand Whores, and threatned to beat her. At laſt *Rancour*, having turn'd him in his Chair towards the Fire, at which the Sheets were air'd, he rub'd and open'd his Eyes, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be undreſt without repining. They got him into his Bed as well as they could; and *Rancour*, having firſt made the Chamber-door faſt, went into his. About an Hour after, *Ragotin* got up, to what Purpoſe I never yet could learn. He rambled a long Time about the Room, not knowing where he was; and having overturn'd all the Chairs and Tables he met in his Way, and tumbled himſelf down ſeveral Times, without being able to find his Bed again; he went at laſt to *Rancour*'s, and pulling his Bed cloaths, made him to ſtart out of his Sleep. *Rancour* ask'd him, What he would have? I am looking for my Bed, ſaid *Ragotin*—— Tis on the Left Hand of mine, reply'd *Rancour*. The little drunken Man however took to the right, and thruſt himſelf betwixt the Rug and Matraſs of the third Bed, which had neither Feather bed, Quilt, nor Sheets, and there he ſlept all Night very quietly. *Rancour* got up and dreſs'd himſelf before *Ragotin* wak'd; when he ask'd him, Whether 'twas to do Penance that he had left his Bed to ſleep on

on Straw? *Ragotin* was poſitive that he never got up, and that the Room muſt be haunted. The Inn keeper hearing this ſtood up for the Reputation of his Houſe, and picking a Quarrel with *Ragotin*, threatned to ſue him for giving it an ill Name. But I have ſufficiently exercis'd your Patience with this tedious Story of *Ragotin*'s Debauch, and therefore let us return to the Strollers Inn.

Chap. XII.

A Combat in the Night.

I Am too much a Man of Honour not to advertiſe the courteous Reader, that if he be offended at all the ſilly Trifles he has already found in this Book, he will do well not to go on with the reading of it; for upon my Conſcience, he muſt expect nothing elſe, altho' the Volume ſhould ſwell to the Bigneſs of that of the *Grand Cyrus:* and if from what he has read, he doubts what will follow, perhaps I am in the ſame Quandary as well as he: For one Chapter draws on another, and I do with my Book as ſome do with their Horſes, putting the Bridle on their Necks, and truſting to their good Conduct. But perhaps I have a fix'd Deſign, and without filling my Chapters with Examples for Imitation, ſhall inſtruct with Delight after the ſame Manner as a drunken Man creates in us an Averſion for Drunkenneſs, and yet may ſometimes divert us with his merry Impertinence. Let's end this Moral Reflection, and return to our Strollers, whom we left in the Inn. As ſoon as their Room was clear'd, and *Rancour* had got thither with *Ragotin*, the Door-keeper they left at *Tours* came into the Inn, with a Horſe-load of Goods, and ſat down to Supper with 'em. By this Perſon, and what they had learnt from one another, they underſtood how the Intendant of the Province cou'd do them no Harm, having had much ado to eſcape the Hands of the boiſtrous Mob, with his Fuziliers. *Deſtiny* told his Comrades how he had got away in his *Turkiſh* Habit, with which he deſign'd to repreſent *Merrets*'s *Soliman*; and that being inform'd that the Plague was at *Alençon*, he was come to *Mans* with *Cave* and *Rancour*, with the ſame

ſame Equipage we have deſcrib'd in the Beginning of theſe moſt true, tho' little Heroical Adventures. Mrs. *Star* acquainted 'em alſo with the good Offices ſhe had receiv'd from a Lady at *Tours*, whoſe Name never came to my Knowledge, and how by her Means ſhe had been conducted as far as a Village near *Boneſtable*, where ſhe ſprain'd her Foot as ſhe alighted off her Horſe. She added that hearing the Company was gone to *Mans*, ſhe got her ſelf carried thither in a Litter, which the Lady of that Village had lent her with a great deal of Civility. After Supper, *Deſtiny* alone ſtay'd in the Lady's Chamber; *Cave* lov'd him as if he had been her own Son; Mrs *Star* was no leſs dear to her; and her Daughter and only Heireſs *Angelica*, lov'd *Deſtiny* and *Star*, like a Brother and Siſter. She did not yet exactly know who they were, nor upon what Account they had turn'd Players; but ſhe had taken Notice, that though they call'd one another Brother and Siſter, yet were they better Friends than near Relations; that *Deſtiny* paid to *Star* the greateſt Reſpect imaginable; that ſhe was extreme modeſt and virtuous: And as *Deſtiny* had a great deal of Wit, and ſeem'd to have a liberal Education, ſo Mrs. *Star* look'd more like a young Lady of Quality, than a Stroller. Now *Deſtiny* and *Star* were belov'd by *Cave* her and Daughter, becauſe they really deſerv'd their Love both by their good Qualities, and the mutual Friendſhip which they naturally had for two Players, who had as much Merit as any in *France*, tho' they never had the good Fortune to tread either of the two Theatres in *Paris*, which are the *Non plus ultra* of *French* Players. Thoſe who do not underſtand theſe three little *Latin* Words (which come ſo Pat in my Way, that I could not refuſe to place 'em here) may be pleas'd to ask ſome *Latiniſt* of their. Acquaintance the Meaning of 'em. To end this Digreſſion; *Deſtiny* and *Star* did not ſcruple to expreſs their mutual Fondneſs before *Cave* and *Angelica*, and ſhew the extreme Joy they had to ſee each other after ſo long an Abſence. They related, as pathetically as ever they could, how uneaſie they were about each other; and *Deſtiny* acquainted Mrs. *Star*, that the laſt Time they acted at *Tours*, he thought he had ſpy'd their inve-

terate perſecutor amongſt the Croud of their Auditors, altho' he had his Cloak about his Face: And that as he went out of the City, not finding himſelf able to reſiſt him, if he had offer'd to attack him, he had diſguis'd himſelf by putting a great patch on his Face. He told her afterwards, how many Litters they met with when they went to fetch her; adding, he was much miſtaken if their common Enemy was not the ſame unknow Perſon, who had ſearch'd ſo nicely all the Litters, as you have ſeen in the ſeventh Chapter. Whilſt *Deſtiny* was ſpeaking, poor Mrs. *Star* cou'd not forbear ſhedding ſome few Tears: *Deſtiny* was ſenſibly touch'd with 'em; and having comforted her as well as he cou'd, added, that if ſhe would but ſuffer him to uſe the ſame Endeavours, in ſeeking out their Enemy, as he had us'd till then in avoiding him, he wou'd ſoon free her from his Perſecutions, or loſe his Life in the Attempt. Theſe laſt Words redoubled her Grief: *Deſtiny* had not courage enough to forbear grieving likewiſe: and *Cave* and her Daughter, who were of a tender and compaſſionate Temper, grieved alſo either out of Complaiſance, or thro' a Contagion. I cannot tell whether *Deſtiny* wept, but this I know, the Women and he were ſilent a long while; and in the mean time every one wept as they thought fit. At laſt *Cave* renewed the Converſation which Tears had interrupted, and reproach'd *Deſtiny* and *Star*, that tho' during the Time they had liv'd together, they might have been convinc'd how much ſhe was their Friend, yet they repos'd ſo little Confidence in her and her Daughter, that they were ſtill unacquainted with their Birth and Quality; adding, ſhe had not met with Croſſes enough in her Life, to enable her to adviſe unfortunate Perſons, ſuch as they two ſeemed to be. To which *Deſtiny* anſwer'd, that their not diſcovering themſelves to her, was not out of any Diſtruſt, but becauſe he thought the Recital of their Misfortunes could not but be very tedious; telling her withal, that he would be ready to entertain her with the Story of their Adventures, whenever ſhe was willing to throw any Time away upon the hearing of it. *Cave* was glad of this Opportunity to ſatisfie her Curioſity; and her Daughter, who had

had the ſame Inclination, being ſat near her on *Star's* Bed, *Deſtiny* was about to begin his Story, when they heard a great Noiſe in the next Chamber. *Deſtiny* ſtood liſtning a while; but the Noiſe and Squabble increaſing, and ſome Body crying out, Murther, Help, Murther,—— He with three Leaps got out of the Chamber, at the Expence of his Doublet, which *Cave* and *Angelica* had torn as they were going to ſtop him. He went into the Chamber from whence the Noiſe came, which was ſo dark that he could not ſee his own Noſe; and where the Fifty-cuffs, Boxes on the Ears, and ſeveral confus'd Voices of fighting Men and Women, together with the hollow Noiſe of naked Feet ſtamping on the Floor, made an hideous and frightful Uproar. He ran very raſhly amongſt the Combatants, and in one Moment receiv'd a Cuff on one Side, and a Box on the Ear on the other; which changed his good Intention of parting thoſe Hobgoblins, into a violent Thirſt of Revenge. He began to ſet his Hands a-going, and made a Flouriſh with his two Arms, by which many a maim'd Chops were be'abour'd, as it afterwards appear'd by his bloody Fiſts. The Scuffle laſted ſo long that he receiv'd twenty Cuffs more, which he however return'd with double the Number. In the Heat of the Fight, he felt himſelf bit on the Calf of the Leg, when clapping his Hands to the Place, he met with ſomething hairy, which he for that Reaſon took to be a Dog; but *Cave* and her Daughter who appear'd at the Chamber Door at that Interim with a Candle, like the Fire of St *Helmo* after a Storm, diſcover'd to *Deſtiny* that he was amidſt ſeven Perſons in their Shirts, who having been in cloſe Conflict before, began to let one another go, as ſoon as the Light appear'd: This Tranquillity however did not laſt long. The Inn-keeper who was one of the naked Combatants, grappl'd the Poet anew; *Olive*, who was alſo amongſt them, was attack'd by the Innkeeper's Man another of the Combatants; *Deſtiny* went to part 'em whereupon the Hoſteſs, who was the Animal that had bit him, and whom he had taken for a Dog, by Reaſon ſhe was bare-headed, and had ſhort Hair, flew at his Face, aſſiſted by two Maids, as naked and bare-headed as her

ſelf. The Shrieks and Cries fill'd the Air once more, the Cuffs and Boxes made the Room to ring again, and the Fight grew ſtill warmer and warmer. At laſt ſeveral Perſons who wak'd at the Noiſe, came into the Field of Battel, parted the Combatants, and procur'd a ſecond Suſpenſion of Arms. Now the Queſtion was to know the Occaſion of the Quarrel, and what fatal Accident had brought ſeven naked perſons into one Room. *Olive*, who ſeem'd the leaſt concern'd, ſaid, that the Poet being gone out of the Room, he ſaw him come running back as faſt as he could, follow'd by the Inn-keeper, who ſeem'd to have a mind to beat him; that the Hoſteſs following her Husband fell foul of the Poet; that as he was going to part 'em, a Servant and two Maids fell upon him; and that the Light happening to go out at the ſame Time, made the Fight laſt longer than 'twould otherwiſe have done. Now 'twas the Poet's Turn to ſpeak for himſelf: He ſaid, that having made two of the fineſt Stanza's that ever were written, ſince Stanza's were in Faſhion; and fearing to loſe them, he went to the Maid of the Inn for a Candle, which ſhe ſcornfully refuſed to give him; whereupon the Inn-keeper call'd him Rope-dancer; which he return'd by calling him *Cuckold*. He had no ſooner ſpoke this laſt Word, but the Hoſt who was within reach, gave him a good Slap on the Chops; you would have thought they had made a fighting Conſort together; for as ſoon as the Box on the ear was given, the Inn-keeper's Wife, his Man and his Maids ruſh'd upon the Strollers all together, who receiv'd 'em with ſound Cuffs. This laſt Encounter was more fierce and obſtinate than either of the other two. *Deſtiny* having clos'd with a luſty Wench, and tuck'd up her Smock, gave her a Thouſand Flaps on the Buttocks; *Olive*, who ſaw the Company pleas'd with it, did the ſame to the other Maids. The Inn keeper was buſie with the Poet; and the Hoſteſs, the moſt furious of all the Combatants, was ſeiz'd by ſome of the ſpectators; which made her to fly into ſuch a paſſion, that ſhe cry'd out Thieves! Thieves! Her Cries awak'd *la Rappiniere*, who liv'd over-againſt the Inn. He caus'd the Door to be broke open, and judging by the Noiſe he heard, there could be no leſs

than

even or eight people kill'd, he parted the Fray in the K.'s Name; and having learnt the Cauſe of all the Diſturbance, exhorted the Poet not to make any more Verſes in the Night-time, and was like to have beaten the Inn keeper and his Wife for giving a hundred abuſive Names to the Players, whom they call'd Jack-puddings and Tumblers, ſwearing withal, to turn them out of Doors the next Day; but *la Rappiniere*, to whom the Innkeeper ow'd Money, threatning to arreſt him, his Mouth was ſoon ſtopp'd. *La Rappinier* after the Fray went Home, the reſt return'd to their Chambers, and *Deſtiny* to that of the Players, where *Cave* deſired him not to defer any longer relating the Hiſtory of his, and his Siſters Adventures. He told her, he was ready to ſatisfie her Curioſity, and began his Relation after the Manner you ſhall find in the following Chapter.

Chap. XIII.

The Hiſtory of Deſtiny *and Mrs.* Star.

I Was born in a Village near *Paris*, and might make you believe I came of a very illuſtrious Family, ſince no Body can diſprove what a Stranger ſays of himſelf; but I am too generous, and too much a Lover of Truth, to deny the Meanneſs of my Extraction. My Father was one of the topping, and moſt ſubſtantial Men in his Village, whom I have often heard to ſay, that he was a poor Gentleman's Son; that he had ſpent his Youth in the Wars, where having got nothing but dry Blows and empty Pokets, he betook himſelf to the Service of a rich *Pariſian* Lady, in the Quality of her Gentleman-Uſher; and that having ſcraped together a Sum of Money in this Place, (becauſe he was alſo the Steward and Caterer of the Houſe, and had the knack of emptying his Miſtreſs's Purſe to fill his own Pockets) he married an old Waiting-woman of the Family, who dy'd ſoon after, and left him all ſhe had got in her Service. Being ſoon weary of the Condition of a Widower, and no leſs of that of a Servant, he married a Country-woman, who furniſht his Lady's Houſe with Bread: And 'tis to this laſt Marriage that I owe my

Birth. My Father was call'd *Gariquet*; what Country he was of, I could never yet learn; and as for my Mother's Name, it ſignifies nothing to my Story. Let it ſuffice, that ſhe was more covetous than my Father, and my Father more covetous than ſhe, and that they had both a pretty large Conſcience. My Father had the Honour of being the Inventor of the Piece of Fleſh tied with a String to the Pot-handle, which having boiled a conſiderable Time, may be taken out again, and ſerve ſeveral Times to make Soop. I could tell a Hundred more Particulars of his good Husbandry, which gain'd him with Juſtice, the Reputation of a Man of Wit and invention; but for fear of being too tedious, I will content my ſelf with relating only two, which may ſeem incredible, tho' they are moſt certainly true. He had bought up a great Quantity of Corn, with Deſign to ſell it very dear, in Caſe the Year ſhould prove bad; but the harveſt being plentiful, and corn falling in its Price, he was ſo poſſeſs'd with Deſpair, and the Devil, that he had an Inclination to hang himſelf. One of his Neighbours who happen'd to be in the Room when he enter'd upon that noble Deſign, and had hid her ſelf for fear of being ſeen, (for what Reaſon I know not) was not a little ſurpriz'd, when ſhe ſaw him hang dangling on one of the Joiſts of the Cieling. She immediately ran to him, crying out, help, help, and began to cut the Rope; and by the Help of my Mother, who came in at the Noiſe, got it from his Neck: Perhaps they repented the doing of ſo good an Action, for he beat 'em both to Mummy; and made that poor Woman pay for the Rope ſhe had cut, by ſtopping ſome Money he ow'd her. His other Prank is no leſs ſtrange: He grudged himſelf whatever he eat, and his Wife being brought to Bed of a Boy, the Fancy took him in the Crown, that ſhe had Milk enough to nouriſh both his Son and himſelf; and hoped, that by ſucking his Wife he ſhould ſave Bread, and live upon a Food of eaſie Digeſtion. My Mother's Wit was much inferior to his, tho' her Avarice was as great; but tho' ſhe did not invent Things as my Father did, yet having once conceiv'd 'em, ſhe put 'em in execution with more exactneſs than he could. She therefore try'd to nouriſh both

both her Son and Husband with her own Milk, and ventur'd alſo to feed upon it her ſelf, with ſo much obſtinacy, that the little innocent Creature was ſoon ſtarv'd to Death; and my Father and mother were ſo weakned, and famiſh'd, that when they return'd to meat, they ſurfeited themſelves and fell both ſick upon it. Sometime after my mother went with Child with me, and having happily brought forth a moſt unhappy Creature, my Father went to *Paris*, to deſire his miſtreſs to ſtand Godmother to his Son, together with an honeſt Church-man, reſiding at his Village, where he had a Benefice. As he was returning Home in the Evening, to avoid the Heat of the Day, and paſs'd thro' a great Street in the *Suburbs*, the Houſes whereof were for the moſt Part a building; he ſaw afar off by the moon-ſhine, ſomewhat that glittered in his Eyes, as he was croſſing the Street. He did not think it worth while to enquire what it was; but hearing the Groans of one in Pain, at the ſame Place where what he had ſeen vaniſh't out of his Sight, he boldly enter'd one of thoſe unfiniſh'd Buildings, where he found a Woman ſitting alone on the Ground. The Place ſhe was in, receiv'd ſufficient Light from the Moon, to let my Father perceive that ſhe was very young, and very richly clad, having on a Gown of Silver Tiſſue, which was the glittering Thing my Father ſaw the Moment before. You muſt not queſtion that my Father, who did not want Reſolution, was leſs ſurpriz'd than the young Lady; for ſhe was in a Condition, that nothing worſe could happen to her. This Conſideration gave her the Aſſurance to ſpeak firſt and tell my Father, that if he was a Chriſtian, he would take pity on her; that ſhe was in Labour ready to be brought to Bed, and that the Maid ſhe had ſent for a truſty Midwife, not returning, ſhe had ſlipt away from her Houſe without waking any Body, her Maid having left the Door open, that ſhe might come in again without making any Noiſe. She had ſcarce made an End of this Relation, but ſhe was deliver'd of a Child which my Father receiv'd into the Lappet of his Cloak. He acted the Midwife as well as he could, and the young Lady conjur'd him to carry away the little Creature with all ſpeed, to take care

of it; and not to fail two Days after, to go to an old Churchman ſhe nam'd to him, who would give him Money, and all neceſſary Orders for nurſing of the Child. At this Word Money, my Father who had a penurious Soul, was going to diſplay all the Eloquence of a Gentleman-Uſher, but ſhe would not give him time; ſhe put into his Hands a Ring, for a Token to the Prieſt he was to go to from her; caus'd him to ſwaddle the young Creature in her Neck-handkerchief, and ſent him away in haſt, notwithſtanding his unwillingneſs to leave her in the Condition ſhe was in. I am inclin'd to believe, ſhe had much adoe to get Home again; as for my Father, he return'd to his Village, gave the Child to his Wife, and did not fail two Days after, to go to the old Prieſt, and ſhew him the Ring. He learnt from him, that the Child's Mother was a young Lady of a very good Family, and very rich; that ſhe had had this Child by a *Scotch* Lord, who was gone into *Ireland* to raiſe Soldiers for the King's Service; and that this Foreign Nobleman had promis'd her Marriage. Moreover the Prieſt told him, that by Reaſon of her precipitate Delivery, ſhe was fallen deſperately ſick, and being in that Extremity, had confeſt all to her Father and Mother, who inſtead of chiding her, endeavour'd to comfort her, by Reaſon ſhe was their only Child: That the Thing was yet a Secret in the Houſe, and therefore aſſur'd my Father, that if he would but take Care of the Child, and keep Counſel, his Fortune ſhould be made. Thereupon he gave him fifty Crowns, and a Bundle of all Sorts of Things neceſſary for a Child. My Father return'd Home after he had well dined with the Prieſt. I was put out to Nurſe, and the Stranger kept at Home in my ſtead. A Month after, the *Scotch* Lord came back, and having found his Miſtreſs ſo very ill, that ſhe could not live much longer, he married her one Day before ſhe died, and ſo was no ſooner a Husband, than a widower. He came two or three Days after to our Town, with the Parents of his Wife. There they began to weep a-freſh, and were like to ſtifle the Child with Kiſſes; my Father had Reaſon to be thankful to the *Scotch* Lord for his Generoſity, and the Relations of the Child did not forget

him

him beſides. They return'd to *Paris* very much ſatisfied with the Care my Father and Mother took of the Boy, whom they would not yet take Home with them, becauſe the Marriage was ſtill kept ſecret, for ſome Reaſons which never came to my Knowledge. As ſoon as I was able to walk, my Father took me Home, to keep the young Earl of *Glaris* Company (for ſo he was call'd by his Father's Name.) The Natural Antipathy ſaid to have been between *Jacob* and *Eſau* in the very Womb of their Mother, was never greater than that which was between the young Earl and me. My Father and Mother lov'd him tenderly, and had an Averſion for me, tho' I was the more hopeful Boy of the two: There appear'd nothing but what was mean in him. As for me, I ſeem'd to be what I was not, and rather an Earl's Son than *Gariquet's*; and if I am at laſt no more than a wretched Player, 'tis undoubtedly, becauſe *Fortune* had a Mind to be reveng'd upon *Nature*, for deſigning to make me ſomething without her help; or if you pleaſe, becauſe Nature is ſometimes willing to favour thoſe whom Fortune is unkind to. I ſhall paſs over in Silence, the Infancy of two young Clowns, (for *Glaris* was ſuch by Education as well as my ſelf) ſince our moſt memorable Adventures were nothing but abundance of Fiſty-cuffs. In all the Quarrels we had, I always got the better of him, except when my Father and Mother ſided with him, which they did ſo often and with ſo much Heat, that my Godfather, Monſieur Saint *Sauveur* by Name, was highly offended at it, and demanded me of my Father. He made him a preſent of me with great Joy, and my Mother had yet leſs Regret than he to part with me. Thus I was at my Godfather's well clad, well fed, much careſs'd, and never beaten. He ſpar'd no Coſts to make me read and write; and as ſoon as I was fit to learn *Latin*, he obtain'd of the Lord of our Village, who was a very civil Gentleman, and very rich, that I ſhould ſtudy with two of his Sons, under a learned Man he had from *Paris*, and to whom he gave a very good Salary. This Gentleman, the Baron *d' Arques* by Name, took great Care to have his Sons well educated. The eldeſt call'd

Saint *Far*, was a handſome Gentleman, but as untractably rough and brutiſh in his Nature, as ever Man was; to make amends, the younger Brother was both handſomer than Saint *Far*, and had a Vivacity of Mind, and Greatneſs of Soul equal to the Beauty of his Body. In ſhort, I do not think there ever was a more hopeful young Gentleman than *Vervelle*, for this was the younger Brother's Name. He honour'd me with his Friendſhip, and as for me, I lov'd him like a Brother, and ever reſpected him as a Maſter. As for Saint *Far*, he had none but ill Inclinations, and I cannot better expreſs the Sentiments he had both for Brother and me, than by telling you, that he lov'd not his Bother more than me, for whom he had a great indifference; and that he hated me no more than he did his Brother, whom he lov'd but little. His Diverſions were different from ours, for he lov'd nothing but Hunting, and quoted Books of Morality; whereas *Vervelle* ſeldom went out a Hunting, and took great delight in Reading; wherein I agreed wonderfully with him, as I did in every thing elſe, without being put to the trouble of doing any thing out of Complaiſance, as in duty I ought. The Baron *d' Arques* had a large Library of Romances: Our Tutor who had never read any in his College, and who at firſt forbad us the reading of 'em, having condemn'd 'em a hundred times before the Baron *d' Arques*, to render them as odious to him, as he found 'em delightful, grew at laſt ſo much in love with 'em himſelf, that having devour'd both the old and the new ones, he confeſt that the reading of good Romances, was as inſtructive as pleaſant, and no leſs proper to inſpire young People with noble Sentiments, than the reading of *Plutarch*. He therefore encourag'd us to read 'em, as earneſtly as he had diſcourag'd us before, and firſt of all adviſ'd us to peruſe the Modern; but theſe were not yet ſuitable to our Palates; and till we were fifteen, we were much more delighted with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, than *Aſtrea*, and other fine Romances that have been made ſince, by which the *French* have ſhewn to the World, as they have by a thouſand things beſides, that if they do not invent ſo much as other Nations, yet do they nevertheleſs bring the inventions of

others

others to a far greater Perfection. We therefore beſtow'd upon the reading of Romances, the greateſt part of the time we had allow'd us for Diverſion. As for Saint *Far*, he called us the Ruyters, and went abroad every day either to hunt, or to beat the poor Country Fellows, which he did with wonderful Succeſs. The Inclination I had to do well, gain'd me the Favour of the Baron *d' Arques*, who lov'd me no leſs, than if I had been his near Relation. He would not ſuffer me to leave his Sons, when he ſent 'em to the Academy, but ſent me thither along with 'em, and that rather as a Companion than a Servant. There we ſtayed about two years to learn our Exerciſes, at the end of which a Man of Quality, related to the Baron *d' Arques*, raiſing Soldiers for the *Venetians*, Saint *Far* and *Vervelle* perſwaded their Father to let 'em go to *Venice* with their Kinſman. The good old Gentleman deſir'd I would ſtill accompany 'em, and Monſieur *de Saint Sauveur* my Godfather, who lov'd me extreamly, gave me very generouſly Bills of Exchange for a conſiderable Sum, to make uſe of, in caſe thoſe I had the honour to accompany, ſhould be unwilling to bear my Charges. We went the longeſt way about on purpoſe to ſee *Rome*, and the other fine Cities of *Italy*, in each of which we ſtaid a conſiderable time, excepting thoſe which are in the *Spaniard*'s Hands. I fell ſick at *Rome*, and the two Brothers went on their Journey; the Gentleman under whoſe Conduct they were, being willing to lay hold on the Opportunity of the Pope's Gallies, which were putting out to Sea to join the *Venetian* Army near the Streigths of the *Dardanels*, where they waited for the *Turks*. *Verville* was extraordinary ſorry to leave me, and I almoſt mad to part from him, at a time when by my Services I might in ſome meaſure have deſerv'd the love he had for me. As for Saint *Far*, I believe he left me with as much indifference, as if he had never ſeen me; And I never thought on him, but only becauſe he was Brother to *Verville*, who left me as much Money as he could ſpare; but whether Saint *Far* was conſenting, I cannot tell. Thus I was left ſick at *Rome*, having no other Acquaintance beſides my Landlord, a *Fleming* Apothecary, who took extraor-

dinary care of me during my Illneſs, and who, as far as I can judge, had more Skill in Phyſick, than the *Italian* Doctor who lookt after me. At laſt I recover'd, and gather'd Strength enough to go and view the moſt remarkable Places in *Rome*, where Strangers find abundantly wherewithal to entertain their Curioſity. I took a ſingular Delight in viewing the Vines, (thus are call'd ſeveral Gardens, finer than the *Tuilliries* in *Paris*, which Cardinals and other Perſons of Quality keep with much coſt in *Rome*, rather out of Vanity than for their own Entertainment, ſince they never, or at leaſt very ſeldom, go there themſelves.) One Day as I was walking in one of the fineſt, I ſaw at the turning of the Wall, two Women very genteely dreſt, whom two young *Frenchmen* ſtopt, and would not let go, unleſs the youngeſt of 'em unvail'd her Face. One of thoſe two *Frenchmen*, who look'd like the Maſter of the other, had even the Inſolence to offer to unvail her by force, whilſt his Man held the other, who was bare-fac'd. I was not long debating what I ſhould do on this occaſion, but preſently told thoſe rude Men, that I was reſolv'd not to ſuffer them to offer Violence to thoſe Ladies. They were both very much ſurpriz'd, for I ſpoke with ſuch a Reſolution, as would have daunted 'em, had they had their Swords as well as my ſelf. The two Ladies came over to me, and the young *Frenchman* chuſing rather to be baulk'd than beaten, told me as he went off; Sir, for all your hectoring, we ſhall meet you in ſome other place, where our Swords ſhall not hang all on one ſide. I anſwer'd, I would not hide my ſelf: His Man follow'd him, and ſo I ſtaid with the two Women. She that had no Vail on, look'd to be about five and thirty: She return'd me thanks in good *French*, without any mixture of *Italian*, and told me amongſt other things, that if all *Frenchmen* were like me, the *Italian* Woman would not ſcruple to live after the *French* Faſhion. After that, to reward the Service I had done 'em, ſhe added, that ſince I hindred that rude *Frenchman* from ſeeing her Daughter againſt her Will 'twas reaſonable I ſhould ſee her of her own accord; therefore, ſaid ſhe, *Leonora*, lift up your Vail, and let the Gentleman

ſee that we are not altogether unworthy of the Honour of being under his Protection. She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but her Daughter put aſide her Vail, or rather diſcover'd a Sun which dazled my Eyes. I never beheld ſo beautiful an Object in my whole Life; ſhe caſt three or four times her Eyes on me, as it were by ſtealth, and as they ſtill met with mine, the innocent Bluſhes which overſpread her Face, made her to look as handſom as an Angel. I perceiv'd the Mother was very fond of her, for ſhe ſeem'd to ſhare the Pleaſure I had in gazing upon her. Now by reaſon I was little us'd to theſe Adventures, and that young People are eaſily daſh'd out of Countenance in ſtrange Company, I made 'em but indifferent Complements when they went away, and gave 'em perhaps but an indifferent Opinion of my Wit. I was angry with my ſelf for not asking their Habitation, and that I did not offer to wait upon them thither; but 'twas prepoſterous to run after 'em. I went to the Door-keeper to inquire whether he knew 'em, but we were a long while before we could underſtand one another, becauſe he ſpoke no better *French*, than I did *Italian*. At laſt, rather by Signs, than otherwiſe, he gave me to underſtand, that they were unknown to him, at leaſt he would not own he knew 'em. I return'd to my *Fleming* Apothecary, in a very different Diſpoſition of Mind from what I was in when I came out; that is to ſay, very amorous, and very much in Pain to know whether that beautiful *Leonora* was a Courtezan or an honeſt Woman, and if ſhe had as much Wit as her Mother, who ſeem'd to have a great deal. I abandoned my ſelf to Thought, and flatter'd my ſelf with a Thouſand fair Hopes, which entertain'd me a while, but diſquieted me much more when I conſider'd that impoſſibility of my Wiſhes. Having fram'd a Thouſand frivolous Deſigns, I reſolv'd at laſt to ſeek 'em out, not thinking it poſſible for 'em to remain long inviſible in *Rome*, (which is not a populous City,) eſpecially to a Man ſo much in Love as I was. That very Day I look'd for 'em wherever I thought it moſt likely to find 'em, and return'd home at Night more tir'd, and uneaſie than I was when I went out. The next Day I ſought 'em ſtill with more

diligence

diligence, yet did nothing but tire and diſquiet my ſelf. By my peeping thro' the Lattice-windows and my haſty running after all the Woman that bore the leaſt Reſemblance of my *Leonora*, I was taken a hundred times, both in the Streets and in the Churches, for the greateſt Fool among thoſe *Frenchmen* who have contributed moſt to their diſparaging their Nation at *Rome*. 'Tis Matter of Wonder how I could gather Strength at a time when I ſuffer'd like one in Hell: However my Body recovered, whilſt my ſick Mind remained ſo divided betwixt Honour and Love, which kept me at *Rome*, that I often doubted whether I ſhould obey the frequent Letters I received from *Verville*, who conjur'd me by the Ties of Friendſhip, to come to him, without uſing the Rights he had to command me. At laſt, all my Endeavours to find out my unknown Lady, proving ineffectual, I paid my Landlord, and got my little Equipage ready, in order to depart. The Day before I was to ſet out, Signior *Stephano Vanberge* (for ſo was my Landlord call'd) told me, he deſigned to give me a Dinner at a Miſtreſs's Houſe of his, and at the ſame time make me confeſs, that he had not made an ill Choice for a *Fleming*; adding withal, that he would not carry me to her before I was to go away, becauſe he was a little jealous. I promis'd to wait on him, rather out of Complaiſance than Inclination; and accordingly we went about Dinner-time. The Houſe we went into had neither the Appearance, nor Furniture of an Apothecary's Miſtreſs. Having travers'd a very fine Parlour, we entered a magnificent Room, where we were receiv'd by *Leonora* and her Mother. You may imagine how much I was agreeably ſurprized. The Mother of that beautiful Daughter came towards me, to be ſaluted after the *French* way; and I muſt needs own, that ſhe kiſs'd me, rather than I her; I was ſo amaz'd, that I ſcarce could ſee any thing, neither did I hear one word of the Compliment ſhe made me. At laſt I recover'd both my Senſes and Sight, and ſaw *Leonora* more Beautiful and Charming than before, but had not the Aſſurance to ſalute her. I was ſenſible of my Fault as ſoon as I had committed it; but inſtead of repairing it, bluſh'd as much out of Shame, as ſhe did out of

of Modeſty. Her Mother told me, ſhe deſign'd to return me Thanks before I went away, for the Pains I had taken to find out their Habitation; and this ſtill increas'd my Confuſion. She pull'd me into a * *Ruelle*, adorned after the *French* Faſhion, ★ *Bed-ſide*. where her Daughter did not follow us, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, ſhe did not think it worth her while to join Converſation with ſo dull a Fellow as I ſeem'd to be. She ſtaid with Signior *Stephano*, whilſt with her Mother I acted the part of a Clown to the Life. She was ſo civil to find Matter to keep up the Converſation her ſelf; which ſhe did very ingeniouſly; tho' nothing can be more difficult, than to ſhew one's Wit with thoſe that have none. For my part I never was ſuch a Block-head in my Life; and if ſhe was not tir'd with me then, ſhe never could be ſure with any Body. Amongſt other things, to which I ſcarce anſwer'd, Yes or No, ſhe told me, ſhe was a *French* Woman born, and that Signior *Stephano* would inform me of the Reaſons which ſtaid her in *Rome*. By this time, Dinner being ready, ſhe was fain to pull me along to the Table, as ſhe had pull'd me before to the *Ruelle*; for I was ſo diſorder'd, that I did not know how to ſet one Foot before t'other. I was the ſame dull Loggerhead both before and after Dinner; during which, the only thing I did with Aſſurance, was to ſtare upon *Leonora*. I fancy ſhe was uneaſie at it, and therefore to puniſh me for it, never lifted up her Eyes all the while. Had the Mother been ſilent, the Dinner had been like a *Carthuſian* Meal; but ſhe diſcours'd Signior *Stephano* about the Affairs of *Rome*, at leaſt I fancy ſo, for I am not very ſure of it. At laſt we roſe from Table, to the great Comfort of every Body, except my ſelf, whoſe Diſtemper grew worſe and worſe every every Moment. When we went to take our leaves, they ſaid a thouſand obliging things to me, which I only anſwer'd with the ordinary Compliments us'd at the bottom of a Letter: However I did ſomething more at Parting than I did when I came in, for I ſaluted *Leonora*, and by that means compleated my Ruin. *Stephano* was not able to get one ſingle Word from me in all our Way home. I lock'd my ſelf up in my Room, without pulling

pulling off either my Cloak or Sword. There I revolv'd in my Mind whatever had happen'd to me. *Leonora* preſented her ſelf to my Fancy more beautiful than ever ſhe had appear'd to my Sight. I remembred how dull and ſilly I was before the Mother and the Daughter; and as often as I thought on it, was ſo aſham'd that I could not forbear bluſhing. I wiſh'd to be rich, curs'd my mean extraction; and then fancy'd to my ſelf a thouſand lucky Adventures, advantageous both to my Fortune and Love. At laſt, having nothing in my Thoughts but how to frame a plauſible Pretence to ſtay, and not finding any to my liking, I grew ſo deſperate, as to wiſh to fall ſick again, to which I had already no ſmall Diſpoſition. I deſign'd to write to *Leonora*; but all my Pen could produce did not pleaſe me, and ſo I put into my Pocket the beginning of a Letter, which perhaps I had not dar'd to ſend, had it been finiſh'd. Thus having diſquieted my ſelf to little purpoſe, and not being able to baniſh *Leonora* from my Thoughts, I reſolv'd to go by the Vine where ſhe appear'd to me firſt, to abandon my ſelf entirely to my Paſſion, and paſs by her Door once for all. This Vine was well ſituated in one of the remoteſt Parts of the City, and in the midſt of ſeveral old uninhabited Buildings; as I paſs'd along, penſive and melancholy under the Ruins of a Portico, I heard ſome body ſtalk behind me, and at the ſame time felt my ſelf run through under the Reins. I preſently fac'd about, and inſtantly drew my Sword; and finding I had to do with the Servant of the young *Frenchman* I mention'd before, I was like to return him at leaſt as good a Paſs as he had made at me by Treachery: But as I puſh'd at him without being able to cloſe with him, becauſe he maintained a running-Fight, and endeavoured to parry, his Maſter came out from among the Ruins of the Portico, and attacking me behind, dealt me ſuch a ſtunning Blow on the Head, and a great Thruſt in the Thigh, as made me to fall down. There was no likelihood of my eſcaping at ſo cheap a rate; but becauſe in an ill Action People ſeldom preſerve a preſence of Mind, the Servant wounded his Maſter in the Right Hand; and at the ſame time two *Minime* Fryrs of the *Trinity* of the

Mount

Mount paſſing by, and ſeeing me treacherouſly aſſaulted, ran to my Aſſiſtance, whereupon my Aſſaſſines made their eſcape, and left me wounded in three ſeveral Places. Thoſe good Fryars happened to be *Frenchmen*, to my great Comfort; for in ſo remote a Place, had an *Italian* ſeen me in this Condition I was in, he would rather have avoided than ſuccour'd me, leſt being found doing me a good Office, he were ſuſpected of being himſelf my Murtherer. Whilſt one of theſe charitable Fryars received my Confeſſion, the other ran to my Lodging, to acquaint my Landlord with my Diſaſter: He came inſtantly to me, and cauſed me to be carried, half dead, to my Bed. With ſo many Wounds, and ſo much Love, 'twas no wonder if I ſoon fell into a moſt violent Fever. My Life was deſpair'd of by all, and I had no Reaſon to hope better than the reſt. In the mean time my Paſſion for *Leonora* was ſo far from abating, that it was rather increas'd, tho' my ſtrength grew ſtill weaker and weaker. Wherefore, not being able to ſupport ſo heavy a Burthen, without eaſing my ſelf of it, nor reſolved to die, without letting *Leonora* know, that 'twas for her ſake only that I wiſhed to live, I called for a Pen and Ink. They thought I was Light-headed; but I was ſo earneſt in proteſting that they would drive me into Deſpair in caſe they ſhould deny me what I requeſted, that Signior *Stephano*, who had taken notice of my Paſſion and was ſo clear-ſighted as to gueſs at my Deſign, gave Orders that I ſhould have all things neceſſary to write; and as he knew my Intention, he ſtaid all alone in the Room. I perus'd what I had ſcribl'd a little before with Deſign to make uſe of ſome Thoughts which came then into my Head upon the ſame Subject, and then wrote thus to *Leonora*.

" I no ſooner ſaw you, but 'twas out of my Power " to forbear loving you; my Reaſon did not oppoſe my " Paſſion, but told me, as well as my Eyes, that you " were the moſt lovely Perſon in the World; whereas it " ſhould have repreſented to me, how unworthy I was " of your Heart. However, that would have ſerv'd only " to exaſperate my Diſeaſe with unprofitable Remedies, " and after having ſtruggled a while, I muſt at laſt have

" yielded

" yielded to the irreſiſtible Neceſſity of loving you, which " you impoſe on all that ſee you. Well, I love you, my " charming *Leonora*, but with ſo much Reſpect, that you " ought not to hate me for it, altho' I have the Boldneſs " to diſcover it to you: But how is it poſſible to die for " you, without boaſting of it? And how can you refuſe " to pardon a Crime, with which you cannot reproach " me long? I own your being the Cauſe of a Man's Death " is a Recompence not to be merited but by a great Num- " ber of ſervices, and you will perhaps envy me an Hap- " pineſs, which you procure me without Deſign. But do " not grudge it me, lovely *Leonora*, ſince 'tis no more in " your Power to make me loſe it, and that 'tis the only " Favour I ever receiv'd from Fortune, who will never " ſufficiently reward your Merit, but by procuring you " Adorers as much above me, as all other Beauties in the " World are below yours. Therefore I am not not ſo " vain as to think that you will beſtow the leaſt Senti- " ment of Pity on ——

I was not able to make an end of my Letter; my Strength fail'd me on the ſudden; the Pen fell from my Hand, for my Mind went ſo faſt, that my Body could not keep pace with it; elſe that long beginning you have heard, had been but a ſmall part of my Letter; ſo much was my Imagination warm'd by my Fever, and my Love. I was a long time in a fainting Fit, without giving the leaſt Sign of Life; which Signior *Stephano* perceiving, he open'd the Chamber Door to ſend for a Prieſt. At that very Moment *Leonora* and her Mother came to viſit me, having, it ſeems, been informed of my being wounded. Now as they thought this Accident befel me upon their accounts, and for that reaſon that they were the innocent Cauſe of my Death, they did not ſcruple to come to ſee me in the Condition I was in. My Trance laſted ſo long, that they went away before I was come to my ſelf, very much afflicted, as one may imagine, and fully perſwaded that I would never recover. They read what I had been writing; and the Mother, being more Curious than the Daughter, perus'd alſo the Papers I had left on the Bed; amongſt which there was a Letter from my Father. I

was

was a long time ſtruggling betwixt Life and Death; but at length Youth getting the upper hand, in a Fortnight's time I was out of Danger; and in five Weeks time began to walk about the Room. My Landlord entertain'd me often about *Leonora*. He acquainted me with the charitable Viſit ſhe and her Mother had made me; at which I was over-joy'd: And if I was a little troubled at their reading my Father's Letter, I was highly pleas'd that my own had been read alſo. As often as I happen'd to be alone with *Stephano*, I could talk of nothing but *Leonora*. One Day calling to Mind what her Mother told me, that he could inform me who ſhe was, and what Reaſons oblig'd her to ſtay in *Rome*. I deſir'd him to acquaint me with what he knew of the matter. He acquainted me, that ſhe came to *Rome* with the *French* Ambaſſador's Lady; that a Man of Quality, a near Relation of the Ambaſſador's had fallen in Love with her; that in time ſhe lov'd him too, and that being married clandeſtinely, ſhe had the beautiful *Leonora* by him: He inform'd me likewiſe that that Nobleman had fallen out with all his Relations upon this Account, which oblig'd him to leave *Rome* and go to *Venice* with Madam *la Boiſſiere* (for this was her Name) till the time of the Ambaſſy ſhould be expir'd; that having brought her back to *Rome*, he furniſh'd her a Houſe, and gave her all Neceſſaries to live like a perſon of Quality, whilſt he ſtaid in *France*, whither his Father had call'd him back, and whither he durſt not carry his Miſtreſs, or, if you please, his Wife; well knowing that none of his Relations would approve his Match. I muſt confeſs I could not ſometimes forbear wiſhing that *Leonora* were not the legitimate Daughter of a Perſon of Quality, that the Blemiſh of her Birth might excuſe the meanneſs of mine; but however I ſoon repented ſo criminal a Thought, and wiſh'd her Fortune anſwerable to her Merit. This laſt Thought caſt me into Deſpair; for as I lov'd her more than my Life, I plainly foreſaw that I could never be happy without enjoying her, nor enjoy her without making her unhappy. When I began to recover, and that there was no other Remains of my Diſtemper, than a great Paleneſs in my Cheeks, occaſion'd by the vaſt quantity of Blood I had loſt, my young

Maſters

Maſters return'd from the *Venetian* Army, the Plague which infected all the *Levant*, not ſuffering them to ſignalize their Courage there any longer. *Verville* had ſtill the ſame Affection he ever had for me, and St. *Far* did not yet ſhew he hated me, as he has done ſince. I recounted to them all my Adventures, except my falling in Love with *Leonora*; both expreſs'd a great deſire of being acquainted with her, which my exaggerating the Merit both of the Mother and the Daughter encreas'd. A Man ought never to commend the Perſon he loves before thoſe who may love her alſo, ſince Love enters at the Ears as well as the Eyes. This Folly has often been pernicious to thoſe who have been guilty of it, which my own experience will juſtifie, as you ſhall ſee anon. St. *Far* ask'd me every Day when I deſign'd to carry him to Madam *la Boiſſiere:* One Day, when he was more preſſing than ordinary, I anſwer'd, I could not tell whether ſhe would admit of his Viſit or not, becauſe ſhe liv'd very retir'd. Nay, reply'd he, I now plainly ſee you are in love with her Daughter; and adding, he knew how to go ſee her without me, after a very blunt manner. I was ſo daunted, that he then firmly believ'd, what he barely ſuſpected before. Afterwards he paſs'd an hundred ſilly Jeſts upon me, and daſh'd me ſo out of Countenance, that *Verville* pity'd me. He took me away from his unmannerly Brother, and carried me to the * *Courſe*, where I was extremely melancholy, tho' *Verville*, out of a Kindneſs extraordinary in a Perſon of his Age, and ſo much above me by his Quality, us'd all poſſible means to divert me. In the mean time, the ill-natur'd Saint *Far*, endeavour'd to ſatisfie himſelf or rather to ruin me. He went ſtrait to Madam *la Boiſſiere*; where they took him at firſt for me, becauſe he had my Landlord's Servant with him, who had often accompanied me thither; but had it not been for that, I believe he never had been admitted. Madam *la Boiſſiere* was very much ſurpriz'd to ſee a Man ſhe did not know: She told Saint *Far*, ſhe could not imagine upon what Score, a Stranger did her the Honour of a Viſit. Saint *Far* reply'd very humbly, that he was the Maſter of

* *A Place to take the Air in, in a Coach, as in* Hide-Park.

of a young Fellow, who was ſo happy as to be wounded in her Service.

Having begun his Compliment with an account, which, as I was inform'd ſince, pleas'd neither the Mother nor Daughter; and theſe two ingenuous Perſons, being unwilling to Hazard the Reputation of their Wit, with a Perſon who at firſt daſh diſcover'd he had little, the rude Impertiment was meanly diverted by them, and they very much tir'd with him. But what made him almoſt mad, was his being deny'd the Satisfaction of ſeeing *Leonora*'s Face, tho' he had begg'd her a thouſand times to lift up the Vail ſhe commonly wore, as all unmarried Ladies do at *Rome*. At laſt this accompliſht Courtier being tir'd with tiring of them, rid 'em of his troubleſom Viſit, and return'd to Signior *Stephano*'s with little Advantage from the ill Office he had done me. Ever ſince that time, as 'tis ordinary with illnatur'd People to hate thoſe whom they have injur'd, he deſpis'd me to that degree, and diſoblig'd me ſo often, that I had a hundred times forgot the Reſpect I owed to his Quality, if *Verville* by his conſtant Friendſhip, and repeated Kindneſſes, had not made me amends for his Brother's Brutality. I was not yet acquainted with the ill Office he had done me, tho I often felt the Effects of it; I found indeed, Madam *la Boiſſiere* more reſerv'd to me, than when we were firſt acquainted; but being ſtill as civil as before, I did not take notice of my being troubleſom. As for *Leonora*, ſhe appear'd very thoughtful before her mother, but when not obſerv'd by her, methought ſhe was not ſo melancholy, and caſt on me more favourable Looks than I could have expected. *Deſtiny* was thus relating his Story, and the Actreſſes liſtning very attentively, without ſhewing the leaſt inclination to ſleep, when they heard the Clock ſtrike two (*in the morning*) Mrs. *Cave* put *Deſtiny* in mind, that the next Day he was to accompany Monſieur *la Rappiniere* to a Houſe about two or three Leagues out of town, where he promis'd to give 'em the Diverſion of Hunting. This made *Deſtiny* take his leave of the Players, and retire to his own Chamber, where in all probability he went to Bed: The other Players did the ſame, and the remaining part of the Night was

ſpent

ſpent in quiet; the Poet, as luck would have it, having made no new Stanza's to diſturb the general Repoſe.

Chap. XIV.

How the Curate of Domfront *was carried away.*

THoſe who have had ſo much ſpare time to throw away upon the reading of the foregoing Chapters, may remember, if they have not forgot it, that the Curate of *Domfront* was in one of thoſe Litters, which met four in a Company in a little Village, by an Accident which perhaps had never happen'd before; tho every one knows four Litters may ſooner meet together, than four Mountains. This Curate then, who lodg'd in the ſame Inn where our Players quarter'd, having had a Conſultation of the Phyſicians of *Mans* about his Diſeaſe, and being told by thoſe grave Doctors in very elegant *Latin*, that he was troubled with the Gravel, which the poor Man knew but too well before; and likewiſe having diſpatched ſome Buſineſs which never came to my Knowledge: This good Prieſt, I ſay, having done all this, ſet out from that Inn about nine a Clock in the Morning, to return to the Spiritual Conduct of his Flock. One of his Nieces, dreſt like a Gentlewoman, but whether ſhe was ſo or not, ſignifies little, plac'd her ſelf at the fore part of the Litter, at the good Man's Feet, who was very thick and ſhort. A Peaſant, by Name *William*, led the Fore-horſe by the Bridle, by ſpecial order from the Curate, for fear he ſhould ſtumble; and the Curate's Servant, one *Julian*, took care to drive the hinder; which was however ſo reſtive, that he was often obliged to puſh him forward with his Shoulders. The Curate's Chamber-pot, which was of yellow Braſs, and gliſter'd like Gold, having been newly ſcour'd in the Inn, hung on the right ſide of the Litter, which made it to look more magnificent than the left, which was only adorn'd with a Hat in a Paſtboard Caſe, which the Curate had receiv'd from the *Paris* Meſſenger, for a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who had a Houſe near *Domfront*. About a League and half from the Town, while the Litter jogg'd leiſurely on in a hollow way, fenced

fenced on both ſides with thick Hedges, as ſtrong as Walls, three Horſemen ſecond by two Men on Foot, ſtopt the venerable Caravan. One of them who ſeem'd to be the Captain of the reſt, with a moſt terrible Voice cry'd, Death and Furies, the firſt Man that offers to ſpeak a Word, I'll piſtol him, and with that clapt the Muzzle of his Piſtol within two Inches of *William*, the Country-fellow's Noſe, who led the Horſe litter. Another did the like to *Julian*, and one of the Foot-pads levell'd his Gun at the Curate's Neck, whilſt he ſlept very quietly in the Litter, by which means he was freed from the terrible Fight that had ſeiz'd his little peaceful Retinue. Theſe Villanous Rogues drove the Litter with more haſt than the dull Horſes that carried it were willing to make. Never was ſilence better obſerv'd in ſo violent an Action: The Curate's Niece was more dead than alive; *William* and *Julian* wept, without daring ſo much as to open their Mouths, by reaſon of the terrible Apparition of Fire-arms; and the Curate ſlept on, as I ſaid before. One of the Horſemen detach'd himſelf from the main Body, and went a full Gallop before. In the mean time the Litter reached a Wood, at the entrance of which, the Fore-horſe, which perhaps was as much frighted as his Leaders, or elſe out of ſpite, becauſe they had forced him to go a quicker pace, than his dull and heavy Conſtitution would permit him, put his foot into a Wheeltrack, when he fell a flouncing ſo fiercely, that the Curate wak'd at the Noiſe; and his Niece trundled down from the Litter on the lean Buttocks of the Jade. The good Man called *Julian*, who durſt not ſo much as anſwer him; he then called his Niece, who was not ſuch a Fool as to open her Mouth; and the Peaſant being as hard-hearted as the reſt, the Curate fell into a Paſſion in good earneſt. Some relate he ſwore a great Oath, but I can hardly believe ſuch a thing of a Curate of Lower *Mayne*. The Curate's Niece had by this time rais'd her ſelf up again from the Horſes Buttocks, and ſat in her place without daring to look on her Uncle; and the Horſe having with great vigour diſingag'd his Feet, went on faſter than ever he did, notwithſtanding the Curate's ſcreaming out with his Reading-desk Voice, ſtop, ſtop. His repeated Cries ſcared the Horſes, who

who ran as if the Devil drove 'em, which made the Curate to cry ſtill the louder. Sometimes he call'd *Julian*, ſometimes *William*, and oftner than the reſt his Niece, to whoſe Name he added the Epithet of double Whore and Carrion. However, ſhe might have ſpoke if ſhe had been willing; for the Man who made her to obſerve ſo religious a Silence, was gone to meet the Horſemen who rode before, about forty or fifty Yards from the Litter. But the fear of the Carabine, made her inſenſible of her Uncle's hard Words; who ſeeing himſelf ſo obſtinately diſobey'd, began at laſt to howl and cry out, Help, Help, Murther, Murther. Thereupon the Horſemen who rode before, and whom the Foot-men had call'd back, came to the Litter, and made it ſtop. When one of them cry'd in a terrible Voice to *William*, What Fool is that, that makes ſuch a Noiſe in the Litter? Alas, Sir, anſwer'd *William*, with Fear and trembling, you know that better than I. The Horſemen gave him a ſound knock on the pate with the But end of his piſtol, and preſenting the Muzzle to the Niece, commanded her to unmask, and tell him who ſhe was. The Curate, who from his Litter beheld all theſe Paſſages, and who had a Law-ſuit with a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood, *de Laune* by Name, thought 'twas he that had a Mind to murther him. Whereupon he cry'd out, Monſieur *de Laune*, I ſummon you before God Almighty, to anſwer for my Murther if you kill me: I am a conſecrated Prieſt, tho' an unworthy one, and I'll have you excommunicated like a *Cannibal*. In the mean time his Niece pull'd off her Mask, and ſhew'd to the Horſeman a wild ſtarting Face, which he did not know. This produced an unexpected effect. That paſſionate Gentleman diſcharg'd one of his Piſtols into the Flank of the Horſe that carried the forepart of the Litter, and with the other ſhot one of his Footmen in the Head; ſaying, let all that give falſe Intelligence have that for their pains. And now it was, that the Curate and his Retinue's Fears began to redouble: He demanded their Confeſſion, *Julian* and *William* feel on their Knees, and the Curate's Niece kept cloſe to her Uncle. But thoſe who put them in that terrible Fright, where already gone from them, and made the beſt of their way, as faſt

as

as their Horſes could drive, leaving to their Charge, the Body of the Fellow that was ſhot. *Julian* and *William* got up, ſtill ſhaking with the remains of their Fear, and told the Curate and his Niece, that the Troopers were gone. Now they were fain to unharneſs the hindermoſt Horſe, to ſet the Litter upright; and *William* was ſent to the next Town to get another Horſe. In the mean time the Curate was at a loſs, what to think of theſe Accidents: He could not imagine, why they left him without robbing him; nor, for what reaſon that Horſeman had kill'd one of his own Men; at which, however, he was not ſo much offended as at the loſs of his poor murther'd Horſe, which in all probability, had never quarrelled with that Stranger. Upon the whole matter he concluded that 'twas *de Laune*, who had deſigned to murther him, and ſaid, he would have his Revenge. His Niece maintained, that 'twas not *de Laune*, whom ſhe knew very well; but the Curate had a mind it ſhould be he, that he might have an occaſion to indite him for an Aſſault, hoping to get him condemned upon the Depoſition of ſome Knights of the poſt, whom he expected to find at *Goron*, where he had ſome Relations. At length *Julian* eſpying another Company of Men on Horſeback making towards 'em, betook himſelf to his Heels as faſt as he could. The Curate's Niece ſeeing *Julian* upon the Flight, thought he had ſome reaſon for it, and therefore ſcrampered away alſo, which put the Curate entirely beſide himſelf, not knowing what to make of ſo many extraordinary Accidents. At laſt he himſelf eſpy'd the Horſemen whom *Julian* had ſeen before, and what is worſe, he ſaw them coming up directly towards him. This Troop was compoſed of nine or ten Horſemen, in the midſt of whom there was a Wretch bound Hand and Foot on a little ſorry Horſe, with a pale downcaſt Look, like one that was carrying to be hang'd. The Curate began to ſay his prayers, recommending himſelf to God Almighty's Mercy, and not forgetting the Horſe that was left alive: But he was very much ſurprized, and comforted at the ſame time, to find that 'twas *la Rappiniere* with ſome of his Men. *La Rappiniere* asked him what he did there, and whether 'twas he that had killed the Man that lay dead near the Horſe's ſide. The Curate told him the

whole Adventure, ſtill affirming, that 'twas *de Launе* that had Way-laid him, of which *la Rappiniere* made a Verbal Proceſs at large. One of his Archers went to the next Village, to get the dead Body removed, and returned with the Curate's Niece and *Julian*, who by this time had recovered their Fright, and had met *William* with a freſh Horſe for the Litter. The Curate returned ſafe and ſound to *Domfront*, where as long as he lives, he will relate how he was ſet upon, and caried away. The dead Horſe was eaten up by the Wolves, or Maſtif Dogs; the Body of the dead Man was buried I know not where, and *la Rappiniere*, *Deſtiny*, *Rancour*, and *Olive*, *la Rappiere*'s Mirmidons, and the priſoner, went back to *Mans*. This is the Succeſs of *la Rappiniere*, and the Strollers hunting, who catcht a Man inſtead of a Hare.

Chap. XV.

The Operator, or Mountebank's Arrival at the Inn. A Continuation of the Hiſtory of Deſtiny *and Star. A Serenade.*

YOU may be pleas'd to remember, that by the foregoing Chapter one of thoſe that ſate upon the Curate of *Domfront*, left his Companions, and went full Gallop I know not whither. Now as he was ſpurring on a main in a deep and narrow Way, he ſpyed afar off ſome Men on Horſeback, making directly towards him; he would have wheeled about to ſhun 'em, but turning too ſhort, and with more haſt than good ſpeed, his Horſe ſprung up ſo ſuddenly, that he fell down backwards with his Rider under him. *La Rappiniere* and his Fellows obſerving this, thought it was very ſtrange, that a Man who came in ſuch poſt haſte towards 'em, ſhould endeavour to avoid 'em with the like Speed. It gave them therefore juſt cauſe of Suſpicion, eſpecially to *la Rappiniere*, who was very ſuſceptible in his own Nature; beſides that his Office oblig'd him to make the worſt Interpretation of things in dubious Caſes. His Suſpicion encreas'd to a high Degree, for when he came near

near the Man who had one Leg under his Horſe, he took notice that he was not ſo much diſmaid at his Fall, as that it was before ſuch a Perſon as he. Now conſidering it could be no prejudice to him to aggravate his Fright, and knowing how to diſcharge his Office, as well as any Provoſt in *France*, he drew near him, and ſaid to him, What! are you caught in a Trap, honeſt Man? Well, I'll take care you ſhall not get ſuch another Fall. This amazed the poor Fellow much more than the Fall had done; when *la Rappiniere* and his Harpies ſaw in his Countenance ſuch viſible Signs of a guilty Conſcience, that any other Provoſt leſs forward than he, would have arreſted him without any more ado: He therefore commanded his Men to help get him up, and bind him Hand and Foot on his own Horſe. He ſoon afterwards met the Curate of *Domfront* in the Diſorder you have read of, with a dead Perſon murther'd, and a Horſe ſhot through, which confirm'd him ſtill the more in his Suſpicions, to which the Priſoner's great Diſorder and change of Colour, was no ſmall Addition. *Deſtiny* ſurveyed him more earneſtly than the reſt, imagining he knew him, tho' where he had ſeen him, he could not perfectly call to mind. He ſcratch'd his dull Pate all the way he rode, to awake his drowſie Memory; yet could not remember where he had ſeen this ſuſpected perſon. At length they arrived at *Mans*, where *la Rappiniere* committed the ſuppoſed Malefactor to priſon, whilſt the Strollers who were to open their Stage the Day following, retired to their Inn, to get all things in a readineſs for that purpoſe. They were reconciled to the Inn-keeper, and the Poet who was as generous as any poet in the World, would needs treat them at Supper. *Ragotin* who was then in the Inn, for he could not refrain coming thither, ever ſince he had been ſmitten with Madam *Star*, was invited by the Poet amongſt the reſt, who was ſo much a Fool, as to invite alſo thoſe that had been Spectators of the Combat. Which had been fought the Night before betwixt the Players and the Inn-keeper's Family, in their Shirts and Smocks. A little before Supper began, the jolly Company was farther incens'd by the Arrival of an Operator, and his Retinue; which conſiſted of his Wife, an old Blackamore Maid, a

Monkey, and two Footmen. *Rancour* was his Acquaintance, of a long ſtanding, and therefore there paſt great Civilities betwixt them: Nor would the Poet, who was eaſily acquainted with people, part with him nor his Wife, before he had prevailed upon them by his high Compliments, which ſounded loud, and ſignified little, only to come and honour him with their preſence at Supper. Well, ſup they did, where nothing happend that was remarkable, only they drank plentifully, and eat proportionably. *Ragotin* fed his Eyes on Madam *Star*'s Face, which intoxicated him more than the Liquor he had ſwallowed. He ſpoke but very ſparingly all the while they were at Table, tho' the Poet gave him a fair Opportunity of wrangling, flatly condemning *Theophile*'s Verſes, of whom *Ragotin* was a great Admirer. The *She*-players engaged a while with the Operator's Wife, a *Spaniſh* Woman, and pretty agreeable. They afterwards withdrew into their Chamber, whither *Deſtiny* waited on them, to proſecute and end his Story, which *Cave* and her Daughter died with Impatience to hear. *Star* in the mean time was ſtudying her Part, when *Deſtiny* having taken a Chair near the Bed-ſide, whereon *Cave* and her Daughter ſat, went on with his Hiſtory after the following manner.

Hitherto you have found me very amorous, and much in pain, to know what effect my Letter had wrought in *Leonora* and her Mother's Minds; you ſhall find me more in Love yet, and in the greateſt Deſpair imaginable. I waited every day on Madam *La Boiſſiere* and her Daughter, ſo blinded with Paſſion, that I did not take notice of the coldneſs of their Reception, nor did I conſider that my too frequent Viſits might become importunate. Madam *La Boiſſiere* has been weary of my Company, ever ſince Saint *Far* acquainted her who I was: Yet ſhe could not civilly forbid me the Houſe, after what I had ſuffered on her account. As for her Daughter, if I may judge by what ſhe has done ſince, I may ſay ſhe pitied me, tho' contrary to her Mother's Will, who kept ſo watchful an Eye over her, that we could never have an Opportunity to meet in private. But to ſpeak the Truth, tho' this fair Virgin was much leſs cold to me than her Mother, yet

durſt

durſt not ſhe ſhew me the leaſt token of her Favour before her Mother; ſo that I was on the Rack, and my aſſiduous Viſits, ſerv'd only to make me the more hateful to thoſe whom I deſigned to pleaſe. One day Madam *la Boiſſiere* having received Letters from *France*, which oblig'd her to go abroad as ſoon as ſhe had read the Contents of 'em, ſhe ſent immediately for a Coach, and Signior *Stephano* to accompany her, not daring to go alone after the unlucky Rencounter, wherein I had engag'd on her account. I was my ſelf nearer at hand, and more fit to be her Squire, than the Gentleman ſhe had ſent for; however ſhe would not accept of the leaſt Service from a Perſon, whom ſhe intended ſpeedily to rid her ſelf of. As luck would have it, *Stephano* was not to be found; ſo that ſhe was compell'd to ſhew before me, how uneaſie ſhe was, that ſhe had no body to go along with her, that I might have the opportunity to offer my ſelf; which I did with as much Joy, as ſhe could have Regret to be neceſſitated to take me along with her. I conducted her to a certain Cardinal, who was then Protector of the *French*, and who by good fortune gave her Audience, upon the firſt Motion ſhe made. The Buſineſs was doubtleſs of great importance and no ſmall Difficulty; for ſhe was a long time with him in a private Grotto, or cover'd Fountain in the midſt of a fine Garden, whilſt all the Cardinal's Followers walked into thoſe parts of the Garden they had more fancy to. Now was I got into a large Walk of Orange-Trees alone, with the Beautiful *Leonora*, a Bleſſing I had often wiſh'd for before in vain; and yet was now more modeſt and faint-hearted, than ever I had been. I cannot tell whether ſhe took notice of it or not, or whether it was her Goodneſs which made her to ſpeak firſt to me after this Manner. My Mother, ſaith ſhe, will have juſt Reaſon to quarrel with Signior *Stephano* for failing us to day, and being the occaſion of the trouble we give you to wait here ſo long. And I am infinitely obliged to him, reply'd I, for procuring me, tho' without Deſign, the greateſt Happineſs I ever hope to enjoy. I am too far upon the ſcore of Obligations towards you, ſaid ſhe, to omit any thing that may prove your Advantage; therefore, pray let me know

wherein the Happineſs conſiſts you mention to be procured by him, that I may ſhare your Joy if it be ſuch as will not offend a Maidens Ear. I fear, ſaid I, you will make that joy to ceaſe——I! anſwer'd ſhe; No, I never was envious of any Man's Proſperity, much leſs of a Perſons who has ventured his Life on my account. 'Tis not your Envy that I fear, anſwered I——What other Motive, returned ſhe, can there be to make me oppoſe your Felicity? Your Diſdain, ſaid I. I ſhall be much perplexed, added ſhe, till you let me know what I ſhould diſdain, and which way this Diſdain may concern you. I could ſoon unfold this Riddle, ſaid I, but I cannot tell whether you will be pleas'd to underſtand it. Do not let me hear it then, replyed ſhe; for when we have ſuch Doubts, it ſhews the thing is not to be eaſily underſtood, or is ſuch as may diſpleaſe. I muſt confeſs I have admired a hundred times ſince, how I was able to anſwer her, my Mind being leſs intent upon what ſhe ſaid, than full of Fears of her Mothers return, and loſing the Opportunity of entertaining her with my Love. However, at laſt I muſtered up all my Aſſurance, and without prolonging a Converſation, which did not carry me faſt enough to the Point I aimed at; I told her, not minding her laſt words, That I had long ſought an Opportunity to ſpeak with her thereby to confirm what I had preſumed to expreſs in my Letter; which yet I durſt not have undertaken, but on the knowledge that ſhe had ſeen that Writing. To this I added, a great deal of what I had written, and ſaid moreover, that being upon my Departure to ſerve the Pope in the War he was making on ſome Princes of *Italy*, and reſolved to die there, ſince I found my ſelf unworthy to live for her; I would intreat her only to tell me, what Sentiments ſhe would have entertained for me, had my Fortune been anſwerable to the Ambition I had to love her. She told me with a Bluſh, that my Death would not be indifferent to her; and therefore, added ſhe, if you are ſtill of the ſame obliging Temper towards your Friends, do not let us loſe one who has been ſo ſerviceable to us; or at leaſt, if you will needs die, for ſome greater reaſon than what you have juſt now expreſſed; yet defer your Death,

Death, till we have ſeen one another in *France*, whither my Mother and my ſelf are ſuddenly returning. I preſſed her to explain more clearly the Sentiments ſhe had for me, but her Mother was by this time come ſo near us, that ſhe could not have ſatisfied me, if ſhe had intended it. Madam *la Boiſſiere* looked but coldly upon me, perhaps becauſe I had an Opportunity to entertain her Daughter, who likewiſe ſeemed ſomewhat uneaſie, which made me to ſtay but a little while with them, after their being returned home. I left 'em highly pleaſed with my Adventure, putting the beſt Interpretation on *Leonora*'s Anſwer I could. The next day I omitted not to wait upon them according to my Cuſtom: I was told they were gone abroad, and the ſame anſwer I received for three days together, for I was not diſcouraged by the firſt or ſecond Denial. In fine, Signior *Stephano* adviſed me to go no more, becauſe Madam *la Boiſſiere* would not ſuffer me to ſee her Daughter; adding, he took me to be a Man of more Senſe, than to expoſe my ſelf to a Refuſal. Then he acquainted me with the reaſon of my Diſgrace. *Leonora*'s Mother had caught her writing a Letter to me, it ſeems; having ſeverely reproved her for which, ſhe afterwards gave ſtrict Orders that her People ſhould always deny their being within, whenever I came to pay my Viſit to 'em: And then I likewiſe diſcovered the ill Office Saint *Far* had done me, and that ever ſince that time, the Mother had been very much diſpleaſed with my Viſits. As for the Daughter, *Stephano* aſſur'd me, my Perſonal Merit would have made her to wave my mean Birth and Fortune, could ſhe but have gained her Mother's Conſent; who was too haughty and covetous to be perſwaded to it. I ſhall not trouble you with the deſperate Thoughts this unwelcome News put me into: I was as much concerned at it, as if I had Injuſtice done me in being refuſed by *Leonora*, tho' I never durſt hope to have the leaſt poſſeſſion of her Heart: I railed at Saint *Far*, and had ſome thoughts of Fighting him; but then conſidering how much I had been obliged to his Father and Brother, I had no other Refuge but my Tears. I wept like a Child, and was ever uneaſie, but moſt of all in Company. Now came on the

ſad moment of our Departure, and I was forced to go away without taking my laſt Farewel of *Leonora*. We made a Campaign in the Pope's Army, where I courted Death as much as I could; but wherein Fortune diſappointed me, as ſhe had ever done in my other attempts. I could not meet that Death which I ſought for, but gained Reputation I aimed not at, tho' I had been proud of it at any other time: whereas then I could cheriſh nothing, but the pleaſing remembrance of *Leonora*. *Verville* and Saint *Far* were at length recalled to *France* by the Baron *d' Arques*, who received 'em like a Father that doted on his Children. My Mother gave me a very indifferent Reception; and as for my Father, he dwelt at *Paris* with Count *Glaris*, who had choſen him Governour to his Son. The Baron *d' Arques*, who had been made acquainted with my feats of Arms in the War of *Italy*, where I had ſaved *Verville's* Life, would needs have me to live with him in the Quality of a Gentleman, and Companion. He gave me leave to viſit my Father at *Paris*, where I almoſt found leſs welcome, than I had done from my Mother. Any other Perſon in his Station, that had had a Son ſo accompliſhed as my ſelf, would certainly have preſented him to the *Scotch* Earl, but my Father carried me out of his Houſe in great haſte, as if he feared I ſhould diſgrace him: As he went about the Streets, he reproached me for being too fine and gallant; and told me, I ſeemed proud, and that 'twere better for me to learn a Trade, than thus to ſtrut about with a Sword by my ſide. You may imagine, this Diſcourſe ſounded but harſh in a young Man's Ears, that had been well educated, and gained ſome Reputation in the Wars, and who beſides had dared to love a handſome young Lady, and declare his Paſſion to her. I muſt freely own, the Sentiments of Love and Reſpect, which a Son owes to his Father, could not make me refrain from looking on him as a very troubleſome old Man. He led me about through three or four ſeveral Streets, with the ſame Civility and careſſing Expreſſions, and then ſhook me off abruptly, charging me not come to near him any more. I was willing enough to obey this laſt Injunction, and therefore quitted him, to go and wait upon Monſieur

Monſieur *de Saint Sauveur*, who received me like a Father indeed, and blamed my own Parents for their unnaturalneſs; promiſing withal, never to abandon me. The Baron *d' Arques* had ſome Buſineſs, which obliged him to go and dwell at *Paris*. He took up his Lodgings at the farther end of Saint *Germains* Suburb, in a very ſtately Houſe, that had been lately built with many others, which have rendered that Suburb, the fineſt part of the City of *Paris*. Saint *Far* and *Verville* made their Court to the King, went to the **Park*, or a Viſiting, as all young Men of Quality are wont to do in that vaſt City, which makes the Inhabitants of all other Cities in the Kingdom that never come there, be accounted Clowns. For my own part, when I waited not on them, I frequented all the Fencing-Schools to keep my hand in ure, or went to the Play-Houſe, which is perhaps one reaſon why I am now a tolerable Actor. *Verville* took me aſide one day, and told me he was fallen deeply in Love with a young Lady that dwelt in the ſame Street. He informed me ſhe had a Brother, by Name *Saldagne*, who was as jealous both of her, and another Siſter under his Tuition, as if he had been their Husband. Moreover he told me, he had made no ſmall progreſs in his Amours, having perſwaded her to give him Admittance by Night into their Garden, the back-Door whereof opened into the Fields, as ours did likewiſe. Having made me his Confident, he deſired me to accompany him, and uſe all my Rhetorick to gain the Favour of the Woman that was to attend her. *Verville* had ſhewed me all along ſuch Friendſhip, that I could not reaſonably refuſe him any thing: So we went out of our Garden Back-door about ten a Clock at Night, and ſoon after were admitted into the Garden, where the Miſtreſs and the Maid waited for us. Poor Madam *Saldagne* trembled like an Aſpen Leaf, and durſt not ſpeak; *Verville's* Courage was little better; the Waiting woman was as mute as a Fiſh; and I who only came to accompany *Verville*, ſpoke not a word, neither had I any deſire of prating. At laſt *Verville* ſummoned his Courage to his Aid, and led his Miſtreſs into a cloſe Walk having firſt laid a

* *As the* Ring *in* Hide Park.

ſtrict Charge upon the Waiting-woman and my ſelf to play the Centinels part, which we obſerved ſo religiouſly, that for a long time we walked together, without ſpeaking one word to each other. At the end of the Alley we met the young pair of Lovers: *Verville* asked me aloud, whether I had entertained Miſtreſs *Maudlin* as ſhe deſerved? I replyed, I thought ſhe had no reaſon to complain. No, in truth, anſwer'd ſhe, for he has not yet ſpoke one word to me. *Verville* laugh'd at her words, and aſſur'd Mrs. *Maudlin*, that I was worth her Converſation, tho' I were ſomewhat melancholy. Likewiſe Madam *Saldagne* ſaid, that her Woman was not to be deſpiſed; and thereupon thoſe happy Lovers left us again, only bidding us be ſure that no Body came to ſurprize them. I then prepared my ſelf to be plagued with the Chat of a Waiting-woman, who I expected would now examine me about my Wages, what Acquaintance I had among the Chamber-Maids in that Pariſh, how many new Catches I could ſing, and what Vales I had with my Maſter. After this, I imagined ſhe would acquaint me with all the Secrets of *Saldagne's* Family, and tell me both his Faults, and his Siſter's; for there are few Servants that meet, without giving one another a full Account of all they know of their Maſters and Miſtreſſes: But I was not a little ſurpriſed, to find my ſelf in Diſcourſe with a Waiting-woman, that began thus: I conjure thee, thou dumb Spirit to tell me whether thou art a ſerving Man, or not; and if thou art one by what admirable Virtue haſt thou forborn thus long ſlandering thy Maſter? I was amazed to hear a Chamber-maid talk at that extraordinary rate; and ſo asked her, by what Authority ſhe took upon her to exerciſe me? I perceive, ſaid ſhe, thou art a ſtubborn Spirit, and that I muſt repeat my Conjuration. Tell me therefore, rebellious Spirit, by the Power God has given me over all proud and ſelf-conceited Serving-men, tell me who art thou? I am a poor young Fellow, anſwered I, that would fain be now aſleep in my Bed. I find, replied ſhe, it will be no eaſie Matter for me to know who thou art: Yet thus much I clearly diſcover that thou haſt little of a Courtier in thee. For, continued ſhe, ſhouldeſt thou not firſt have broken

Silence

Silence in an humble Addreſs; then have taken me by the Hand, entertain'd me with abundance of amorous fiddle-faddle, ſuddenly ſtruggled for a Kiſs, attempted to ſtorm my Breaſt, till thou hadſt been beaten off with three or four Cuffs on the Ear, as many Kicks on the Breech, and numberleſs Scratches on the Face; and then have return'd home with Scars of Honour, and the Marks of an amorous Adventurer? There are ſome Maids in *Paris*, ſaid I, interrupting her, whoſe Marks I would be proud to bear; but there are others whom I ſhould dread to look upon for fear of dreaming afterwards of the Devil. What! thou thinkeſt me then, ſaid ſhe, perhaps one of thoſe Scarecrows. But good Maſter *Squeamiſh*, doſt thou not remember the old ſaying, *That in the Dark all Cats are Grey*! True, replied I, but I'll never do that in the dark, which I may repent when the light appears. But if I be handſom, ſaid ſhe, what then? Then I have ſhewed you leſs reſpect than you deſerve, reply'd I: For if your Beauty be equal to the Charms of your Wit, you deſerve to be ſerved and courted after the niceſt Rules of Gallantry. And couldſt thou ſerve a Lady according to the niceſt Rules, ſaid ſhe? Better then any Man living, replied I, provided I loved her. What matters that, ſaid ſhe, ſo ſhe loved you? Nay, both muſt join Iſſue, where I engage in an Amour, replied I. Truly, ſaid ſhe, if I may judge of the Maſter by his Man, then has my Miſtreſs made no indifferent Choice in Monſieur *Verville*; and that Waiting-Maid, whom thou ſhouldſt condeſcend to love, would have no little Cauſe to be proud of her ſelf. 'Tis not enough to hear me talk, ſaid I, you muſt ſee me too—I believe both may be better let alone, replied ſhe—Our Converſation was fain to end here: for Monſieur *Saldagne* knockt hard at the Street Door, which they made no great haſte to open, that his Siſter might have time to ſlip up into her Chamber. The poor Lady and her Woman went away in ſuch haſte and diſorder, that they did not ſo much as bid us adieu when they ſhut us out of the Garden. *Verville* would needs have me go into his Chamber; when we got home. I never ſaw a Man ſo much in Love, and ſo well pleas'd: He extoll'd the Wit of his Miſtreſs,

Miſtreſs, and told me, he ſhould never be ſatisfied till I had ſeen her. In fine, he kept me there all Night, repeating every thing ſhe had ſaid over and over ſo often, that I could not get to Bed till break of Day. For my own part, I admired to have met with ſo much Wit in the Converſation of a Waiting-woman; and muſt confeſs I had a ſort of itching Deſire to know whether ſhe was handſom or not, tho' the Memory of my *Leonora* made me very indifferent towards all the good Faces I ſaw every Day in *Paris*. *Verville* and I ſlept till Noon; and as ſoon as he wak'd, he wrote to Madam *Saldagne*, and ſent the Letter by his Footman, who was acquainted with her Woman. This Fellow was of *Lower-Britany*, of a very diſagreeable Figure, and a worſe Brain. When I ſaw him going, it came into my Head, that if the Party, whether Waiting-woman, or Chamber Maid, whom I had entertain'd with Chat over Night, ſhould ſee him in that rugged manner, and diſcourſe him a while ſhe certainly would not miſtake him for the Perſon that waited on *Verville*. This great Looby did his Meſſage well enough for a Looby; having found out Madam *Saldagne* with her other Siſter, call'd Madam *Lery*, whom ſhe had entruſted with *Verville's* Love to her. As he was waiting for an Anſwer, they heard Monſieur *Saldagne* humming upon the Stairs. He was coming to his Siſter's Chamber, who haſtily conveyed the *Britiſh Mercury* into a Cloſe Preſs. However the Brother made no long ſtay with his Siſter, and ſo the *Britain* was reſtored to the open Air again. Madam *Saldagne* lock'd her ſelf up in her Cloſet a while to anſwer *Verville's* Letter, whilſt Madam *Lery* diſcourſed the *Britain*, whoſe Converſation, I doubt, was not very entertaining. Her Siſter, having made an end of her Letter, releaſed her from our Clown, by ſending him back with a Billet, wherein ſhe promiſed to meet *Verville* that Night, at the ſame Time and Place as before. As ſoon as it was Night, you may imagine, *Verville* was ready to go to the Place of Aſſignation: We were admitted into the Garden, and it fell to my Lot to cope with the ſame Perſon I had entertained before, and whom I found to be very witty. She expreſſed more Wit this ſecond

cond time than she had done the first; and both her Accent and manner of Speech was so charming, that I confess I wish'd she might be as handsom as she was ingenious. In the mean time she could not believe me to be the *Britain* she had seen before; nor could she apprehend why I should have so much more Wit by Night than by Day: for having heard the Fellow relate that Monsieur *Saldagne*'s coming into his Sister's Chamber had put him into a great Fright, I took it upon my self, and plaid upon her with it, assuring her, that I was not then in so much fear for my self, as for Madam *Saldagne*. This put it out of all Dispute, that I was the same ill-favour'd Rogue; and I observ'd afterwards, that she began indeed to discourse like a Chamber Maid. She then inform'd me that Monsieur *Saldagne* was a terrible Man; that having lost both Father and Mother in his Youth, being Master of a great Estate, and having only few of his Kindred, he exercis'd a great deal of Tyranny over his Sisters, to make 'em turn Nuns; using them not only like an unjust Father, but like a jealous insupportable Husband. I was about to take my turn, and tell a Story of the Baron *d' Arques* and his Sons, when the Garden-door, which we had not made fast, was of a sudden thrown open; when in comes Monsieur *Saldagne*, attended by two Footmen, one of which carry'd a lighted Flamboy in his Hand. He came from a House which stood in the same Row with his and ours, where they gamed every Day, and which St. *Far* frequented to pass away the time. They had both plaid there that Evening, and *Saldagne* having soon lost his Money, was coming home by his Garden, contrary to his Custom, and there surprized us, as I told you, finding the Door open. We were at that time all four together in a cover'd Walk, which gave us opportunity to shun his and his Mens View. The Gentlewoman remained in the Garden, upon pretence of taking the fresh Air; and to give it the better Colour began to sing, tho' she had little Inclination to it, as you may easily imagine. In the mean time *Verville* having scaled the Wall, by the help of a Vine-Arbour, jumped down on the other side; but a third Footman of *Saldagne*'s that was then coming in, seeing him

him leap, fail'd not to run and give his Maſter notice he had ſeen a Man leap from the Garden-wall into the Street. At the ſame inſtant I fell down with a great Noiſe into the Garden; the ſame Arbour, by means of which *Verville* had made his eſcape, unfortunately yielding under me. This Noiſe, together with the Fellow's Tale, allarmed all that were in the Garden. *Saldagne* runs to the Place from whence the Noiſe came, followed by his three Men; where ſpying a Man with his Sword drawn, (for as ſoon as I could get up I put my ſelf in a poſture of Defence,) he attack'd me at the Head of his Company; but I ſoon made him to know that I was no eaſie Conqueſt. The Fellow that carried the Flamboy advanced farther than the reſt, which gave me opportunity to ſee *Saldagne's* Face, whom I preſently knew to be the ſame *Frenchman* that would have murthered me at *Rome*, for having hindred him from being rude to *Leonora*, as I have before related. He knew me likewiſe at firſt ſight, and making no doubt but that I was come thither to take my juſt Revenge, he cryed out, You ſhall not eſcape me now, I aſſure you; And then I was hard put to it indeed; beſides that, I had almoſt broken one of my Legs with the Fall. I maintained a running Fight, till I retreated into a Summer-houſe, whether I ſaw *Verville's* Miſtreſs run in juſt before in a woful Condition. She ſtaid within, tho' ſhe ſaw me enter, whether ſhe wanted time or courage to go out, I know not. For my part, my Reſolution encreaſed, when I conſidered they could attack me only before at the Summer-houſe Door, which was very narrow. I wounded *Saldagne* in one of his Hands, and the boldeſt of his Footmen in his Arm, which procured me a little Reſpite; yet could not I have any Hopes of eſcaping, believing they would at laſt make ſhorter Work with me, and diſpatch me with Piſtols, having found it too difficult to be done with Swords. But *Verville* came to my Relief: He would by no means go Home without me; and having heard the buſtle and claſhing of Swords, ventured to bring me off from the Danger he had brought me into, or at leaſt to ſhare it with me. *Saldagne*, with whom he had already made an Acquaintance, thought he came to his Aid,

as

as a Friend and Neighbour. He took it as a great Obligation, and accoſting him, ſaid, You ſee, Sir, how I am ſet upon in my own Houſe. *Verville*, who underſtood his meaning, immediately replied, He would be his Servant againſt any other Man, but that he came to protect this againſt all the World. *Saldagne* enraged to find himſelf miſtaken, ſwore deſperately he did not doubt but to make his Party good againſt two ſuch Villains himſelf; and at the ſame time charged *Verville* moſt furiouſly, but was however repulſed by him with a great deal of Gallantry. Then I thought it high time to get out of my Summer-houſe to join my Friend; when having ſeized the Lacquey that carried the Flamboy, I was loth to kill him, and contented my ſelf with giving him only a Back ſtroke over the Pate, which put him into ſuch a Fright, that he ran off from the Garden into the Fields, crying out all the way, Thieves, Thieves. The other Footmen fled likewiſe; and as for *Saldagne*, I ſaw him fall into an Hedge at the ſame inſtant that the Light left us, either wounded by *Verville*, or by ſome other Accident. We did not think fit to help him up, but minded our own eſcape with all the haſte we could. *Saldagne's* Siſter, fearing ſome Violence from her raſh Brother, ſtept out of the Summer-houſe, where I ſaw her, and begged of us ſoftly, melting into Tears, that we would take her along with us. *Verville* was over-joyed to have his Miſtreſs in his Power, and under his Protection. We found our Garden-door half open as we left it; nor would we make it faſt as yet, leſt we ſhould have a new occaſion to go out again on the ſudden. There was in our Garden a pretty Summer-houſe, painted, and neatly adorn'd, where we uſed to eat in hot Weather, and which ſtood at ſome diſtance from the Body of the Houſe. My young Maſters and my ſelf did ſometimes practice Fencing there, and this being the moſt delightful Place about the Houſe, the Baron *d' Arques*, his Sons, and my ſelf, had each of us a Key to it, that we might go in at Pleaſure, and keep out the Servants, leſt they ſhould make havock of the Books and Goods that were there. In this place we lock'd up our Gentlewoman, whoſe Grief would admit of no Comfort

fort. I told her we would only leave her for a few Moments to conſult her ſafety and our own, and then return immediately to her. *Verville* was a quarter of an Hour before he could wake his *Britiſh* Footman, who had been fuddling. As ſoon as he had got a Candle lighted, we conſulted a while where we ſhould beſtow *Saldagne*'s Siſter, and at laſt reſolved to lead her to my Chamber, in the upper part of the Houſe, as being frequented by no Body but my ſelf and a Servant that belonged to me. We returned back to the Summer-houſe in the Garden with our Light. *Verville* ſtarted back at his going in, which very much ſurprized me, I had not the time to ask what ail'd him, hearing ſome Voices juſt at the Summer-houſe Door, when I put out the Candle, *Verville* cry'd, Who goes there? His Brother, St. *Far*, anſwer'd, 'Tis I, what the Devil do you do here in the dark at this time of Night? I was talking with *Garigues*, ſaid *Verville*, becauſe I am not yet ſleepy. I am here upon the ſame account, returned St. *Far*; therefore pray let me have the Room a little to my ſelf. We did not trouble him to ask twice; but I ſtealing out the Lady as dextrouſly as I could, by thruſting my ſelf betwixt her and St. *Far*, who went in at the ſame time, carried her off to my Chamber, bemoaning her ſelf at a deſperate rate; then I went down to *Verville*'s Room, where his Man was ſtriking a Light. *Verville* told me with Grief in his Face, that he muſt of neceſſity return again to *Saldagne*'s. What to do, ſaid I, would you kill him outright? Alas! my poor *Garigues*, ſaid he, I ſhall be the moſt unhappy Man in the World, if I do not get Madam *Saldagne* from out of her Brother's Hands. What! can ſhe be there ſtill, and in my Chamber too, reply'd I? Would to God that were true, reply'd he, ſighing. I fancy you dream, returned I. No, no, I do not dream, ſaid he, we have brought away her eldeſt Siſter inſtead of her. Why, reply'd I, were you not both in the Garden together? Nothing more certain, ſaid he. Why then will you return to her Brother's to endanger your ſelves afreſh, ſince that Siſter you are in pain about is now ſafe in my Chamber? Ah! *Garigues*, cries he again, I knew well enough what I ſaw: And ſo do I likewiſe,

wiſe, quoth I; and to prove your Miſtake, do but come up and ſee Madam *Saldagne.* He told me I was a Madman, and followed me with the greateſt Concern in the World. But my Aſtoniſhment equall'd his Grief, when I found in my Chamber a Gentlewoman I never ſaw before, and not the ſame with her I brought from the other Houſe. *Verville* was as much amazed as my ſelf, but more ſatisfied by far, finding himſelf with his Miſtreſs, contrary to Expectation. He then confeſs'd his own Miſtake: But I could make him no Anſwer, neither was I able to comprehend by what Enchantment a Lady whom I had been with all the while, ſhould on a ſudden be transformed to another, in the time we went from the Summer-houſe to my Chamber. I looked earneſtly upon *Verville*'s Miſtreſs, who certainly was not the ſame Perſon we brought from *Saldagne*'s. *Verville* perceiving me in a Quondary. What's the matter, ſays he? I tell you once more that I my ſelf was miſtaken, Nay, ſaid I, 'tis I that am in an Error, if Madam *Saldagne* came hither along with us. With whom could ſhe come elſe, reply'd he? I know not, nor no body elſe, ſaid I, unleſs it be the Lady her ſelf. Nor can I tell with whom I came my ſelf, ſaid Madam *Saldagne,* unleſs it were with that Gentleman, pointing to me: For, continued ſhe, 'twas not Monſieur *Verville* that brought me away from my Brothers, but a Man that came into the Garden immediately after you went out, and ſummoned thither, I ſuppoſe, either by my Brother's Groans, or the Footmens Outcries. He cauſed my Brother to be carried into his Chamber; which my Waiting-woman having inform'd me of, and withal, aſſur'd me that he was of my Brothers Acquaintance, and a Neighbour; I went and ſtaid for him in the Garden, where I conjur'd him to take me away with him till the next Day, when I deſigned to retire to a Lady's of my Acquaintance, where I would ſtay till my Brothers Fury was over; which I told him, I had all the Reaſon in the World to dread. This Perſon was ſo civil as to offer to conduct me whither I pleaſed, and promiſed to protect me even againſt my Brother, at the hazzard of his Life. 'Twas under his Conduct I came to this

Houſe

Houſe, where *Verville*, whoſe Voice I knew, ſpoke to the ſame Man; and immediately after I was brought up to this Chamber, where you now ſee me. This Account from Madam *Saldagne*, tho' it did not clear all my Doubts, yet it help'd very much to make me gueſs how the Thing had been brought about. As for *Verville*, he was ſo intent upon viewing his Miſtreſs, that he ſcarce minded what ſhe ſaid. He began to tell her a Thouſand ſoft Things, without troubling himſelf to know which way ſhe came into my Chamber. I took a Candle, and leaving them together, went back to the Summer-houſe in our Garden, reſolving to ſpeak to St. *Far*, tho' he ſhould be as blunt and captious as he us'd to be.

But I was not a little ſurpriz'd to find, inſtead of him, the ſame Gentlewomen, whom I was certain I had brought my ſelf from *Saldagne's*: And what yet encreas'd my Wonder was, to ſee her in great Diſorder, like one to whom ſome Violence had been offered; her Commode was torn off, and her Steenkirk bloody as was likewiſe her Face: *Verville*, ſaid ſhe to me as ſoon as I appeared, approach me not, unleſs it be to take away my Life, wherein you will find leſs Difficulty than in offering Violence a ſecond time to my Honour; and as Heaven has given me Strength to reſiſt your firſt Attempts, ſo I doubt not but I ſhall be able to ſcratch your Eyes out, if I cannot be the Death of you: Is this, added ſhe weeping, that paſſionate Love you profeſs'd to my Siſter? Oh! how dear I pay for my Compliance with her Follies! But when we act contrary to our Duty, it is but juſt we ſhould undergo what we ſtand moſt in fear of. But what do you now meditate upon, purſued ſhe? perceiving my Aſtoniſhment; Do you feel a Remorſe of Conſcience for your baſe Action? If ſo, I can forget it with all my Heart: You are young; and I muſt own 'twas a great piece of Folly in me to truſt my ſelf to the Diſcretion of one of your Years: Conduct me therefore to my Brothers again, I conjure you; for as paſſionate and fevere as he is, I dread him leſs than I do you, who are a bruiſh Monſter, or rather a mortal Enemy to our Family, being not ſatisfied with ſeducing a young Lady, and murthering a Gentleman, but a more wicked Act muſt compleat

pleat your Crime. Having made an end of her Speech, which ſhe utter'd with great Vehemence, ſhe fell a weeping ſo bitterly, that I never in my Life ſaw one ſo afflicted. This, I muſt confeſs, made me to forfeit all the Judgment I was till then maſter of, amidſt ſo much Confuſion, and if ſhe had not ceaſed to ſpeak of her own accord, I never ſhould have interrupted her, ſo much was I aſtoniſhed at the Authority of her Expoſtulations. But perceiving ſhe had done ſpeaking; Madam, replied I, neither am I *Verville*, nor is he, I can aſſure you, capable of ſuch a baſe Action as you complain of. What! ſaid ſhe, are you not *Verville*? Did not I ſee you engag'd with my Brother? Did not a Gentleman come to your Aſſiſtance? And did not you bring me hither on my entreaty, where you have offered a Rudeneſs impious both to my Honour and Youth; She could ſay no more, ſo much her Grief oppreſs'd her Heart. For my Part, I never was ſo perplex'd, and could not apprehend how ſhe ſhould both know *Verville*, and not know him at the ſame time. I told her I was an abſolute ſtranger to the Rudeneſs ſhe complain'd of; and that ſince Monſieur *Saldagne* was her Brother, I wou'd conduct her, if ſhe pleaſed, to the ſame Place where her Siſter was. Theſe Words were ſcarce out of my Mouth, when I eſpied *Verville* and Madam *Saldagne* coming into the Room where we were, ſhe being abſolutely reſolved to go back again to her Brother's; but how this dangerous Freak came into her Head I know not. The two Siſters embraced each other as ſoon as they met, and renewed their flowing Tears, as if they were contending who ſhould weep moſt. *Verville* earneſtly entreated them to return to my Chamber, laying before them the Difficulty of getting into their Houſe after the great Allarm the whole Family had been in; adding withal, the Danger of expoſing themſelves to their Brothers preſent Fury, the Safety of the Place they were in, and how near it was to break of Day; which being once come, they would enquire how all things went at *Saldagne's*, and accordingly might reſolve what was moſt convenient to be done. *Verville* eaſily perſwaded them to condeſcend to this Propoſition; they now finding themſelves ſecure in one anothers Company, we went up to my Chamber; where

where having examin'd the ſtrange Accidents which perplexed us, we were as apt to believe, as if our Eyes had been Witneſſes, that St. *Far* had certainly made an Attempt upon Madam *Lery*'s Honour, *Verville* and my ſelf knowing him capable of the like and worſe actions. We were not deceiv'd in our Conjectures. St. *Far* had been gaming in the very Houſe where *Saldagne* had loſt his Money, when paſſing by his Garden a little after the Scuffle, he met *Saldagne*'s Footman, who related to him what had befallen his Maſter, who, they ſaid, had been ſet upon by ſeven or eight Rogues, thereby to excuſe their own Cowardiſe, in leaving him in the Lurch. St. *Far* thought himſelf oblig'd to offer him his Service as a Neighbour, and did not leave him till he had ſeen him carried to his Bedchamber; after which Madam *Saldagne* intreating him to protect her againſt her Brother's Fury, ſhe came along with him, as her ſiſter had done with us. He intended to ſecure her in the ſame Summer-houſe where we were, as I ſaid before; and I being as much afraid leſt we ſhould ſee his Lady, as we were careful he ſhould not ſee ours, the two Siſters by this Accident meeting, juſt as he was coming in, and we going out, I hapned to catch his Lady by the Hand, whilſt he laid hold by a like miſtake upon mine; and thus the Ladies were exchanged. This was the more eaſily done, by reaſon I had put out my Candle, and the Ladies were ſo terribly diſmay'd as well as we, that they did not know what they did in the Hurry. As ſoon as we had left the Summer-houſe, St. *Far* finding himſelf alone with a very handſom Lady, and having more Inſtinct than Reaſon, or, to deſcribe him in his natural Colours, being indeed a very Brute, he took Advantage of the Opportunity, never minding the Conſequence, or what an irreparable Affront he offered to a Lady that had thrown her ſelf into his Arms for Protection. His Brutality was rewarded as it deſerved. Madam *Lery* defended her ſelf like a Lioneſs, bit him, ſcratched him and made him bloody all over. After all which, he went up to Bed, and ſlept as ſoundly as if he had done the beſt Action in the World. You may wonder perhaps how Madam *Lery* happened to be in the Garden at the time we were ſurprized by her Brother, ſince there was no Body there

there but her Sister and her Waiting-woman. This at first puzzled me as well as you; but at last I learn't from them both, that Madam *Saldagne*, not daring to trust her Waiting-woman with the Secret of her Amours, had perswaded her Sister to attend her in the Garden; and this was the Person I entertained under the Title of *Maudlin*. Here my Wonder was at an end, how a Chamber-maid could be Mistress of so much Wit as I found in her Conversation: Madam *Lery* told me, she was no less puzzled to find me so witty in the Garden by Night, and such a Blockhead by Day, when she mistook me for the dull *Britain*. Ever after that we entertained Sentiments for each other something above a bare Esteem; and I dare say she was not less satisfied than I, to find our Conditions more equal, than if either of us had been a mercenary Servant. The Day appeared while we were yet talking together. We left our Ladies in my Chamber, were they might sleep if they pleas'd, whilst *Verville* and I went to consult what was next to be done. For my part, having no Love-fancies to disturb my Breast, as *Verville* had, I died almost for Want of Sleep; but there was no reason I should abandon my Friend with such a load of Business on him. I had a Footman as subtile and witty, as *Verville*'s *Valet de Chambre* was dull and blockish; I gave him what Instructions I could, and sent him to make Discovery how Affairs stood at *Saldagne*'s. He performed his Message very discreetly, and brought us account, that *Saldagne*'s Servants reported, the Thieves had desperately wounded their Master; but as for his Sisters, there was no more mention made of them, than if there had never been any such; whether he little cared for 'em, or because he gave positive Orders to his Servants not to speak of 'em, to stifle scandalous Rumors. I see here must be something of a Duel after all, said *Verville*; nay perhaps something of a Murther, reply'd I: Whereupon I acquainted him that *Saldagne* was the same Hector that had endeavour'd to murther me at *Rome*, and how we came to know one another in the Garden; adding withal, that if he did but imagine, as there was all the likelihood in the World, that I lay there in wait to take my Revenge of him; then certainly he could not at all suspect the intelligence between his Sister and us. I went to give

give an account to thoſe fair Ladies of our Diſcoveries; and in the mean time, *Verville* viſited Saint *Far*, to ſound his Sentiments, and diſcover the truth of our Suſpicions. He ſoon perceived his Face full of Scratches; but whatever queſtion *Verville* put him, he could get no other anſwer then, that as he came from the Gaming-houſe, he found *Saldagne*'s Garden-door open, his Houſe in an uproar, and himſelf very much wounded in the Hands of his Servants who were carrying him to his Chamber. A very ſtrange Accident, ſaid *Verville*, no doubt but his Siſters will take it very much to Heart: They are very handſom Ladies, and I muſt go and give 'em a Viſit. What's that to me, ſaid this Brute: who then fell a whiſtling, not minding nor giving any anſwer to whatever his Brother afterwards deſir'd to know. *Verville* left him, and return'd to my Chamber, where I was employing all my Eloquence, to Comfort our fair diſtreſs'd Ladies. They were Diſconſolate even to Deſperation; and apprehended the rougheſt Treatment from their Brothers Jealouſie and ſavage Temper, as being a Man wholly enſlaved by his Paſſions. My Lacquy brought 'em ſome Meat from the next Cook, which he continu'd to do for fifteen Days together; ſo long were they conceal'd in my Chamber; which was above the reſt, and ſo much out of the common Road and paſſage, that no Body diſturb'd 'em in the leaſt. They could willingly have put themſelves into ſome Nunnery for ſhelter; but after their ſad Adventure, had juſt reaſon to apprehend their Brother would have confin'd 'em longer there than they would have car'd for. In the mean time, *Saldagne*'s Wounds were in the fair way of curing, and Saint *Far*, as we obſerv'd, went every day to viſit him. *Verville* ſtirr'd not out of my Room, which was not taken much notice of in the Family, he being wont to paſs many whole days in it, either Reading, or in Diſcourſe with me. His Love for Madam *Saldagne* encreas'd every day, neither did ſhe love him leſs. Her elder Siſter lik'd me pretty well, nor was ſhe indifferent to me in her Behaviour. Not that my paſſion for *Leonora* was a whit abated, but I had no manner of hopes from her. Some time after *Verville* receiv'd a Note from *Saldagne*, wherein he challeng'd him to meet him with a Second in the Plain of *Grenelle*, to decide

there

there their Quarrel with the Sword; by the ſame Note, he deſir'd *Verville* to bring no other Perſon but my ſelf with him, which made me to ſuſpect he intended to take us both in the ſame Trap. My ſuſpicion was not altogether groundleſs, having already experienced his Treachery; however, *Verville* would not mind it, reſolving to give him any juſt ſatisfaction, and to offer a Marriage with his Siſter. He ſent for a Hackney Coach, tho' there were three Coaches belonging to the Family. We went to the place appointed, where *Saldagne* waited for us, and where *Verville* was much aſtoniſh'd to find his own Brother, his Enemy's Second. We omitted neither Submiſſions nor Intreaties, to bring things to a fair Accommodation, but nothing leſs than fighting would ſerve the turn of thoſe two unjuſt and irrational Men. I was about to proteſt to Saint *Far*, how much it was againſt my Will to draw my Sword againſt him; but he told me bluntly, he never lik'd me in his Life, nor could any thing endear me to him, till he had open'd a paſſage or two in my Body with his Sword's point, for his good will to enter at. With theſe words he came fiercely towards me: I only put by his Thruſts for ſome time, reſolving if poſſible to grapple with him, and ſo diſarm him, tho' with apparent danger of being wounded my ſelf. Fortune befriended my good Intention, for he ſoon after ſlipt down at my Feet; I gave him time to riſe, but that which ſhould have made him my Friend, did but encreaſe his Enmity. In fine, having given me a ſlight Wound in the Shoulder, he vapour'd like a Bully, and cry'd, I think you feel me now.——My patience being worn out, I preſt upon him and having put him into Diſorder, got ſo happily within his Sword, that I ſeized on the Hilt. The Man you hate ſo very much, ſaid I, will now however give you your Life.——He ſtruggled a while to no purpoſe, and would not reply a Word, like an obſtinate raſh Brute as he was, tho I repreſented to him it was our Duty to go and part his Brother and *Saldagne*, who were grapling, and rowling over one another upon the Ground. But I perceiv'd I muſt be more rough with him; therefore wrenching his Hand, I forc'd away his Sword, which I threw at a great diſtance from him. Then I ran immediately to aſſiſt

aſſiſt *Verville*, who had cloſed with his Antagoniſt. I was no ſooner come up to 'em, but I ſaw afar off ſeveral Horſemen galloping towards us; *Saldagne* was ſoon after diſarm'd, and at the ſame inſtant, I found my ſelf run through the back by Saint *Far*. I cou'd no longer maſter my Reſentment, and therefore return'd him a thruſt, that made no little Wound. The Baron *d'Arques* his Father, who came in at that Moment, and ſaw me wound his Son, did now hate me as much as he had loved me before. He ſpurred his Horſe up towards me, and gave me a ſwinging blow on the Head. Thoſe that came with him, followed his Example, and joyntly ſet upon me. I defended my ſelf moſt happily againſt ſo many Enemies, but muſt needs at laſt haven fallen a Sacrifice to them, if *Verville*, the moſt generous Friend on Earth, had not thruſt himſelf betwixt them and me, at the hazard of his own Life. He gave his Footman a good cut over the Pate, becauſe he found him more forward than the reſt. I yielded up my Sword to the Baron, but that could not appeaſe him; he called me Raſcal, ungrateful Villain, and gave me all the injurious Names his Anger could ſuggeſt, and even threatned to have me hanged. I boldly replyed, that as much Raſcal and ungrateful Villain as I was, I had given his eldeſt Son his Life; nor had I offered to hurt him, till he had treacherouſly wounded me behind. *Verville* maintained to his Father, I was in the right; but he ſaid, he would never ſee my Face again. *Saldagne* went with the Baron *d'Arques* into the Coach, where they had already put Saint *Far*; and *Verville*, who would by no means leave me, took me into another with himſelf. He ſet me down at one of our Princes Houſes, where he had many Friends, and returned to his Father's ſoon after. Monſieur *de Saint Sauveur* ſent a Coach for me that very Night, and carried me privately to his own Houſe; where he took as great care of me, as if I had been his only Son. *Verville* came to ſee me the next day, and told me, his Father had been informed of the Challenge by *Saldagne*'s Sifters, whom he happened to find in my Chamber. He afterwards aſſured me with a great deal of Joy, that the Buſineſs was made up by an Agreement for a double Marriage to be conſummated as

ſoon

ſoon as his Brothers Wounds wear healed, which were not in any dangerous part. That it lay in my power to be made Friends with *Saldagne*; and that his Father's Anger was appeaſed, who was very ſorry he had miſuſed me. He added, he wiſhed I might ſoon recover, to be a ſharer in their Joy; but I replied, I could not find in my Heart to ſtay in a Country, where I muſt be continually reproached with the meanneſs of my Birth, as his Father had done to me juſt before; but would ſoon leave the Kingdom, either to loſe my Life in the Wars, or raiſe my ſelf by my Sword, to a condition proportionable to the Sentiments of Honour, his noble Example had inſpired me with. I am apt to believe, he was concern'd at my Reſolution; but a Man in Love cannot mind any thing long but his own Paſſion. *Deſtiny* was thus purſuing his Story, when the Report of a Gun was heard in the Street, and preſently after one playing upon a pair of Organs. This kind of Muſick having never perhaps been uſed at the Gate of an Inn before, called all thoſe People to their Windows, that had been wak'd with the Gun. In the mean time the Organs plaid on, and thoſe who were no ſtrangers to ſuch ſort of Inſtruments, took notice they plaid a Church-Tune. No Body could apprehend the deſign of ſo devout a Serenade, which however, was not yet acknowledged for ſuch. But the doubt was ſoon clear'd by two pitiful Voices; whereof one ſqueal'd out a Treble, and the other roared out a rumbling Baſe. Theſe two Catter-wauling Voices were accompany'd by the Organs, and all together made ſuch a horrible Harmony, as ſet all the Dogs a howling round about. They ſung

Our Wrabling Notes, and Ivory Lutes,
Shall Raviſh every Soul, &c.

with the reſt of that old Ditty. After theſe harſh Notes, they over-heard a Perſon whiſpering as loud as ever he could, and ſcolding at the Singers for ſinging ſo Cukoo-like, always in one Tune. The Poor Choriſters reply'd, they knew not what the Devil he would have them to ſing? Sing what you will elſe, ſaid he, ſpeaking a little louder, for I will

have ſinging for my Money. Upon this peremptory Sentence, the Organs changed their Tone, and another pious Anthem was ſung, as devoutely as before. None of the Hearers had yet dared to ſpeak, for fear of interrupting the Muſick; when *Rancour*, who could not for his Life hold his Tongue on this Occaſion, baul'd out aloud: What! do they uſe here to perform Divine Service in the Street? One of the Company ſaid, they were ſinging *Tenebræ* in good earneſt: Tis a Nocturnal Proceſſion, adds a third: In fine, every merry Fellow in the Inn, had his Jeſt upon the Muſick; neither could any one gueſs, who was the Serenading Fool, nor whom he deſign'd to Complement. In the mean time the Anthem was carrying on towards a Concluſion, when ten or a dozen Dogs which had followed a proud Bitch, ran in betwixt the Muſicians Legs; and becauſe many Rivals cannot be long together without quarreling, after ſome Grumbling, Snarling, and Grinning of Teeth; they fell together by the Ears of a ſudden, with ſo much Fury and Animoſity, that the poor Muſicians to ſave their Shins, betook themſelves to their Heels, leaving the Organs to the mercy of the Dogs. Theſe immoderate Lovers were ſo uncivil, in the heat of their ſcuffle, as to throw down the harmonious Machine, with the Frame that ſupported it; and I ſhould be loath to ſwear, that ſome one of them did not lift up a Leg and piſs upon it, thoſe Creatures being very diuretick in their Natures; eſpecially where ſome Bitch or other of their Acquaintance is diſpoſed to proceed to the Multiplication of her ſpecies. The Conſort being thus out of Tune, mine Hoſt order'd the Inn door to be open'd, intending to ſecure the Organs, with the Table and Treſtle on which they ſtood, from farther Miſchief. Whilſt he and his Servants were buſie about this charitable office, the Organiſt returned accompany'd by three Perſons, amongſt whom were a Woman, and a Man muffled up in his Cloak: This Man was the very *Ragotin* in Perſon, who deſigning to Serenade Madam *Star*, had addreſt himſelf for that purpoſe to a little Eunuck, Organiſt of a Church. 'Twas this Monſter, neither Man nor Woman, that ſung the treble part, and play'd on the Organs which his Maid had brought; an overgrown Choriſter ſung the Baſe, both for the ſum

of

Scarrons
Comicall
Romance.

of two Teſters, ſuch was the ſcarcity of proviſions at that time in the plentiful Country of *Mayne*. As ſoon as the Inn-keeper found out the Author of the Serenade, he cry'd out aloud, on purpoſe to be heard by all that were at the Window, Is it then you, Monſieur *Ragotin*, that have come with your Veſpers to my Door? You had beſt go to Bed, and not diſturb my Gueſts at this time of Night. *Ragotin* replied, that he was miſtaken in his Man, and yet ſpoke it ſo, as if he intended to diſcover what he ſeem'd to deny. In the mean time, the Organiſt finding his Inſtrument much batter'd, and being a very cholerick Creature, as all beardleſs Animals are wont to be, ſwore to *Ragotin*, he would make him pay for it; *Ragotin*, replied, he did not care a ſtraw for what he could do: Ay, but I'll make you care, ſaid the Eunuch, I will be paid my Damages. Mine Hoſt and his Servants gave their Votes for the Organiſt; but *Ragotin* made them to underſtand, like a parcel of ignorant Fools as they were, that this was never the Cuſtom in Serenades, and ſo went away not a little proud of his Gallantry. The Muſicians laid the Organ on the back of the Eunuch's Maid, who carried it home to her Maſter's Houſe. He in a very melancholy Mood, following her with the Table on his ſhoulders, and attended by the Choriſter with the two Treſtles. The Inn Doors were lock'd up again, *Deſtiny* wiſh'd the Ladies good Night, and referred the remainder of his Story to the next Opportunity.

Chap. XVI.

The Opening of the Stage, with other Matters of no leſs Conſequence.

NExt Day the Players aſſembled betimes in the Morning in one of thoſe Chambers they had at the Inn, in order to rehearſe the Play they were to act that Afternoon. *Rancour*, whom *Ragotin* had made Confident of his Serenade, which he ſeemingly made difficulty to believe, told his Comrades, that the little Fellow would not fail to be there ſuddenly, to receive their Applauſe for his refined piece of Gallantry. He alſo maliciouſly entreated them, that whenever he hinted at it, they would take no notice of it, but put him off

with ſome other Diſcourſe. *Ragotin* came into the Room at the ſame inſtant, and having ſaluted the Players in general, began to mention his Serenade to Madam *Star*, who at that time prov'd a meer wandring planet to him; for ſhe ſtill changed place, and never anſwer'd his Queſtions about what time ſhe went to Bed, and how ſhe had paſt the laſt Night? This made him to leave her, and addreſs himſelf to Madam *Angelica*; who inſtead of entertaining him, ſtudied the Part ſhe had in the Play. He next went to *Cave*, who would not ſo much as look upon him. Every one of the Players in their turns exactly obſerving *Rancour*'s Directions, neither anſwer'd any thing to *Ragotin*'s Queſtions, ſhifting the Diſcourſe as often as he began to mention what paſt the laſt Night. At length preſs'd by his Vanity, and impatient to ſuffer his Reputation to linger any longer, he thus ſpoke aloud to them all; Will you give me leave to tell you a great Truth, cry'd he? You may do as you pleaſe, reply'd ſome body: Why then, added he, 'twas I that gave you the laſt Night's Serenade. What! do they give Serenades with Organs in this Country, ſaid *Deſtiny?* But whom did you intend it for? Was it not, continued he, for the fair Lady that ſet ſo many honeſt Dogs together by the Ears? No doubt on't, ſaid *Olive*, for thoſe ſnarling Curs would never have diſturb'd ſuch harmonious Muſick, had they not been Monſieur *Ragotin*'s Rivals, and jealous of him. Another of the Company would needs have his Jeſt, and therefore ſaid, without doubt he is in his Lady's Favour, and meant nothing but honourable Love, ſince he could court her in the open Street. In ſhort, every one in the Room had a fling at *Ragotin*, about his Serenade, except *Rancour*, who ſpar'd him, as having the Honour of being his Confident; and 'tis probable, this curriſh Raillery had ſtill employed the whole Company, if the Poet (who, in his Nature, was as vain and rediculous a Coxcomb as *Ragotin* could be, and who in every thing endeavour'd to gratifie his pride,) had not taken them off, by ſaying to them in the tone of a Man of Quality, or rather of a falſe Pretender to it; Now you talk of Serenades, I remember that when I was married, I had one beſtow'd upon me, which laſted a Fortnight together, and conſiſted of a hundred

hundred ſeveral ſorts of Inſtruments: It ranged all over the *Marais:* The genteeleſt Ladies in the *Place Royal,* took it upon their Accounts; ſeveral *Beaux* aſſum'd the Honour of it; nay, a Man of Quality took ſuch a Fit of Jealouſie upon it, that he order'd his Men to fall foul upon thoſe who beſtowed it on me only. But they met with their match, for theſe were all my own Country-men, and as brave Fellows as ever piſs'd; and beſides, moſt of them had been Officers in a Regiment I rais'd, in the late Inſurrection of the Commons in our parts. *Rancour,* who checked his bantering Humour in favour of *Ragotin,* could not be ſo civil to the Poet, whom he continually plagu'd. Wherefore taking up the Cudgels againſt this Darling of the Muſes, he ſaid to him, Your Serenade, as you deſcribe it, ſavour'd more of Bedlam, or a Proceſſion of Rams-horns, than any of Gallantry; and therefore probably proving troubleſom to the Perſon of Quality, he ſent out his Footmen either to ſilence, or drive away the horrid Noiſe. And what confirms me in my Opinion, proceeds *Rancour,* is, the Caſe of your Bride, who died for Age, within ſix Months after your hymeneal Solemnity, as you term it, was over: Nay, but ſhe died of a Fit of the Mother, ſaid the Poet,——Say rather, of a Fit of the Grandmother, or Great Grandmother, replied *Rancour*: For added he, in the very beginning of *Henry* the Fourth's Reign, ſhe was paſt having any Fits of the Mother, to my Knowledge; and to let you ſee that I am better acquainted with her, than ever you your ſelf were, tho' you tell us daily ſuch Wonders of her, I will now relate to you a paſſage of her Life, which I'm poſitive never yet came to your Knowledge. *In the Court of Queen* Margaret.——This beginning of a Hiſtory drew all the Company in a Ring about *Rancour,* whom they knew to be furniſhed with malicious Memoirs enough againſt all human Kind. But the Poet who dreaded him exceedingly, interrupting him, cry'd out, I'll lay a hundred Piſtoles to the contrary: Which abrupt Defiance made the Company ſo merry, that they laught him out of the Room. This was his uſual Way, by offering ſuch Wagers of conſiderable Sums, to maintain his daily Hyperboles, which amounted to the weekly *Quantum* of a thouſand or twelve hundred

Impertinencies, beſides the innumerable downright Lies he vented into the Bargain. Now *Rancour* was the Comptroller-general both of his Words and Actions, and the Aſcendant he had over him was ſo great, that I dare compare it to the Genius of *Auguſtus* over *Anthony*; that is to ſay, like to like, without putting a Brace of Strollers in the Scale againſt two famous *Romans*. *Rancour* having thus begun his Story, and being interrupted by the Poet, as I ſaid before, every one earneſtly intreated him to purſue it: But he excus'd himſelf, promiſing to give them another time, a faithful account of the Poet's whole Life, wherewith his Wive's ſhould be likewiſe interwoven. It was now high time to rehearſe the Play that was to be acted the ſame Day in a neighbouring Tennis-Court. Nothing worth Obſervation occurred at the Rehearſal. After Dinner they acted their Play, and came off with great Applauſe: Madam *Star* charm'd the whole Audience with her Beauty; *Angelica* did not want Admirers, and both of 'em acted their Parts to the general Satisfaction. *Deſtiny* and his Comrades did wonderfully well, inſomuch that many of the Audience who had often ſeen Plays acted at *Paris*, confeſt that the King's Players could hardly have outdone them. *Ragotin* in his Heart and Mind ratified the Donative he had made of his Body and Soul to Madam *Star*, in the preſence of *Rancour*, who promis'd him every Day to perſwade his Miſtreſs to accept it. Without this promiſe, Deſpair had ſoon made this little pitiful Lawyer the noble Subject of ſome great tragical Story. I cannot tell whether the Men pleas'd as well the Ladies of *Mans* in their Acting, as the Women did the Men. Nay, if I did know the Truth of it I think I ſhould hardly diſcover it; but becauſe the wiſeſt Man is not able at all times to keep his Tongue betwixt his Teeth, I will conclude this preſent Chapter, to avoid all farther Temptation.

CHAP.

Chap. XVII.

The ill Succeſs of Ragotin's *Civility.*

As ſoon as *Deſtiny* had ſtript himſelf of his old Embroidery, and put on his ordinary wearing Apparel, *la Rappiniere* carried him to the common Goal, becauſe the Man they had taken that Day the Curate of *Domfront* was ſet upon, deſir'd to ſpeak with him. In the mean time the Actreſſes went home to their Inn with a numerous Attendance of Citizens. *Ragotin* happening to be near *Cave*, as ſhe came out of the Tennis-Court where they had acted, offer'd her his Hand, to lead her home, tho' he would rather have paid that civil Office to his dear *Star*; he did the like to *Angelica*, ſo that he was Squire upon the right and left. This double Civility occaſion'd a treble Inconveniency; for *Cave*, who had the upper hand, as in all reaſon ſhe ought, was crouded to the Wall by *Ragotin*, that *Angelica* might not be forc'd to walk in the Kennel. Beſides, this little Dwarf reaching no higher than their Wafts, pull'd down their Hands ſo much, that they could ſcarce keep themſelves from tumbling over him. But that which moſt troubled them was, his often looking behind to ſtare on Madam *Star*, who was talking to a Brace of Country *Beaux*, that would by all means lead her to her Lodgings againſt her Will. The poor Actreſſes endeavour'd many times to get looſe from their Gentleman-Uſher, but he held ſo faſt, that they thought themſelves in Fetters. They deſir'd him a hundred times to ſpare himſelf that trouble; but he only anſwer'd, your Servant, your Servant, (his ordinary Compliment) and grip'd their Hands ſtill harder and harder. Therefore they were fain to be patient, till they came to their Chamber-ſtairs where they hop'd to be ſet at Liberty; but *Ragotin* was better bred: And repeating only your Servant, your Servant, to all they could ſay, he endeavour'd at firſt to go up with 'em abreſt, which he found impoſſible: Then *Cave* turn'd her Back to the Wall, and crept up ſide-ways, dragging *Ragotin* after her, who dragg'd *Angelica* in like

manner, ſhe dragging nothing but laughing like a Fool. Now as an additional Inconveniency, when they were within four or five Steps of their Chamber-door, down comes a Servant belonging to the Inn, with a huge Sack of Oats on his Back of an exceſſive Weight, who with much ado, ſo heavy was his Load, bid them go down, for that he could not get up again with his Burthen. *Ragotin* would needs argue the caſe with him; the fellow ſwore bluntly, he would let fall his Sack upon 'em. This made them to go down again much faſter than they had come up; but *Ragotin* would not however let go his hold. The Man with the Oats preſt haſtily upon 'em, which caus'd *Ragotin* to miſs a Step, ſo that he hung in the Air, holding ſtill the Players by the Hand, till he pull'd down *Cave* upon him, who ſupported him more than her Daughter, by reaſon of the Advantage of the Place. Thus ſhe tumbled down upon him, lighting with her Feet on the Pigmy's Belly and Breaſt, and knock'd her Head ſo fiercely againſt her Daughter's, that they lay all three tumbling on the Floor. The Fellow thinking they could not eaſily get up time enough, and being no longer able to ſupport his Load, lets his Sack down upon the Stairs, ſwearing and curſing like an Oſtler. The Sack burſt open with the Fall, and then came in mine Hoſt, who ſcolded like mad at the Oſtler. But as he was mad at the Fellow, ſo the Fellow was mad at the Players, and they as mad at *Ragotin*, who was as mad as the maddeſt of 'em all; becauſe Madam *Star*, coming not far behind, was Witneſs of this Diſgrace, not much inferior to the late Adventure of the deep-crown'd Hat; wherein his Head had been moſt unmercifully pent up, not to be recover'd till a pair of Cizars had broke the Inchantment. *Cave* ſwore a great Oath, that *Ragotin* ſhould never lead her again, and ſhew'd Madam *Star*, how black and blew he had ſqueez'd her Hands. *Star* told her, 'twas a juſt Judgment upon her, for robbing her of Monſieur *Ragotin*, who had engag'd himſelf to bring her back to her Lodgings after the Play; adding ſhe was glad of the Miſchance that had befallen him, for breaking his Word. However, he heard nothing of this, being all the while in Diſpute

pute with mine Hoſt, who threatned to make him pay the Waſte of his Oats, and had already offer'd to beat his Servant on the ſame account, who for that reaſon beat *Ragotin*, and call'd him Petty-fogger. *Angelica* begin to banter him in her turn, and reproach'd him with his Infidelity to Mrs. *Star*: In fine, Fortune plainly ſhew'd how little ſhe was yet concern'd in the Promiſes made to *Ragotin*, of making him gain her Affection to that Degree, as would render him more happy than any Lover in the whole Country of *Mayne*; Nay, *la Parche* and *Loval* added to it. The Oats were ſwept up again, and the Actreſſes went into their Chamber, one by one, without any farther Misfortune. *Ragotin* did not follow them, nor can I exactly tell what became of him. Supper-time at laſt came, and to Supper they went: After Supper, every one withdrew to their reſpective Appartments, and *Deſtiny* lock'd himſelf up with the Actreſſes, in order to purſue his Story.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of Deſtiny *and* Star.

I Made the foregoing Chapter a little of the ſhorteſt: Perhaps this will prove ſomewhat longer; however I am not ſure of it; but we ſhall ſee. *Deſtiny* took his uſual Seat, and reſum'd his Tale after this manner. I ſhall finiſh my Story as briefly as I can, fearing I have already tir'd you too much with the Account of my Life and Fortune. *Verville* having given me a Viſit, as I ſaid before, and not being able to perſuade me to return to his Fathers, left me, in all appearance, much troubled at the Reſolution I had taken, and went home; where a while after he married Madam *Saldagne*, as St. *Far* did Madam *Lery*. She had as much Wit as St. *Far* had Dulneſs; and I wonder how two Perſons of ſuch unequal Talents have been able to live together in the matrimonial Society. In the mean time, I preſently recover'd, and the generous Monſieur *de Saint Sauveur*, approving of my Deſign of leaving the Kingdom, furniſh'd me with

Money for my Journey; and *Verville*, who did not forget me, tho' now married, preſented me with a good Horſe, and a hundred Piſtoles. I took my Journey towards *Lyons* to paſs that way into *Italy*, with deſign to go once more to *Rome*, and after having taken my laſt Farewel of *Leonora*, to repair with Speed to *Candy*, there to put an end to my wretched Life. At *Nevers* I lodg'd at an Inn which ſtood near the River; and coming thither very early, and not knowing how to ſpend my time till Supper, went to take a Walk on a great Stone-bridge, built over the River *Loire*. There were a couple of Women walking there at the ſame time; one of which, that look'd as if ſhe were ſick, lean'd on the others Shoulder, and had much ado to crawl along. As I paſs'd by I pull'd off my Hat to them, without taking notice of their Faces, and continued walking for ſome time on the ſaid Bridge, ſtill keeping my Thoughts employed upon my Misfortunes, and chiefly about my Amours. I was well enough clad, as all thoſe ought to be, whoſe Quality cannot excuſe an indifferent Habit. When I came again near theſe Women, I over-heard one of them ſay, For my part, I ſhould believe it too, had we not heard he was dead. I cannot tell how I came to look behind me, having no Reaſon to think they talk'd of me, and yet no Man but my ſelf was the Subject of their Diſcourſe. I preſently found the firſt Lady to be Madam *la Boiſſiere*, grown very pale and wan, and who then reſted upon her Daughter *Leonora's* Shoulder. Thereupon I made directly towards them, with more aſſurance than I had in *Rome*, having improved my ſelf, both as to my Perſon and Wit, during my Stay in *Paris*. I found 'em ſo ſurprized and amazed, that I verily believe they would have fled from me, had Madam *la Boiſſiere* been able to run; and this ſurprized me no leſs. I ask'd them what happy Chance brought me into the Preſence of two Perſons whom I eſteemed above all the World. Theſe Words diſpelled their Fears. Madam *la Boiſſiere* told me, I ought not to wonder at ſeeing them look upon me with ſome Aſtoniſhment, ſince Signior *Stephano* had ſhewed them a Letter, from one of thoſe Gentlemen I waited on at *Rome*, by which he was

informed of my being killed in the War of *Parma*; adding ſhe was over-joyed to find that News falſe, which had been ſo unwelcome to her. I replied, That Death was not the greateſt Misfortune could befal me, and that I was going to *Venice* to court it; and, if poſſible, to ſpread the Report of my Death with greater Certainty than before. They grew ſad at my Reſolution; and the Mother began to expreſs a great deal of Tenderneſs for me; the Cauſe of which I could not well gueſs at. At laſt I learnt from her ſelf the Ground of her Civility. I was now in a Capacity to ſerve her, and her preſent Condition would not allow her to deſpiſe and look coldly on me, as ſhe had done in *Rome*. They had met with a Misfortune which had put them to great Streights: For having turn'd all their Furniture into ready Money, they had left *Rome*, with a *French* Maid that had ſerved 'em a long time, and Signior *Stephano*'s Man, a *Fleming* like himſelf, who would needs return to his native County. This Fellow and the Wench it ſeems, loved each other well enough to venture a Match; and yet they kept their Amour ſo private, that no body ever diſcovered it. Madam *la Boiſſiere* being come to *Ravenna*, went thence by water. At *Nevers* ſhe found her ſelf ſo very ill, that ſhe could go no farther During her ſickneſs ſhe was ſomewhat hard to be pleas'd, and her Maid more unwilling to humour her than ever ſhe had been before. One Morning the Wench and her Paramour were miſſing; and, which was more grievous ſtill, the poor Lady's Money was miſſing alſo. Her grief encreaſed her Diſtemper, and ſhe was forced to ſtay at *Nevers* till ſhe had received Letters from *Paris*, from whence ſhe expected a Supply to proceed on her Journey. Madam *la Boiſſiere* told me this ſad Adventure in few Words. I led 'em back to their Inn, which was the ſame where I had taken up my Quarters. After I had brought 'em to their Chamber, and ſtood a while with 'em, I retired to my own, leaving 'em to their Supper. For my part, I could not eat a Bit, but thought it was at leaſt five or ſix Hours while I was at Table. I waited upon 'em as ſoon as they had given me notice that I ſhould be welcome. I found the Mother in Bed,

and

and the Daughter received me with a Countenance as ſad as it appeared joyful a Moment before. The Mother was ſtill more ſad than the Daughter, and I griev'd for Company. We ſtared a while upon one another without ſpeaking a Word. At laſt Madam *la Boiſſiere* ſhewed me a Letter ſhe had newly received from *Paris*, which caſt both her and her Daughter *Leonora* into the deepeſt Affliction in the World. She expreſs'd the Reaſon of her Grief with a Flood of Tears, and her Daughter *Leonora* wept alſo moſt bitterly; which mov'd me ſo ſenſibly, that I thought I did not expreſs my Senſe of it enough, tho' I proffer'd 'em all I could poſſibly do for their Aſſiſtance, with ſuch a Freedom, as put my Sincerity out of all doubt. I am as yet unacquainted with the Cauſe of your Grief, Ladies, ſaid I; but if my Life can any ways contribute to your Relief, you may ſet your Minds at reſt. Tell me therefore, Madam, ſaid I, applying my ſelf to the Mother, what muſt I do to ſerve you: Money I have, if you want any; and Courage likewiſe if you fear any Enemies; and the Satisfaction of having ſerv'd you, is the only Recompence I expect. My Words and Countenance gave 'em ſo full Aſſurance of the Reality of my Sentiments, that their Affliction was ſomewhat abated. Madam *la Boiſſiere* gave me a Letter to peruſe, wherein a Gentlewomen of her acquaintance inform'd her, that a certain perſon, who was nameleſs, but whom I judg'd to be *Leonora*'s Father, was commanded to leave the Court, and had retir'd into *Holland*. Thus this poor Lady found her ſelf in a ſtrange Country, without either Money, or the leaſt Hopes of getting any. I made her a ſecond proffer of the ſmall Stock I had, which might amount to about Five hundred Crowns; and told her withal, that I would wait upon her into *Holland*, or any other Part of the World ſhe had a mind to go to. In ſhort, I aſſur'd her, ſhe had found in me a Perſon that would do her all the Service ſhe could expect from a Valet, and ſerve and honour her like a dutiful Son. I bluſh'd extremely at the word Son: But I was no more the hateful Man, that had been denied Admittance into their Houſe in *Rome*, and to whom *Leonora* was invifible; for now ſhe was much more civil, and her Mother leſs ſevere. At every Offer I

made

made ſhe ſtill replied, *Leonora* would be very much oblig'd to me. All was ſcor'd upon *Leonora*'s Account, inſomuch that one would have taken her Mother to have been only a Waiting-woman that ſpoke in her Miſtreſs's Behalf: So true it is, that the Generality of the World reſpect People only ſo far as they are ſubſervient to their own Intereſt. I left 'em very much comforted, and retired to my Chamber the moſt contented Man that could be. I paſt the Night very pleaſantly, tho' waking frequently, which kept me ſomewhat late in Bed, for 'twas break of Day before I began to ſleep. *Leonora* appear'd to me the next Day more nicely dreſt than ſhe had the Day before; and ſhe could not but obſerve that I had taken a little more care of my ſelf. I led her to Maſs without her Mother, who was as yet too weak to go abroad. We dined together, and from that time forward were but as one Family. Madam *la Boiſſiere* very thankfully acknowledged the good Offices I had tendred them, and often aſſur'd me, that ſhe would not die in my Debt. I ſold my Horſe; and no ſooner had the ſick Lady recover'd her Strength, but we took a Tilt-boat, and went down the River to *Orleans*. During the time we were on the Water, I enjoy'd my *Leonora*'s Converſation; nor was ſo great a Felicity interrupted by her Mother. I found her Wit as ſprightly and Charming as her Looks; nor had ſhe Reaſon to think mine ſo dull as ſhe had found it in *Rome*. What can I ſay more? In ſhort, ſhe was as much taken with me, as I was captivated by her; and you may witneſs ever ſince you have ſeen us together, how little our reciprocal Affection is diminiſh'd.——What, ſaid *Angelica*, interrupting him, is then Madam *Star* that *Leonora*? Who elſe? anſwer'd *Deſtiny*. At which Madam *Star* was pleas'd to ſay, her Friend had reaſon to queſtion whether ſhe were that *Leonora*, whom *Deſtiny* had made the Heroine of a Romance. 'Tis not upon that Score I ſtart the Queſtion, replied *Angelica*, but rather becauſe we are ever in doubt of what we moſt deſire. Madam *Cave* ſaid, that for her part ſhe had been confident it was ſo, even from the beginning, but deſir'd them to wave any farther Diſcourſe till *Deſtiny* had made an end of his Story; who went on thus. We arriv'd at *Orleans*; where our Entrance was ſo pleaſant,

pleaſant, as well deſerves a particular Relation. A Pack of Scoundrels, who always wait at the Water-ſide in expectation of Strangers, to carry home their Goods, crouded into our Boat. There were at leaſt thirty that offer'd to take up two or three little Bundles betwixt 'em, which however the weakeſt of theſe lazy Rogues might have carried ſingly under his Arm. Had I been alone, perhaps I might not have been ſo wiſe as to bear calmly with their Inſolence. Eight of them ſeiz'd upon a little Bundle, not weighing much above twenty pounds, which they ſeem'd to lift up from the Ground with much trouble; and having got it betwixt them, held it aloft above their Heads, upon their Fingers ends. All the Mob that ſtood by on the River-ſide fell a laughing, and we were fain to do the like. However I bluſh'd as red as Scarlet to go through the whole Town with ſuch a Retinue: As for the reſt of our Goods, which would not have loaden one porter, they employ'd twenty at leaſt, my very Piſtols being carried in State by four luſty Rogues. The Order of our March at our Entrance into the Town was as follows: Firſt eight Hang-dogs, either drunk, or ſuch as ought to have been ſo, carried the little Box behind 'em, as I told you before. Next follow'd my Piſtols and Holſters, each carried by two Fellows. Madam *la Boiſſiere*, no leſs vext than my ſelf, went immediately after: She was ſitting in a great Wicker-chair, faſtned to a couple of Cowl-bats, and carried by four Watermen, who relieved one another by Turns, and had a hundred impertinent Jeſts as they went along. The reſt of our goods came after her, being only a little Portmantle, and a Bundle cover'd with Canvas, which ſeven or eight of theſe Raſcals toſſed from one to another all the way. I brought up the Rear of this Triumph, leading *Leonora* by the Hand, who laughed ſo heartily, that I could not but be delighted with their Roguery in ſpite of my ſelf. As we marched along, the Paſſengers ſtood ſtill, gazing upon us; and the Noiſe they made on this occaſion drew all the people to their Windows and Doors. At laſt we arrived at the Suburbs, which is the Road towards *Paris*, attended by abundance of Mob, and took up our Lodgings at the Sign of the Emperor. I put the Ladies into a Parlour, and afterwards threatned

threatned the Rogues ſo ſeriouſly, that they were contented to take a ſmall Piece of Money for their Pains, the Inn-keeper, and his Wife taking my part againſt 'em. Madam *la Boiſſiere*, whom the Money I had furniſhed her withal ſooner cured than any Cordials beſides could have done, found her ſelf ſtrong enough to bear the Coach; wherefore I took up three places in one that was to go the next Morning; and within two Days after we arriv'd ſafe at *Paris*. As we alighted at the Inn, I made Acquaintance with *Rancour*, who came from *Orleans* in another Coach at the ſame time with ours. Hearing me enquire for the Inn to which the *Calais* Coach came, he told me he was juſt going thither himſelf, and if we had not hired a Lodging, he would carry us to a Woman of his Acquaintance who let Lodgings ready furniſh'd, where we ſhould have a very good Accommodation. We took him at his Word, and found it as he had told us. This Woman was the Widow of one that had all his Life-time belong'd to a Play-houſe, ſometimes as a Door-keeper, and ſometimes as a Scene-man, and even had often tryed to act Under-parts, but was generally hiſs'd off the Stage. Having ſcraped ſome Money together at the Play-houſe, he furniſhed a Houſe, let Lodgings, took Boarders, and by all this made a ſhift to gain conſiderably. We took a couple of Rooms, which were pretty convenient. Madam *la Boiſſiere* received a Confirmation of the ill News ſhe had concerning *Leonora*'s Father, and heard ſo much beſides, tho' which ſhe concealed from us, that it made her to relapſe into her former Diſeaſe. This put off our Journey to *Holland* for a while, whither ſhe reſolved to go under my Conduct; and *Rancour*, who was going to the ſame Country to a Company of Players, was contented to ſtay for us, upon my promiſing to defray his Charges. Madam *la Boiſſiere* received frequent Viſits from one of her Friends, that had waited at the ſame time with her upon the Ambaſſadors Lady at *Rome*, and had likewiſe been her Confident, whilſt *Leonora*'s Father made Love to her. This Woman acquainted her with her pretended Husband's Retirement, and did us ſeveral good Turns during the time we ſtaid in *Paris*. I went out of Doors as ſeldom as I could, for fear of being ſeen by ſome of my Acquaintance; nor did I find

find it a great Trouble to ſtay within, ſo long as I enjoy'd my *Leonora's* Company; whoſe Favour I gained more and more by my conſtant Care of her Mother. Upon this Woman's Perſwaſion, who, as I told you, came often to viſit us, we went one Day to St. *Clou*, to air and refreſh our ſick Lady. Our Landlady came in for one among us, and *Rancour* for another. We took a Boat when we came to the Water ſide; afterwards walked in the beſt Gardens; and having had a ſmall Collation, *Rancour* reconducted the Women towards the Boat, whilſt I ſtaid behind to ſcan the Reckoning with an unreaſonable Hoſteſs, who kept me longer from 'em than I intended. I got off as cheap as I could, and haſtned to rejoin my Company. But I was not a little aſtoniſhed, to find the Boat gone a good way off from the Shore, carrying my Company towards *Paris*, and leaving me behind, without any notice, or ſo much as my Foot-boy that had my Sword and Cloak. Standing at the Water-ſide, very much troubled at their not waiting for me, I heard a great Uproar in another Tilt-boat that lay hard by, when drawing ſomewhat near, I perceiv'd two or three Gentlemen, or perſons that looked like ſuch, who would needs fall foul on a Waterman becauſe he would not follow our Boat. I leaped at a venture into that Boat, juſt as it was launching forth, the Waterman fearing he ſhould be roughly handled. But if I was troubled that my Company had left me at St. *Clou*, I was no leſs perplex'd to find that he that had offer'd this Violence was the ſame *Saldagne*, whom I had ſo much Reaſon to hate. At the Inſtant I diſcovered him, he removed from the Place he ſat in, and came juſt by me. I did not know which way to look, and hid my Face from him the beſt I could. But finding him ſo near, that it was impoſſible to conceal my ſelf long, and knowing I had no Sword, I took the moſt deſperate Reſolution that could be, which Hatred alone could not have ſuggeſted, had it not been attended with Jealouſie. I ſeized him by the Middle at the ſame time he began to know me, and threw my ſelf into the River with him. He was not able to keep hold of my Clothes, whether his Gloves hindred him, or his ſudden Surprize, I cannot tell. Never was Man nearer drowning. A great

many

many of the neighbouring Boats came in to ſave us, every one thinking we had fallen into the Water accidentally, except *Saldagne*, who knew the Truth, but was not in a Condition to diſcover, or to purſue me. I got on Shore again without much difficulty, having only a thin Sute on, which did not much hinder my ſwimming; and thinking it worth my labour to make haſte, I got far enough off from St. *Clou* before *Saldagne* was fiſh'd up. As they had not a little ado to ſave him, ſo, I dare ſay, they could hardly believe his Relation how I threw him into the Water, when he affirm'd I ventured my own drowning to procure his: For I cannot imagine why he ſhould hide it from 'em. I was forced to go a great way about to get into *Paris*, and durſt not enter the City till Night, having no need to dry my Clothes, the heat of the Sun, and my violent Exerciſe, having left but little Moiſture in them. At length I got to my dear *Leonora*, whom I found in great Affliction; *Rancour* and our Landlady were overjoy'd to ſee me again, and ſo was Madam *la Boiſſiere* likewiſe, who the better to make her think I was her Son, acted the part of a diſtreſs'd Mother: She excus'd her ſelf in private to me for their not ſtaying; aſſuring me the fright *Saldagne* had put 'em into, hindred them from thinking on me; beſides, that except *Rancour*, the reſt of our Company would have rather embarraſt than help'd me, if I had engag'd *Saldagne*. They told me that at their going from the Tavern, this Spark follow'd 'em to the Water-ſide, where he very uncivilly preſs'd *Leonora* to unmask; when her Mother diſcovering him to be the ſame Man that had attempted the like at *Rome*, ſhuffled into the Boat in a fright, and made the Water-man put off from the Shore, without ſtaying for me. *Saldagne* in the mean time having a couple of Rakes like himſelf with him, got into the next Boat with his two Comrades, where I found him threatning the water-man, to make him follow *Leonora*. This Adventure made me to keep more within Doors than I had done formerly. A little while after Madam *la Boiſſiere* fell ſick, her Melancholy contributing much to her Malady; which made us to remain part of the Winter at *Paris*. We were inform'd, that an *Italian* Prelate, who came from *Spain*, was going

to

to *Flanders* thro' *Peronne*; whereupon *Rancour* made Intereſt to have us comprehended in the Paſport, in the Quality of Comedians. One Day, after we had waited upon this *Italian* Prelate, who lodg'd in the *Rue de Sein*, we ſupp'd in a Frolick in the Suburbs of St *Germain*, with ſome Players of *Rancour's* Acquaintance. He and I going over the *Pont-neuf* afterwards very late, were ſet upon by five or ſix Rogues. I made the beſt Defence I could, and to give *Rancour* his due, he did as much as any brave Man could have done; inſomuch that he ſav'd my Life, tho' he could not keep me from being ſeized by theſe Robbers, my Sword being unhappily fallen from my Hands. *Rancour* got very ſtoutly out of their Clutches, with the loſs of a ſorry Cloak only. As for me, I was plunder'd of all I had, except my Doublet and Breeches. And to aggravate my Misfortune, they rifled me of an enamell'd Box with *Leonora's* Father's Picture in it, which Madam *la Boiſſiere* had left with me, to try what I could get for ſome Diamonds it had round the Caſe. I found *Rancour* at the Bridge-foot, wounded in the Arm and Face, as I my ſelf was, tho' ſlightly in the Head. Madam *la Boiſſiere* was very much concern'd for the loſs of the Picture; but the Hopes of ſeeing the Original ſhortly comforted her. In fine, we went from *Paris* to *Peronne*; from *Peronne* to *Bruſſels*, and from *Bruſſels* to the *Hague*; from whence *Leonora's* Father had been gone about a fortnight before over into *England*, where he intended to ſerve the King againſt the *Parliamentarians*. *Leonora's* Mother was ſo deeply afflicted at his Departure, that ſhe fell ſuddenly ſick and died. As ſhe was going to breath her laſt, and ſeeing me to grieve as much as if I had been her own Son, ſhe recommended her Daughter to me, and made me to engage that I would not forſake her, but endeavour to find out her Father, and reſtore her to his Poſſeſſion. Not long after, a *Frenchman* robb'd me of all the reſt of my Money, which reduc'd both *Leonora* and my ſelf to that Neceſſity, that we were forc'd to get into your Company, who, you know, accepted of us thro' the Recommendation of *Rancour*. You are acquainted with the reſt of my Adventures, which ſince that time have

have been common to us all, at leaſt as far as *Tours*, where I think I ſaw the Devil *Saldagne*; and, if I be not very much miſtaken, I believe it will not be long before I meet him again in theſe Parts, which I fear leſs for my own part than for *Leonora's*, who would loſe a moſt faithful Servant, if I ſhould happen to miſcarry, or be forc'd to part from her by my unlucky Stars. Thus *Deſtiny* ended his Story; and after having comforted Madam *Star* a while, whom the Relation had a little diſordered, by renewing the Remembrance of her Misfortunes, which made her to weep exceedingly, as if they had but newly happened, he took his leave of the Actreſſes, and ſo went to Bed.

Chap. XIX.

Some Reflections which are not amiſs. Ragotin's *new Diſgrace, and other Things, which you may read if you pleaſe.*

LOVE, which makes the young to undertake any Thing, and the old to forget every Thing; Love, which occaſioned the Wars of *Troy*, and many others beſides, which I do not think worth while to mention here, would needs make it known in the City of *Mans*, that he is as much to be dreaded in a pitiful Inn, as in the brighteſt Palace whatſoever. He was not therefore contented with depriving the amorous *Ragotin* of his Appetite, but likewiſe inſpired *la Rappiniere* with a thouſand irregular Deſires, a Man very ſuſceptible of them, and made *Roquebrune* likewiſe to languiſh for the Operator's Wife, adding a fourth Folly to his Vanity, Bravery and Poetry; or rather obliging him to commit a double Infidelity: For he had made his amorous Addreſſes a long while before, both to *Star* and *Angelica*, who often adviſed him to deſiſt, and not throw away his Courtſhip. But all this is nothing to what I ſhall now relate: Love triumphed likewiſe over the Inſenſibility and Miſanthropy of *Rancour*, who became enamoured of the Operator's

Wife

Wife too, and by Conſequence a Rival to the Poet *Roquebrune*, a Puniſhment for his Sins, and an atonement for the curſed Writings he had publiſhed. This Womans Name was *Donna Inizella del Prado*, a Native of *Malaga* and her Husband, or he that was reputed ſuch, *Signior Ferdinando Ferdinandi*, a Gentleman of *Venice*, born at *Caen* in *Normandy*. There were ſeveral others in the Inn beſides the above-nam'd, who were infected with the ſame Diſeaſe, as dangerouſly, if not more than thoſe whoſe Secrets I have revealed; but they ſhall be diſcover'd too in due Time and Place. *La Rappiniere* fell in Love with Madam *Star* when ſhe acted *Climene*, and intended then to have declared his Diſtemper to *Rancour*, whom he thought capable of doing any thing for Money. The Heavenly Bard *Roquebrune* deſigned the Conqueſt of a *Spaniſh* Lady worthy his Courage. But as for *Rancour*, I cannot imagine by what potent Charms this Forreign Lady could inflame the Heart of one with Love, who hated all the World. This worn-out Stroller, being in Hell before his time, I mean in Love before his Death, was ſtill in Bed, when *Ragotin* troubled him with his Paſſion, as it were the Belly-ake, came to deſire him to mind his buſineſs and take pity on him. *Rancour* aſſured him, that e're that day were over, he would do him a notable piece of Service with his Miſtreſs. *La Rappiniere* entred *Rancour's* Chamber at the ſame time, who was ſtill dreſſing himſelf. Having taken him aſide, he confeſt his Infirmity to him, and vowed, that if he could bring him into favour with Madam *Star*, there was nothing in his Power, but he would do for him, even to the making him one of his Aſſiſtants, and beſtowing his Niece in Marriage on him, whom he deſigned to make ſole Heireſs after his Death, becauſe he had no Children of his own.

The cheating Rogue promis'd him yet more than he had done *Ragotin*, which put this Hangmans Purveyor in good Hopes. *Roquebrune* came likewiſe to conſult the ſame Oracle: He was the moſt incorrigible preſumptious Coxcomb, that ever came from the Banks of *Garonne*, and one who thought every Body believ'd what he romanc'd about his good Family, Riches, Poetry and Valour;

lour; inſomuch. that he ſlighted all the dry Jeſts and Bobs that *Rancour* perpetually caſt at him, preſuming that what he did, was only for Converſation ſake: And beſides, he underſtood Raillery as well as any Man alive, and bore it like a Chriſtian Philoſopher, even when it touch'd to the very quick. He therefore imagin'd he was admir'd by all the Players, nay, even by *Rancour* himſelf, who had experience enough to admire but few things; and was ſo far from having a good Opinion of this poor Brother of the Quill, that he made a full enquiry into his Extraction, thereby to diſcover whether thoſe Biſhops and great Lords, his Countrymen, whom he quoted ever and anon for his Relations, were the true Branches of that Genealogick Tree, this Fool of Noble Alliances, and Coats of Arms, together with many other things, had caus'd to be drawn in an old Roll of Parchment. He was very ſorry to find *Rancour* in Company, tho' he had leſs need to be troubled at that time than any one beſides, it being his ill Cuſtom, to be ever whiſpering in Peoples Ears, and to make a Secret of every thing, ſometimes of nothing. However he took *Rancour* in a Corner, and at firſt very gravely deſir'd to know whether the Operators Wife was a Perſon of a great deal of Wit, or not; becauſe he had loved Women of all Nations but *Spaniards*, and if ſhe were worth his Labour, he ſhould not be much the poorer, if he preſented her with a hundred Piſtoles, which he as often menti-on'd upon every trifling occaſion, as the great Family from whence he was deſcended. *Rancour* told him, he was not ſo well acquainted with *Donna Inizella*, as to anſwer for her Wit, tho' he had often met her Husband in the chiefeſt Cities of the Kingdom, where he ſold his Antidotes; but if he deſir'd ſo much to be informed about it, 'twas but joining Converſation with her, ſince ſhe began to ſpeak *French* tolerably well, and he might ſoon be ſatisfyed. *Roquebrune* would needs entruſt him with his Pedigree in Parchment, that he might dazzle the *Spaniſh Donna* with the ſplendor of his Race; but *Rancour* told him his Pedigree would ſooner make him a Knight of *Malta*, than a happy Lover. Whereupon *Roquebrune* with a ſmiling Countenance added; Well, Sir, you know what

I am,

I am. Yes, replied *Rancour*, I know well enough what you are now, and what you will ever be to your dying Day. The Poet went away as he came, and *Rancour*, his Rival and Confident at the ſame time, drew near to *La Rappiniere* and *Ragotin*, who were Rivals alſo, tho' unknown to each other. As for old *Rancour*, beſides that we naturally hate any one that endeavours to rob us of what we deſign for our ſelves, and the general quarrel he had againſt all Mankind; beſides all this, I ſay, he ever had a particular Averſion to the Poet, which this Diſcovery was not likely to abate. *Rancour* therefore abſolutely reſolv'd, from that time forward, to do him all the miſchief he poſſibly could, to which moreover his apiſh Nature prompted him, and fitted him for it: And not to loſe time, he began that very day, by baſely borrowing Money of him, wherewith he new cloathed himſelf from top to toe, and beſides ſtocked himſelf well with Linnen. He had before been a Sloven all his Life-time; but Love, which works far greater Miracles than any thing elſe, now made him more curious of his Dreſs in his declining Days. In a word he chang'd his Linnen oftner than became a Stroller, and began to waſh, powder, and colour his gray Hairs, and likewiſe to trim himſelf ſo carefully, that his Comerades took notice of it. The Players had that day a Play beſpoke, at one of the chiefeſt Citizens of *Mans*, who made a great Treat, and gave a Ball at his Niece's Wedding, whoſe Guardian he had been. The Nuptials were kept at a very fair Country-Houſe of his, about a League from the City; but whether *Eaſtward*, *Weſtward*, *Northward*, or *Southward*, I cannot tell. The Decorator belonging to the Strollers, and a Carpenter were ſent in the Morning early to erect a Stage. The whole Company of Players followed in two Coaches, about a eleven a Clock, that they might get thither by Dinner-time. *Donna Inexilla*, the *Spaniſh* Lady, made one, at the earneſt intreaty of the Actreſſes and *Rancour*. *Ragotin* being informed of the Buſineſs, went to an Inn at the end of the *Suburbs*, where he waited the coming of the Coaches, and tyed a very fine Steed which he had borrowed, to the Grate of the Parlour that lookt into the Street. He was

ſcarce

ſcarce ſet down to Dinner, when word was brought him, that the Coach was in ſight. He flew to his Horſe on the wings of Love, with a great Sword by his ſide, and a Carabine dangling at his Breech like a Bandeleer. He would never confeſs what his fancy was, to go to a Wedding with ſuch ſtore of offenſive and defenſive Weapons; neither could *Rancour* his Confident ever perſwade him to diſcover it. By that time he had untied his Horſe's Bridle, the Coaches were ſo near, that he had not time to look for a Joſſing-block, that he might appear in State on his Steed like pretty St. *George*. And being none of the beſt Horſemen, and unprepar'd to ſhew his nimble Diſpoſition, he did it but very aukwardly; for his Horſe's Legs were as much too long, as his were too ſhort. However, he ſtoutly reared himſelf in the Stirrup, and threw his right Leg over the Saddle; but the Girts being looſe, it occaſion'd a ſtrange Diſtaſter; for this made the Saddle to turn round, while he was beſtriding the Steed. Yet all things went hitherto well enough, but the curſed Carabine which hung on a Belt about his Neck like a Collar, got ſo unfortunately betwixt his Legs before he was aware, that his Breech could not reach the Saddle, which was an old-faſhion'd one, the Carabine lying a croſs from the Pummel to the Crupper. Thus he ſat in a very uneaſie Poſture, as not being able with the tip of his Toe, ſo much as to touch the Stirrups: Therefore his Heels being armed with Spurs, he kicked the Horſe's ſide in a place he was never uſed to be pricked in, which made him to ſtart more briskly than was neceſſary for a little Rider in that Poſture, having nothing but the Carabine to reſt upon. This made him to cling his Legs cloſe to the Horſe's ſides, which made the Horſe to fling up his hinder Legs; when *Ragotin* following the Nature of all heavy Bodies, fell into the Horſe's Neck, whereby he got a bruiſed Noſe, the Steed lifting up his Head ſuddenly at a jerk he gave him with the Bridle very prepoſterouſly: Now thinking to repair his Overſight, he let go the Reins; but giving the Horſe his Head, he at that very inſtant gave ſuch great leap, and caſt his Rider quite over the Saddle upon the Cruper, with the Carabine ſtill between

tween his Legs. The Horſe not being us'd to carry any thing behind, makes a *Croupade*, which places *Ragotin* in the Saddle again. The unskilful Horſeman clapt his Heels cloſe to his ſides afreſh, and then the Horſe flung up his hinder Legs more then at firſt, which pitch'd the unfortunate *Ragotin*, juſt upon the Pummel, where we muſt leave him as on a Pinacle, to reſt our ſelves a while; for upon the Honour of a Gentleman, this Deſcription has coſt me more Pains, than all the Books beſides, and yet I am not well ſatisfied with it neither.

Chap. XX.

The ſhorteſt in this preſent Book. Ragotin's *Fall off his Horſe, and ſomething of the like Nature which hapned to* Roquebrune.

We left *Ragotin* planted on the Pummel of a Saddle, not knowing how to behave himſelf, and much perplex'd how he ſhould get off. I ſcarce believe the defunct *Phaeton*, of unhappy Memory, was ever more troubled with his Fathers four fiery Steeds, than was at this time our little Lawyer, with this one Titt, on which he nevertheleſs ſat as quiet as a Lamb. That it did not coſt him his Life, as it did *Phaeton*, he was beholding to Fortune, whoſe Caprices would be a fit Subject for me to expatiate on, were I not in Conſcience oblig'd to releaſe *Ragotin* from the imminent Danger he is in, having beſides, many more things to treat of concerning our Strollers, during their Reſidence at *Mans*. As ſoon as the diſaſterous *Ragotin* felt what an uneaſie Cuſhion he had under the two moſt fleſhy parts of his Body, on which he us'd to ſit, as all other rational Creatures are wont; I mean, as ſoon as he found how narrow his Seat was, he quitted the Bridle like a Man of Diſcretion, and laid hold of the Horſe's Mane, who at the ſame time ran away full Speed. Thereupon the Carabine went off: *Ragotin* thought he had been ſhot, his Horſe undoubtedly believed the ſame, and therefore made ſuch foul Stumble, that the little Man loſt his Seat; inſomuch, that for a time, he hung by the Horſe's

Horſe's Mane, with one Foot entangled by his Spur in the ſaddle-cloath, and the other with the reſt of his Body, hanging dangling towards the Earth in expectation of a Fall, as ſoon as his Spur ſhould break looſe; together with his Sword, Carabine, and Bandaleer. At length his Foot being diſingag'd, his Hands let go the Mane, and down he tumbled, tho' with more Grace and Skill than he had got up. All this happened in the Sight of the Coaches, that ſtopt on purpoſe to ſee what would become of him; or rather to have the pleaſure of laughing at him. He curſed the Horſe, who ſtood ſtock ſtill, as ſoon as he had laid down his Load: But to comfort him, they took him into one of the Coaches in the Poet's room, who was willing to ride, that he might flutter about the Coach, and court *Inezilla*, who ſat in the Boot. *Ragotin* reſign'd his Sword and Fire-arms to him, which he put on as dextrouſly as any Son of *Mars* could have done. He lengthned his Stirrups, fitted the Bridle, and without doubt went to get up more methodically than *Ragotin* had done. But ſurely there had ſome Spell been caſt upon that unlucky Horſe that Day, for the Saddle being too looſely girted, as before, turn'd round with the Poet, as it had done with *Ragotin*; and the String of his Breeches breaking, the Horſe ran a pretty way with him, whilſt he had but one Foot in the Stirrup, his other ſerving the Beaſt as a fifth Leg, whereby his back-parts became expos'd to all the Company, his Breeches dangling all the way about his Heels. None of the Spectators laugh'd much at *Ragotin's* Miſhap, becauſe they were afraid he would hurt himſelf, but *Roquebrune's* Accident was attended with loud Shouts and Laughter from the Coaches: The Coachmen ſtopt to laugh their Bellies full, and all together hollowed at *Roquebrune*, which drove him, having diſingag'd himſelf, into a Houſe for Shelter, leaving the Horſe to his own Diſcretion, who very wiſely trotted back again to the Town. *Ragotin* knowing he was reſponſible for the Beaſt, alighted out of the Coach and went after him; when the Poet having cas'd up his Poſteriors, return'd to the Coach much troubled, and no leſs troubleſom to the Company by *Ragotin's* Martial Equipage, who had undergone this third

Diſgrace in his Miſtreſs's Preſence, with which we ſhall conclude the twentieth Chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

Which perhaps will not be found very Entertaining.

THE Players were very well receiv'd by the Maſter of the Houſe, who was a good honeſt Man, and one of the moſt conſiderable in their Parts. They had two Chambers alloted them to lay their Cloaths in, and make themſelves ready for the Play, which was put off till after Supper. They dined in private, and after Dinner, thoſe that had a mind to walk, had the choice of a Grove and a fine Garden to do it in. A young Counſellor of the Parliament of *Rennes*, and near Kinſman to the Maſter of the Houſe, accoſted our Players, having diſcover'd *Deſtiny* to be a Perſon of more than vulgar Judgment, and the Actreſſes, beſides their great Beauty, to be ſuch as could ſay more than juſt the Parts they had learnt by Heart. They diſcourſed of Matters relating to their Profeſſion, as Plays, Dramatick Writers, *&c.* This young Counſellor ſaid amongſt other things, that there was ſcarce any remarkable Subject for the Stage, that had not been blown upon; that all Hiſtory was almoſt exhauſted, and that modern Authors would at laſt be conſtrained to wave thoſe nice Rules of Unity of Time, and ſtretch it beyond four and twenty Hours: That the generality of People did not apprehend what thoſe ſevere Rules of the Stage were good for, being rather pleaſed with Action and Repreſentation than Recitals; and therefore ſuch Plots might be contriv'd as would meet with Applauſe, without either falling into the Extravagancies of the *Spaniards*, or being tied up to the ſtrict Precepts of *Ariſtotle*. From Plays, they proceeded to talk of Romances. The Counſellor ſaid, that nothing could be more diverting, than our modern Romances; that the *French* alone knew how to write good ones; however, that the *Spaniards* had a peculiar Talent to compoſe little Stories, which they called *Novelas*, which are more uſeful, and more probable Patterns

terns for us to follow, than thoſe imaginary Heroes of Antiquity, who grow often times tedious and troubleſom, by being over-civil, and over-virtuous. In ſhort, that thoſe Examples which may be imitated, are at leaſt as beneficial, as thoſe that exceed all probability and belief; from all which he concluded, that if a Man could write as good *Novels* in *French*, as thoſe of *Miguel de Cervantes*, they would ſoon be as much in Vogue, as ever heroick Romances have been. *Roquebrune* was not of the ſame Opinion: He affirm'd very poſitively, that there could be no Pleaſure in reading Romances, unleſs they contained the Adventures of Princes, nay, and of great Princes too, and that for that reaſon, *Aſtrea* only pleaſed him here and there. In what Hiſtories can one find Kings and Emperors enough to make new Romances, ſaid the Counſellor? We muſt feign 'em replied *Roquebrune*, as they uſually do in fabulous Stories, which have no Foundation in Hiſtory. I perceive then, return'd the Counſellor, that *Don Quixot* is very little in your Favour. 'Tis the ſilliest Book that ever I read, replied *Roquebrune*, tho' it be cried up by a great many Men of Wit. Have a care, ſaid *Deſtiny*, it be not rather for want of Wit in you, than any Defect in the Book, that you entertain ſo indifferent an Opinion of it. *Roquebrune* would not have fail'd to anſwer *Deſtiny*, had he but heard what he had ſpoke: But he was ſo taken up with telling his Feats to ſome Ladies, who were come near the Players, that he minded him not, but promis'd that fair Sex, he would write a Romance in five Parts, every Part to contain five Volumes, which ſhould eclipſe all the *Caſſandra's*, *Cleopatra's*, and *Cyrus's* in the World, tho' this laſt had the Sirname of *Great*, as well as the Son of *Pepin*. During this the Counſellor was telling *Deſtiny* and the Actreſſes, that he had writ ſome Novels in Imitation of the *Spaniards*, and promiſed he would communicate 'em to them. Thereupon *Inezilla* told them, in a ſort of *French* that had more of the *Gaſcon* than the *Spaniſh* in it, that her firſt Husband had the Character of a tolerable Writer in the Court of *Spain*, having compoſed ſeveral Novels that were much eſteem'd, ſome whereof ſhe had in Manuſcript, which, in her Opinion,

deſerv'd to be tranſlated into *French*. The young Counſeller being extreamly curious in ſuch kind of Compoſitions, told the *Spaniſh* Lady, ſhe would do him a great Favour in letting him have the Peruſal of 'em, which ſhe very civilly conſented to do: adding withal, that no body was better ſtor'd with Novels than her ſelf; for as ſome Women in her Country would ſometimes attempt to write both in Verſe and Proſe, ſo ſhe had made it her Paſtime, and could entertain 'em with ſome Novels of her own making. *Roquebrune* confidently, according to Cuſtom, offered to turn 'em into *French*. *Inezilla*, who was perhaps the ſharpeſt *Spaniard* that had ever come over the *Pirenees*, replied, that to do as he pretended, it was not only requiſite he ſhould underſtand the *French* Tongue well, but be equally acquainted with the *Spaniſh* alſo; and that therefore ſhe could not give him her Novels to tranſlate, till ſhe was ſo well acquainted with the *French*, as to be able to judge whether he was qualified for the Undertaking. *Rancour*, who had been ſilent all the while, ſaid, there was no doubt to be made of his Ability, ſince he had been Corrector to a Printing-Houſe: He had no ſooner pop'd out theſe words, but he remembred *Roquebrune* had lent him Money, which made him purſue his Jeſt no farther; to which the Poet, daſh'd out of Countenance at *Rancour*'s Words, replied, that he could not deny but that he had corrected ſome few Sheets, but then they were nothing but what he had publiſh'd of his own. Madam *Star*, to ſhift the Diſcourſe, told *Donna Inezilla*, that ſince ſhe was Miſtreſs of ſo many fine Stories, ſhe could not be angry if ſhe often importun'd her to relate ſome of 'em. The *Spaniſh* Lady replied, ſhe was ready to give her Satisfaction preſently: They took her at her Word, and all the Company having ſeated themſelves round her, ſhe began a Story, tho' not in the very ſame Words you will find in the following Chapter; yet ſo intelligibly, as made 'em to gueſs ſhe was Miſtreſs of a great deal of Wit in *Spaniſh*, ſince ſhe diſcovered ſo much in a Language, to whoſe Delicacies ſhe was a perfect Stranger.

CHAP.

Chap. XXII.

The Impoſtor Out-witted. A Novel.

A Young Lady of the City of *Toledo*, named *Victoria*, deſcending from the ancient Family of *Portocarrero*, had retir'd to a Houſe ſhe had on the Banks of *Tagus*, about half a League diſtant from that City, in the Abſence of her Brother, who was a Captain of a Troop of Horſe in the Low-Countries. She became a Widow at Seventeen, having been wedded to an old Gentleman that had got a great Eſtate in the *Indies*, but who ſix Months after his Marriage, periſh'd in a Storm at Sea, leaving much Wealth to his Wife. This fair Widow after the Death of her Husband, kept Houſe conſtantly with her Brother, where ſhe liv'd in ſuch Repute, that at the Age of Twenty, all the Mothers propos'd her for a pattern for their Children, the Husbands to their Wives, and the Lovers to their Deſires, as a Conqueſt worthy their Ambition. But as her Retirement had cooled the Love of many, ſo on the other hand, it encreaſed the Eſteem the whole World had for her. In this Country-houſe ſhe enjoy'd at Liberty all the Innocent Pleaſures of a rural Life; when one Morning her Shepherds brought to her a couple of Men, whom they had found ſtript of all their Cloaths, and bound faſt to a Tree, to which they had been tied the whole Night. They had lent each of them a ſcurvy Shepherd's Coat to cover their Nakedneſs; and in this fine Equipage they appear'd before the fair *Victoria*. So mean a Habit did not hide from her the noble Mien of the younger, who made her a genteel Complement, and told her he was a Gentleman of *Cordova*, *Don Lopes de Gongora* by Name, who travelling from *Sevil* to *Madrid* about buſineſs of great Importance, and having over-ſtay'd his time at Play, about half a Days Journey from *Toledo*, where he had dined the Day before, the Night ſurpriz'd them; and both he and his Man falling aſleep, expecting a Mule-driver who ſtaid behind; ſome Thieves finding them in that Condition, tied them to a Tree, having firſt ſtript them

Victoria doubted not the Truth of his Relation, his good Mien pleading in his Favour; however thought it would be a great piece of Generosity in her to relieve a Stranger reduced to this sad Extremity. It happen'd by good luck, that amongst the Clothes her Brother had left in her Custody, there were some Suits, for the *Spaniards* never part with their old Clothes, tho' they make new ones. They chose the finest, and that which fitted best the Master's Shape; and his Man was also clothed with what they could find next at hand. Dinner-time being come, this Stranger whom *Victoria* had invited to her Table, appear'd so accomplish'd, and entertained her with so much Wit, that she thought the Relief she had afforded him, could never have been better bestowed. They conversed together the remaining part of the Day, and were so much taken with each other's Perfections, that neither of them slept so quietly that Night, as they had done before. The Stranger would needs send his Man to *Madrid*, to fetch him Money, and buy him some Clothes, or at least he pretended to do so; but the fair Widow would by no means suffer him, promising to lend him as much as would carry him to his Journey's end. He made some Overtures of Love to her the very same Day, and she gave him a favourable Audience. In fine, in a Fortnights time, the Opportunity of the Place, the equal Merit of these two Persons, a great many Oaths and Vows on one side, too much Frankness and Credulity on the other, a Promise of Marriage tendred, and their reciprocal Faith plighted in the presence of an old Gentleman-Usher, and Waiting-woman, made her to commit a Fault she had hitherto been thought uncapable of, and put this happy Stranger in Possession of the most beautiful Lady of *Toledo*. For eight days together it was nothing but Love and Dear, Fire and Flames, and the like, betwixt these two Lovers. But now part they must, and Tears will succeed: *Victoria* indeed had right to stay him, but the Stranger pretended he lost a great deal by not going; however profess'd, that since he had been so happy as to win her Heart, he would mind no more either his Law-suit at *Madrid*, or his Preferment at Court. Hereupon she grew impatient to have him

him gone; her Passion it seems not having blinded her Reason so much, as to make her prefer the pleasure of his Company, to that of his Advancement. She got new Clothes made for him and his Man at *Toledo*, furnished him with as much Money as he desired; and so he set forward on his Journey to *Madrid*, mounted on a good Mule, and his Man on another. The poor Lady was full of real Grief at his Departure, and he was no less afflicted, or at least pretended to be so, with the greatest Hypocrisie in the World. The same Day he took his Journey, the Chamber-maid making his Bed, found a Picture-case wrapt in a Letter; she carried them immediately to her Mistress, who found in the Case the Portraiture of a most beautiful young Lady, and reading the Letter, it contain'd these Words, or others to the same effect.

Dear Cousin,

"HERE inclos'd I send you the Picture of the beautiful "*Elvira de Sylva*, but when you shall see her, you will "be apt to confess how infinitely the Resemblance falls short "of the Original; and how much brighter her Beauty is "than that the Painter could draw for her. Her Father *Don* "*Pedro de Sylva* expects you with Impatience: The Arti- "cles of Marriage betwixt you and her are already drawn up "according to your Wishes, and in my Opinion, very much "to your Advantage. All this, I hope, will be sufficient "to hasten your Journey. *Farewel.*

Madrid, &c. *Don Antonio de Rebera.*

This Letter was directed to *Ferdinand de Ribera* at *Sevil*. Now imagine, I beseech you, *Victoria*'s Astonishment at the reading of this Epistle, which in all probability, could be written to no other than her false *Lopez de Gongora*. She now perceiv'd, but too late, that this Stranger, whom she had so highly and so hastily oblig'd, had disguis'd his Name; and thereby was fully assur'd of his Infidelity and Treachery. The Beauty of the Lady in the picture made her to feel all the Torments of Jealousie, and the Articles of Marriage already drawn up, almost distracted her with Despair. Never was any mortal Creature more sensibly afflicted; her

Sighs went near to burſt her Heart, and ſhe ſhed ſuch a Flood of Tears, that her Head aked moſt intolerably. Miſerable, abandon'd Woman that I am, ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, (and ſometimes would alſo bemoan her ſelf before her old Gentleman-Uſher, and Waiting-woman, who had both been Witneſſes of her Marriage) Have I thus long been ſo diſcreet and reſerv'd, to commit at laſt a moſt irreparable Fault? And have I refus'd ſo many Men of Quality of my Acquaintance, who would have thought themſelves but too happy in the Enjoyment of me, to throw my ſelf away upon a Stranger, who perhaps laughs at my eaſie Credulity, now he has ruin'd my Fame, and made me for ever miſerable? What will they ſay of me at *Toledo*? Nay, what will they ſay over all *Spain*? Can a young, baſe, cheating Pretender, be diſcreet? Why did I let him know I lov'd him, before I was aſſur'd of the Sincerity of his Heart? Would he have chang'd his Name, if he had meant to keep his flattering Promiſes? Or can I hope, after all this, that he will not reveal his eaſie Conqueſt over me? What will not my Brother be provok'd to do to me, for what I have done againſt my ſelf? And to what purpoſe is he now courting Glory and Fame in *Flanders*, if I muſt diſgrace him thus in *Spain*? No, no, *Victoria*, thou muſt do any thing to repair this Crime: But before I proceed to Vengeance, and deſperate Remedies, I muſt try to regain by Craft, what I have loſt by my Imprudence: It will then be time enough to have recourſe to deſperate Methods, when all other Means prove ineffectual. *Victoria* had, it ſeems, a great Spirit, and Preſence of Mind, ſince ſhe could fix on ſo good a Reſolution at ſuch a Plunge. Her old Gentleman-Uſher, and her Waiting-woman, would have both given her Advice; but ſhe told them, ſhe knew as much as they could ſay, and that Actions, and not Words, muſt now do her Buſineſs. The very ſame Day, a couple of Carts were laden with Houſhold-ſtuff and Neceſſaries, *Victoria* giving out amongſt her Domeſticks, that ſhe had preſſing Occaſions concerning her Brother, which called her to Court. She took Coach with her Squire and Woman, and haſtned to *Madrid*, whither her Goods were appointed to follow. As ſoon as ſhe arriv'd there, ſhe enquir'd for *Don Pedro de Sylva*'s Houſe, and being informed

informed where abouts it was, hired one for her ſelf in the ſame Street. Her Gentleman-Uſher's Name was *Roderigo Santillane*, who from his Youth had been bred up by *Victoria*'s Father, which made him to love his Miſtreſs, as if ſhe had been his own Siſter. Having much Acquaintance in *Madrid*, where he had ſpent his youthful Days, he ſoon diſcover'd that *Don Pedro de Sylva*'s Daughter was to be wedded to a Gent'eman of *Sevil*, named *Ferdinand de Ribera*, which Match had been made up by a Couſin of his of the ſame Name, and was ſo near a Concluſion, that *Don Pedro* was already providing Servants for his Daughter. The very next Day *Roderigo Santillane*, in a plain, but decent Garb, *Victoria* in the Habit of a Widow of mean Condition, accompany'd by *Beatrix* the Waiting-woman, who was to perſonate her Mother-in-Law, and *Roderigo*'s Wife, went altogether to *Don Pedro*'s, and deſir'd to ſpeak with him. *Don Pedro* receiv'd them very civilly, whom *Roderigo* acquainted with much aſſurance, that he was a decay'd Gentleman of the Mountains of *Toledo*, and having but one only Daughter by his firſt Wife, which was *Victoria*, whoſe Husband died not long ſince at *Sevil*, and finding his own, and his Daughter's Fortune very low, he had brought her to Court to get ſome good Service; and moreover, having been informed that he was about ſettling his Daughter's Family upon Marriage, he hoped he would not take it unkindly, that he came to proffer the young Widow's Service to him, ſhe being a perſon very fit to be a *Duenna* to the Bride; adding, his Daughters Merit gave him the greater Confidence to preſent her to him, not doubting but that her Breeding and good Qualities would procure her a little better Title to her Miſtreſs's Favour, than the ſmall ſtock of Beauty ſhe had to recommend her. Before I proceed any further, I muſt advertiſe thoſe that are unacquainted with it, that the Ladies in *Spain* keep *Duenna*'s in ther Houſes, and that thoſe *Duenna*'s are much the ſame with our *Governantes* or Ladies of Honour belonging to perſons of Quality: I muſt add to this, that the *Duenna*'s in *Spain* are ſevere and troubleſom Animals, no leſs dreadful than a domineering Mother-in-Law is eſteem'd among us. To go on with my Story, *Roderigo* plaid his part ſo well, and *Victoria* beau-

tiful as ſhe was, appear'd agreeable in her modeſt and plain Attire, and had ſuch a promiſing Look in her Face, that *Don Pedro de Sylva* accepted of her immediately to govern his Daughter. He proffered *Roderigo* and his Wife an Employment in his Houſe likewiſe; but he excuſed himſelf, and told him, he had ſome Reaſons not to accept of the Honour he intended him; but having a Houſe in the ſame Street, he would be ready to wait on him at any time he ſhould command it. Thus was *Victoria* entertained in *Don Pedro*'s Houſe, infinitely beloved both by him and his Daughter, and no leſs envied by all the other Servants. *Don Antonio de Rabera*, who had contrived the March between his faithleſs Couſin, and *Don Pedro Sylva*'s Daughter, came often to bring *Don Pedro* News, that his Kinſman was on his Journey, and had written to him of his ſetting forth from *Sevil*; and yet this Couſin did not appear: This very much perplexed him, nor could *Don Pedro* and *Elvira* tell what to make of it: But ſtill *Victoria* was the moſt concerned. However, *Don Ferdinand* was not able to come ſo ſoon: For the very ſame Day he parted from *Victoria*, Heaven had in ſome meaſure puniſhed his Treachery; for as he paſſed thro *Illeſcas*, a fierce Dog running out of a Houſe unawares, affrighted his Mule ſo terribly, that his Leg was ſorely bruis'd againſt a Wall, he threw a down, and his Knee put out of Joint, which pained him ſo exceedingly, that he could not proſecute his Journey. He was ſeven or eight Days under the Surgeons Hands, who were none of the moſt skilful, when his Ailment growing worſe and worſe, he at length acquainted his Couſin with his Misfortune, deſiring him withal to ſend him a Horſe-Litter. The News of his Friends Fall afflicted no leſs, than the Knowledge of his being ſo nigh pleaſed them. *Victoria*, who ſtill loved him, was not a little diſquieted. *Don Antonio* ſent a Litter to convey *Don Ferdinand* to *Madrid*, where being arriv'd, whilſt they were providing Clothes for him and his Retinue, which was to be very magnificent, he being the eldeſt Son of the Family, and wealthy enough, the Surgeons of *Madrid*, more skilful than thoſe at *Illeſcas*, cured him perfectly well. *Don Pedro de Sylva*, and his Daughter *Elvira* had notice of the Day when *Don Antonio de Ribera*

Berta was to bring his Cousin *Don Ferdinand* to them. It is probable the young *Elvira* did not neglect her self upon this Occasion, nor that *Victoria* was without Concern at this intended Interview. She saw her faithless Lover enter, tricke up like a Bridegroom; and if he was so charming in a poor naked *Deshabille*, what must he be now in his Wedding clothes? *Don Pedro* was very well satisfied with him, and his Daughter must have been very nice, had she not been fully pleas'd. All the Servants of the House stared with all the Eyes they had upon their young Lady's Bridegroom, and every one of the Family was over-joy'd at the Match, except the poor *Victoria*, whose Heart you may imagine was oppress with Grief. *Don Ferdinand* was charm'd with *Elvira's* Beauty, and confest to his Cousin, that she was yet more beautiful than her Picture, according to what he had hinted in his Letter. His first Complements display'd a great deal of Wit, and he very skilfully avoided those impertinent Fooleries, and starched Nonsence, which most Men are guilty of, in their first Addresses to a Father-in-Law, and a Mistress. *Don Pedro de Sylva* lockt himself up in a Closet with the two Kinsmen and a Lawyer, to adjust somewhat that was left unfinished in the Articles. In the mean time *Elvira* staid in her Chamber, surrounded by her Women, who all expreſt their Joy at the good Mien, and noble Air of her Lover: Only *Victoria* stood cold and silent, whilst the rest were in their Raptures. *Elvira* observ'd this, therefore took her aside to tell her, that she admired she said nothing of the happy Choice her Father had made of a Son-in-Law, who seem'd so deserving: Adding, that either out of Complaisance or Civility, she ought at least to wish her Joy. Madam, replied *Victoria*, your Lovers Mien speaks so much to his Advantage, that it were needless for me to add my Commendations; the Coldness you have taken notice of, does not proceed from any Indifference; and I were unworthy of the Favours you have vouchsafed me, should I not share in every thing that concerns you; and therefore should be no less transported with Joy at your Marriage, than all the rest about you are, were I not so well acquainted with the Gentleman you are about to wed. My own Husband was an Inhabitant

of

of *Sevil*; whoſe Houſe was not far off from your Lover's. He is, I confeſs, of a good Family, rich, handſom, and, I believe, a Man of Wit. In fine, he is worthy a Lady, ſuch as you are: But withal, I muſt tell you, Madam, you deſire a Mans entire Affection, which he cannot beſtow on you, becauſe his Heart is divided. I could wave a Diſcovery, which may perhaps diſpleaſe you: But I ſhould be wanting to my Duty, ſhould I not reveal all I know of *Don Ferdinand*, in a Buſineſs which ſo nearly concerns the Happineſs or Unhappineſs of your whole Life. *Elvira* was amaz'd at her *Duenna*'s Words, and intreated her, not to defer any longer the clearing thoſe Doubts ſhe had ſtarted. *Victoria* replied, it was neither to be done before her Women, nor in few Words. *Elvira* pretended ſhe had ſome Buſineſs of Privacy in her Chamber, when as ſoon as they were alone, *Victoria* told her, That *Ferdinand del Ribera* was in Love at *Sevil*, with one *Lucretia de Monſava*, a very beautiful Lady, tho' of a very mean Fortune, by whom he had three Children, upon Promiſe of Marriage; and that during *Ribera*'s Fathers Life, it was kept ſecret; after whoſe Death, *Lucretia* having claimed his Promiſe, he grew indifferent to her, whereupon ſhe had left the Buſineſs to the Management of two Gentlewomen, her Relations, who had made ſo much noiſe in *Sevil*, that *Don Ferdinand*, thro his Friend's Perſuaſion, abſented himſelf for a while, to ſhun the Rage of *Lucretia*'s Kindred, who ſought for nothing ſo much as Blood and Revenge. In this poſture were his Affairs, added ſhe, when I left *Sevil*, which is about a Month ago, at which time it was alſo reported, that *Don Ferdinand* was going to *Madrid* to be married. *Elvira* could not forbear asking, whether that *Lucretia* were a great Beauty? *Victoria* told her, ſhe wanted nothing but a Fortune; ſo left her extreme penſive, and firmly reſolved to give her Father inſtantly an account of the Diſcovery. At the ſame Moment, ſhe was called to entertain her Lover, the Buſineſs for which he had retir'd into the Cloſet with her Father, being concluded. *Elvira* went to him, whilſt *Victoria* ſtaid in the With-drawing-room, where the ſame Fellow came to her that attended on him, when ſhe ſo generouſly receiv'd them into her Houſe near *Toledo*. This

Servant

Servant brought a packet of Letters for his Maſter, which he had taken up at the Poſt-Office from *Sevil*; and not knowing *Victoria*, ſo much her Widow's Weeds diſguiſed her, he deſired to be admitted to the Speech of his Maſter, to deliver him his Letters. She told him, it would be a good while before he could conveniently ſpeak with him; but if he durſt truſt her with his Packet, ſhe would be ſure to give it him as ſoon as poſſibly ſhe could. The Fellow made no Scruple in the Matter, but having left the Packet in her Cuſtody, went about his Buſineſs. *Victoria*, who was reſolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to revenge her ſelf, goes up to her own Chamber, opens the Packet, and in a Moment ſeals it up again, together with a Letter of her own, which ſhe writ in haſte. In the mean time, the two Kinſmen made an end of their Viſit, and took their Leaver. *Elvira* eſpying the packet in her *Governante's* Hands, ask'd what it was? *Victoria* coldly anſwer'd, that *Don Ferdenand's* Servant had left a Packet of ſome Letters with her to deliver to his Maſter, which ſhe was going to ſend after him, not being in the way when he went out. *Elvira* ſaid, it would give 'em ſome farther Light about the Diſcovery ſhe had made, and therefore ſhe would open them. This being what was deſir'd, *Victoria* breaks open the Seal a ſecond time: *Elvira* lookt upon all the Letters, and fixing her Eye upon one which ſeem'd to be writ by a Woman, addreſt to *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* at *Madrid*, ſhe read the following Lines.

" Your Abſence, and the News I hear of your Mar-
" riage at Court, will ſoon deprive you of a Perſon that
" valued you above her own Life, unleſs you ſuddenly re-
" turn, and make good your Promiſe; which you can
" neither defer any longer, nor deny me without a manifeſt
" Indifference, or Breach of Faith. If what I hear be true
" that you regard your Vows and Promiſes ſo little, which
" you have made both to me and our Children, I adviſe
" you to take care of your Life; which my Relations are
" reſolv'd to take for your Treachery, whenever your un-
" grateful Uſage ſhall prompt me to call upon 'em for my
" juſt Revenge, ſince you enjoy it now only at my Requeſt.
Sevil, &c. *Lucretia de Monſalva,*

Elvira having read this Letter was throughly perſwaded of the Truth of what her *Governante* had told her. Moreover ſhe ſhew'd it to her Father, who could not but admire, that a Gentleman of his Quality could be ſo baſe, as to be treacherous to a Lady of equal Birth with him, after he had had ſo many Children by her. Thereupon he went to a Gentleman of *Sevil* for farther Information, being a Friend of his, and one that had before given him an account of *Ferdinand*'s Wealth and Circumſtances. He was ſcarce gone out of Doors, when *Don Ferdinand* came to enquire for his packet, attended by his Servant, who told him that his Miſtreſs's *Governante* had promiſs'd to deliver it into his Hands. He found *Elvira* alone in the Parlour, and told her, that tho' the Engagement which was between her and him, might excuſe two Viſits in one Day, yet he now only came for the Letters his Man had told him he had left with her *Duenna*. *Elvira* freely told him, that ſhe had taken them from her, and had had the Curioſity to break them open: not doubting but a Man of his Years had ſome amorous Engagements in ſo great a City as *Sevil*; and tho' her Curioſity afforded her but little Satisfaction, yet had ſhe met with this Caution in Recompence; that it was dangerous for People to be married together, before they were throughly acquainted; adding, ſhe would not debar him any longer of the pleaſure of peruſing his Letters; and therefore immediately reſtor'd him his Packet, together with the counterfeit Letter; and after making him a ſlight Curteſie, left him without waiting for his Anſwer. *Don Ferdinand* was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at his Miſtreſſes Diſcourſe. He peruſed the ſuppoſed Letter, and quickly perceiv'd it was a Trick to hinder his Marriage. He addreſs'd himſelf to *Victoria*, who remain'd in the outward Room, and told her without taking much notice of her Face, that either ſome Rival, or malicious Perſon had contriv'd that Letter to abuſe him. I a Wife in *Sevil*! cry'd he with Amazement: I Children! if this be not the moſt impudent Impoſture that ever was ſet on foot, I'll forfeit my Head——*Victoria* told him he might poſſibly be innocent; however *Elvira* in common Diſcretion could do no leſs than make a farther enquiry into the

the Truth; and that therefore the Marriage would certainly be put off, till her Father *Don Pedro* could be convinc'd by a Gentleman of *Seville*, a Friend of his, (whom he was then gone to ſeek on purpoſe;) that this was only a pretended Intrigue. With all my Heart, anſwer'd he; and if there be but a Lady of the Name of *Lucretia de Monſalva* in all *Seville*, let me forfeit the Honour and Reputation of a Gentleman: And let me intreat you, added he, to let me know, if you are ſo far in your Lady's Favour, as I ſuppoſe you to be, that I may beſpeak your good Offices on this Occaſion. Truly anſwer'd *Victoria*, I believe, without Vanity, that ſhe will not do a thing upon any Body's Account, that ſhe has refuſed to do on mine: But withal I know her Humour to be ſuch, that ſhe is not eaſily appeas'd, when ſhe thinks her ſelf diſoblig'd: And as all the hopes of mending my Fortune depend on the kindneſs ſhe has for me, I ſhall never offer to contradict her out of Complaiſance to you, nor hazard her Diſpleaſure by endeavouring to work her out of the ill Opinion ſhe has of your Sincerity. I am but poor, added ſhe, and not to get any thing, were to loſe a great deal: If what ſhe has promis'd to give me in caſe I marry a ſecond time, ſhould fail, I might live a Widow all the reſt of my Days, tho' I am yet young enough, and not ſo deform'd but that ſome body or other may like me. But 'tis an old Saying, and a true one, *That without Mony* —— She was thus going on with a true *Governante*'s tedious Tale, for to act her Part to the Life, ſhe muſt talk a great deal; When *Don Ferdinand* interrupting her, ſaid: Do me but one piece of Service, I ſhall require of you, and I will put you above the Hopes of your Miſtreſs's Reward: And, added he, to convince you that my Promiſes are not empty Words, give me but Pen Ink and Paper, and you ſhall immediately have what you will under my Hand. Jeſu! Signior, ſaid the feign'd *Governante*, a Gentleman's Word is as good as his Bond——But to obey you, I will fetch you what you deſire. She return'd again with Materials enough to have drawn a Bond for a Million of Gold, and *Don Ferdinand* was ſo gallant, or at leaſt had ſuch a Months mind to *Elvira*, that he ſigned her a Blank, leaving her to fill it up as ſhe pleaſed, thereby to engage her to ſerve him with

with the greater Zeal. This rais'd *Victoria* up to the Clouds: She promis'd Wonders to *Don Ferdinand*, and moreover told him, ſhe wiſhed her ſelf the unhappieſt of all her Sex, if ſhe did not act in this Buſineſs, as if ſhe her ſelf had been a party concern'd. In this ſhe ſpoke a great Truth. *Don Ferdinand* left her full of hopes; and *Roderigo Santillane*, who went for her Father, being come to viſit her, to learn how her Intrigue advanc'd, ſhe gave him an Account of all, and ſhewed him the Blank Paper ſubſcribed; for which he with her gave Thanks to Heaven, finding now that all things ſeemed to contribute to her Happineſs. To loſe no time, he went home to the Houſe that *Victoria* had hired, not far from *Don Pedro's*, as I have before related, where he filled up the Blank *Don Ferdinand* had given, with a Promiſe of Marriage atteſted by Witneſſes, and dated about the ſame time that *Victoria* received this faithleſs Man into her Country-Houſe. He was as skilful a Pen-man as any in *Spain*, and had ſtudied *Don Ferdinand's* Hand ſo exactly well in a Copy of Verſes of his own Writing, that even *Don Ferdinand* himſelf would have been miſtaken in the Forgery, and thought it to have been his own Hand. *Don Pedro de Sylva*, could not meet with the Gentleman he ſought to be informed by, about *Don Ferdinand's* Amours, therefore left a Note for him, and ſo came back to his Houſe; where that ſame Night *Elvira* unboſom'd her Secrets to her *Governante*, and vowed ſhe'd ſooner diſobey her Father, than ever marry *Don Ferdinand*, confeſſing withal, that ſhe had been pre-ingaged to one *Don Diego de Maradas* a long while before, and had in all reaſon complied enough with her Fathers Commands and her own Duty, by putting a Conſtraint on her Inclinations, to ſatisfie him; but ſince Heaven had order'd it ſo, that *Ferdinand's* Treachery was diſcovered, ſhe thought, by refuſing him, ſhe obey'd the Divine Pleaſure, which ſeemed to allot her another Husband. You may imagine *Victoria* fortified *Elvira* in theſe good Reſolutions, and ſpoke quite contrary to *Don Ferdinand's* Expectations. *Don Diego de Maradas*, ſaid then *Elvira* to her, is much diſſatisfied with me, for having paid this Obedience to my Father; but the leaſt inviting Look from me will however be ſure to bring him back, were he at

as

as great a diſtance from me, as *Don Ferdinand* is from his *Lucretia*. Write to him, Madam, quoth *Victoria*, and I will willingly be your Meſſenger. *Elvira* was overjoy'd to find her *Governante* ſo favourable to her Deſigns; ſhe commanded the Coach to be made ready for *Victoria*, who immediately went away with a Billet-doux for *Don Diego*; and being alighted at her Father *Santillane*'s, ſent the Coach back again, telling the Coachman, ſhe would walk the reſt of the Way, whither ſhe deſign'd to go. Honeſt *Santillane* ſhew'd her the Promiſe of Marriage he had drawn up, whereupon ſhe immediately wrote two little Notes, one to *Don Diego de Maradas*, the other to *Don Pedro de Sylva* her Lady's Father; wherein ſhe entreated both of 'em to repair to her Houſe about Buſineſs, with the Direction where ſhe dwelt, and ſubſcribed herſelf *Victoria Portocarrero*. Whilſt theſe Notes were carrying, *Victoria* ſtrips off her black Weeds, puts on very rich Clothes, puts out her Locks, (which I have been told were of the fineſt colour'd Hair that could be) and dreſs'd her Head as nicely as if ſhe had been going to Court. *Don Diego de Maradas* came a while after, to know what Concern a Lady, to whom he was a perfect Stranger, could have with him. She receiv'd him very civilly; and they were ſcarce ſet down, when it was told her, that *Don Pedro de Sylva* was come likewiſe to wait upon her. She entreated *Don Diego* to conceal himſelf in her Alcove, aſſuring him, it concern'd him very much to hear the Diſcourſe ſhe ſhould have with *Don Pedro*. He eaſily comply'd with the Deſire of a Lady of ſo much Beauty, and ſo good a Mien, and *Don Pedro* was admitted into *Victoria*'s Chamber, not knowing her, ſo much had her Head-dreſs and rich Attire changed her Face, and heightned her majeſtick Air. She deſir'd him to place himſelf in a Chair, whence *Don Diego* might eaſily hear all they ſaid and then ſhe began in theſe Words: I think, Sir, I ought in the firſt place to inform you who I am, becauſe in all probability you are impatient to know it. I am of the Family of the *Portocarrero's*, born in the City of *Toledo*, where I was married at the age of Sixteen, and became a Widow about ſix Months after. My Father was a Knight of the Order of St. *Jago*, and my Brother of the Order

of

of *Callatrava*. *Don Pedro* interrupted her, to let her know her Father was his intimate Friend. What you tell me rejoices me extremely, answer'd *Victoria*, for I shall have occasion for a great many Friends in the Affair I design to acquaint you with. After this she inform'd *Don Pedro* of all that past between her and *Don Ferdinand*, and put into his Hands the Promise of Marriage counterfeited by *Santillane*. He had no sooner read it, but she went on thus: You know, Sir, what Honour obliges persons of my Quality to do in these Cases: For tho' Justice should be partially denied me, yet have my Friends power and Credit enough to prosecute my Interest to the highest. I thought, Sir, it became me to let you know my Pretensions, that you might put a stop to that Match you had design'd for your Daughter. She deserves better than to be thrown away upon a faithless Man; and I believe you are more discreet, than to procure her a Husband, whom another has a right to dispute with her. Were he a Grandee of *Spain*, replied *Don Pedro*, I would have nothing to do with him if he were unjust and false, as you say he is: I shall therefore not only refuse him my Daughter, but likewise forbid him my House. As for your self, Madam, continued he, both my Friends and Interest are at your Service. I had notice given me before, that he was a Man that pursu'd his Pleasure, even to the Hazard of his Reputation; and being of that Temper, tho' you had no Title to him, yet should he never have my Daughter, who I hope in God, shall not want a Husband in the Court of *Spain*. *Don Pedro* took his Leave of *Victoria*, perceiving she had no more to say to him; and then she called *Don Diego* out of the Alcove, where he had over-heard all the Conversation she had with her Mistress's Father. This spared her the Labour of repeating her Story to him: She delivered *Electra*'s Letter to him, which transported him with Joy; and lest he should be in Pain to know how she came by it, she entrusted him, with her Metamorphosis into a *Dienna*, knowing he was as much concern'd as her self to keep it secret. *Don Diego*, before he left *Victoria*, wrote an answer to his Mistress's Letter, wherein the infinite Joy he expressed for his reviv'd Hopes, plainly discover'd the real Affliction he had been

been in ever since he thought them quite lost. He parted from the fair widow, who presently put on her *Governante*'s Habit, and return'd to *Don Pedro*'s. In the interim *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* was come to wait on his Mistress, and had taken his Cousin *Don Antonio* along with him to endeavour to set all to rights again, which had been charg'd against him by *Victoria*'s feign'd Letter. *Don Pedro* found 'em with his Daughter, who knew not what to answer, when they both desir'd no better Justification, than only a due Enquiry whether there ever were in *Sevil* such a Lady as *Lucretia de Monsalva*. They renew'd the same Plea to *Don Pedro*, to clear *Don Ferdinand*; to which he answer'd, That if that Engagement with the Lady of *Sevil* was a Supposition, it was so much the easier to be cleared; but that he came from a Lady of *Toledo*, nam'd *Victoria Portocarrera*, to whom *Don Ferdinand* had promis'd Marriage, and to whom he was still more engag'd, by having been so generously assisted by her, when a meer Stranger to her; which he could not deny, since she had under his Hand and Seal a Promise of Marriage; adding withal, that a person of Honour ought not to court a Wife at *Madrid*, whilst he had one already at *Toledo*: At these Words he shew'd the two Cousins the promise of Marriage in due Form. *Don Antonio* knew his Cousin's Writing, and *Don Ferdinand* mistaking it, tho' he were confident he had never given any such, yet was quite confounded at the sight of it. The Father and Daughter withdrew, after they had coldly bid them farewel. *Don Antonio* quarrelled with his Cousin for employing him in this Treaty, when he had another on foot before. They took Coach together, where *Don Antonio* having made him confess his unhandsom proceeding with *Victoria*, reproach'd him a thousand times with the Heinousness of the Fact, and withal, represented to him the evil Consequence that was like to attend it. He told him, he must not think of getting a Wife either at *Madrid*, or in any part of *Spain* after this rate; and that he were happy if he could get off by marrying *Victoria*, without forfeiting his Life with his Honour, *Victoria*'s Brother being a person not us'd to put up so foul Affronts without full Satisfaction. It was *Don Ferdinand*'s part to be silent

whilst

whilſt his Couſin continued his Reproaches. His Conſcience ſufficiently accuſed him of Treachery and Falſhood to a Lady that had ſo highly oblig'd him; but this Promiſe of Marriage however almoſt diſtracted him not knowing by what ſtrange Inchantment they had made him to grant it. *Victoria* being come back to *Don Pedro's* in her Widow's Weeds, deliver'd *Don Diego's* Letter to *Elvira*, who told her how the two Kinſmen had been there to juſtifie themſelves; but that *Don Ferdinand* had been charged with other-gueſs Practices than his Amour with the Lady of *Sevil*; ſhe afterwards related what *Victoria* knew better than her ſelf; tho' ſhe pretended to admire at, and deteſt *Don Ferdinand's* Baſeneſs.

The ſame Day *Elvira* was invited to a Play at one of her Relations. *Victoria*, whoſe Thoughts ſtill ran upon her own Affairs, hop'd, if *Elvira* would follow her Counſel, that this Play might prove favourable to her Deſign. She told her young Lady, that if ſhe had a Mind to meet her Lover *Don Diego*, there was nothing more eaſie, her Fathers Houſe being the moſt convenient that could be; and that ſince the Play was not to begin till Midnight, ſhe might go out a little earlier, and have time enough to ſpeak with *Don Diego*, and after go to her Relations. *Elvira*, who really lov'd *Don Diego*, and had conſented to marry *Don Ferdinand*, meerly out of Reſpect to her Fathers Commands, ſhewed no Reluctancy to do what *Victoria* had propounded. They therefore took Coach as ſoon as ever *Don Pedro* was gone to Bed, and went to *Victoria's* Houſe. *Santillane*, as Maſter of the Family, and *Beatrix*, who perſonated the Mother-in-Law, welcom'd them very kindly. *Elvira* wrote a Billet to *Don Diego*, which was delivered immediately; whilſt *Victoria* diſpatched another privately to *Don Ferdinand* in *Elvira's* Name, to let him know it was in his Power to complete the Match, on which his extraordinary Merit engag'd her to adventure, as not deſiring to make herſelf unhappy for ever by loſing him, only to pleaſe a Father's crabbed ſuſpicious Humour. In the ſame Note ſhe gave him ſuch particular Directions how to find the Houſe, that it was impoſſible he ſhould miſs it: This Note was carried a little while

while after that other from *Elvira* to *Don Diego*. *Victoria* wrote a third likewiſe, which *Santillane* carried himſelf to *Don Pedro de Sylva*, by which ſhe inform'd him, as a truſty *Governante*, that his Daughter, inſtead of going to the Play, would needs ſtop at her Fathers Houſe, and had ſent for *Don Ferdinand* to conſummate her Nuptials with him; which ſhe believing to be contrary to his Conſent, thought her ſelf oblig'd to give him notice of it, to the end he might be ſenſible he was not at all miſtaken in the good Opinion he had entertained of her Honeſty, when he choſe her for his Daughter's *Governante*. *Santillane* likewiſe told *Don Pedro*, that his Daughter had charg'd him not to come thither by any means without bringing an *Alguazil* with him, which is an Officer much like to a *Commiſſary* in *Paris*. *Don Pedro* being then in Bed, haſtned to put on his Clothes in a great Paſſion. But whilſt he is dreſſing, and ſending for a *Commiſſary*, let us go back and ſee what they are doing at *Victoria*'s. By good Fortune the Notes came ſafe to the Brace of Lovers-Hands. *Don Diego*, who had receiv'd his firſt, came firſt to the Aſſignation. *Victoria* met him at the Door, and conducted him into a Chamber, where ſhe left him with *Elvira*. I will not trouble you with the Relation of all the Endearments that paſſed betwixt theſe two young Lovers; and if I would, *Don Ferdinand*'s knocking at the Door will not give me time to do it. *Victoria* lets him in herſelf, after having magnified the great Service ſhe had done him on this Occaſion; for which the amorous Spark returned her a Thouſand Thanks, promiſing he would yet do more for her than all his former Promiſes engag'd him to. She leads him into a Chamber, where ſhe deſired him to ſtay a while for *Elvira*, who was coming, and ſo locked him in without Light; telling him, his Miſtreſs would needs have it ſo, but that 'twould not be long before he ſhould be viſible again; adding, that a young Lady's Modeſty would not ſuffer her to bear, without bluſhing, the Sight of a Man for whom ſhe had committed ſo bold an Action. This done, *Victoria*, with all the haſte ſhe could, attir'd her ſelf as well and as nicely as the ſhort time would permit. She goes into the

the Chamber where *Don Ferdinand* was, who had not the leaſt ſuſpicion but that ſhe was *Elvira*, being no leſs young than ſhe, and having ſuch Perfumes about her, according to the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, as would have made a Chamber-maid paſs for a Woman of Quality. In this interim *Don Pedro*, the *Alguazil*, and *Santillane* arrive: They enter the Chamber where *Elvira* was in private with her Lover; at which they both were not a little ſurpriz'd. *Don Pedro*, blinded by the firſt Tranſports of his Paſſion, was ready to run the Perſon thro' whom he took for *Don Ferdinand*. The *Commiſſary* diſcovering it was not he, but *Don Diego*, held his Arm, bidding him to have a care what he did, ſince it was not *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* that was with his Daughter, but *Don Diego de Maradas*, a Perſon of no leſs Quality and Riches. *Don Pedro* at this behav'd himſelf like a diſcreet Gentleman, and rais'd his Daughter, who had caſt her ſelf at his Feet. He wiſely conſidered, that if he ſhould croſs her Inclination, by oppoſing this Match, he would create both her and himſelf a great deal of Trouble; and beſides could not pitch upon a better Son-in-Law, tho' he had the chuſing of one himſelf. *Santillane* deſir'd *Don Pedro*, the *Alguazil*, and all that were with 'em in the Room to follow him, when he led them to the Chamber where *Don Ferdinand* was ſhut up with *Victoria*. They commanded the Door to be open'd in the King's Name: *Don Ferdinand* letting them in, and ſeeing *Don Pedro*, attended by the *Commiſſary*, told 'em, with a great deal of Confidence, that he was with his Wife *Elvira de Sylva*. *Don Pedro* anſwer'd, he was miſtaken, his Daughter being married to another; and as for you, added he, you cannot deny but that *Victoria Portocarrero* is your lawful Wife. *Victoria* then diſcover'd her ſelf to her faithleſs Gallant, who remained full of Confuſion. She expoſtulated his ingratitude with him; to whom his Silence was his only Plea, as well as to the *Commiſſary*, who told him he could do no leſs than carry him to Priſon. In ſhort, his Remorſe of Conſcience, and Fear of Impriſonment, together with *Don Pedro*'s Exhortations, who minded him of his Honour and Reputation, join'd to *Victoria*'s Tears and Beauty, nothing inferior to that of *Elvira*,

Elvira, and above all the reſt, ſome Sparks of Generoſity ſtill remaining in his Heart, notwithſtanding his Debaucheries and youthful Follies, made him at length, with Reaſon and Juſtice, to yield to *Victoria*'s bright Charms. He tenderly embrac'd her, ſhe being likely to ſwoon in his Arms, which no doubt but his warm Kiſſes preſerv'd her from. *Don Pedro*, *Don Diego*, and fair *Elvira* ſhar'd in *Victoria*'s Happineſs, and *Santillane* and *Beatrix* were ready to dye for Joy. *Don Pedro* very much commended *Don Ferdinand* for thus nobly repairing the Wrongs he had committed. The two young Ladies embraced each other with as great Teſtimonies of Love, as if they had hugged their own Husbands. *Don Diego de Maradas* made a thouſand Proteſtations of his Obedience to his Father-in-Law, or he that ſhould be ſo in a ſhort time. *Don Pedro*, before he went home with his Daughter, made them to promiſe that they would all come and dine the next Day at his Houſe, where for fifteen Days together he endeavoured, by ſolemn Rejoicings, to diſpel the Thoughts of their paſt Troubles. The *Alguazil* was invited too, who promis'd to be there: *Don Pedro* took him along with him; and *Don Ferdinand* remained with *Victoria*, who now had as much reaſon to bleſs her good Fortune, as ſhe formerly had to curſe her evil.

Chap. XXIII.

An unexpected Misfortune, which prevented the acting of the Play.

Nezilla having recounted her Novel with ſo admirable a Grace, *Roquebrune* was ſo pleaſed with it, that he caught up her Hand, and kiſt it whether ſhe would or not. She told him in *Spaniſh*, *That great Men and Fools had the Liberty to do any thing*; for which *Rancour* gave her Thanks in his Heart. This *Spaniſh* Lady's Face, began to break, yet there were many fine Remains of her former Beauty to be ſeen. But had ſhe been leſs handſom, her Wit had made her to be preferr'd to a younger Perſon. All that heard the Story agreed in this, That ſhe had made it very enter-

entertaining in a Language ſhe was yet but a Novice in, being often obliged to intermix *Spaniſh* and *Italian* with it, to expreſs her meaning. Madam *Star* told her, that inſtead of begging Excuſe for putting her to the trouble of ſpeaking ſo long, ſhe expected her Thanks for giving her ſo fair an occaſion to ſhew her extraordinary Wit. The reſt of the Afternoon was ſpent in Converſation, the Garden being full of Ladies, and many Citizens of Note, till Supper-time. They ſupped after the manner of *Mans*; that is to ſay, made very good Cheer; which being over, every one took their Places to ſee the Play: But Madam *Cave* and her Daughter were miſſing. They ſent to ſeek them out; and it was above half an Hour before any Tidings came. At laſt they heard a great Noiſe without the Hall; and preſently after in comes *Cave*, with diſhevelled Hair, her Face bloody, and bruiſed, and crying out, like a diſtracted Creature, that her Daughter had been ſtollen. Her Sobs and Sighs ſo interrupted her Speech, that it was a long time before ſhe could make the Company underſtand how a couple of Strangers, being got thro' a Back-door into the Garden, where ſhe and her Daughter were rehearſing their Parts, one of 'em ſeiz'd upon her, whoſe Eyes ſhe had almoſt ſcratcht out, while two others took away her Daughter by force; the ſame Villain having put her into that ſad Condition they ſaw, and who afterwards mounting on Horſeback follow'd his Comrades, one of whom held *Angelica* before him. She told 'em likewiſe, ſhe had purſu'd 'em as far as ſhe could, crying out, a Rape, but finding no body to be within hearing, ſhe had haſted back again to the Houſe to beg their Aſſiſtance. With theſe laſt words ſhe ſhed ſuch a Flood of Tears, as moved all the Beholders with Pity. *Deſtiny* got preſently on the back of a Horſe, on which *Ragotin* was juſt then arriv'd from *Mans*, (but whether or no it was the ſame that threw him in the Morning, I cannot juſtly tell.) Many other young Men mounted the Horſes they could lay their Hands on, and rode after *Deſtiny*, who was got a good way before 'em. *Rancour* and *Olive* marched on Foot, with their Swords in their Hands, in the Rear of the Horſe; and *Roquebrune* ſtaid with *Star* and *Inezilla*,

who were endeavouring to comfort *Cave* as well as they cou'd. Some found fault with him, for not going along with the reſt, aſcribing it to want of Courage; but others more favourable, have commended his Diſcretion, for ſtaying with the Women while there was the leaſt probability of Danger. In the mean time, the Gueſts were reduced to change their Comedy to Dancing, and having no Fidlers, becauſe they had expected a Play, they trip'd it about to the ſinging of ſome of the Company. Poor *Cave* found her ſelf ſo diſordered, that ſhe went to Bed in one of their Dreſſing-chambers; *Star* took as much Care of her, as if ſhe had been her own Mother, and *Inezilla* was likewiſe very officious. The indiſpos'd Woman at length deſir'd they would leave her to her ſelf; whereupon *Roquebrune* led the two Ladies into the Hall to the reſt of the Company. They were hardly ſet down but one of the Houſe-maids came and told *Star*, that *Cave* deſired to ſpeak with her; ſhe promis'd the Poet and *Spaniſh* Lady to return immediately, and ſo went to her. 'Tis probable that if *Roquebrune* had any Wit in him, he made uſe of that Opportunity to acquaint the fair *Inezilla* with his Neceſſities. As ſoon as *Cave* ſaw *Star*, ſhe deſir'd her to make the Door faſt, and come to her Bedſide. *Star* having ſeated her ſelf as ſhe deſir'd, the firſt thing ſhe did was to weep afreſh, and then ſhe laid hold on her Hands, bathing them with Tears, and groaning and ſobbing after a lamentable manner. *Star* endeavoured to comfort her, giving her hopes that her Daughter would ſoon be recover'd again, her Raviſhers being purſued by ſo many People. I wiſh ſhe may never return, ſaid ſhe, weeping ſtill more and more; I wiſh ſhe might never be found, repeated ſhe again, and that this were all my Grief: But I muſt blame her moſt; nay I muſt, and curſe the hour I brought her into the World. Look here, ſaid ſhe, putting a Paper into *Star*'s Hands: Look, and ſatisfie your ſelf, what a fine Companion you have had, and read in this Letter the Sentence of my Death, and my Childs Infamy. *Cave* fell a weeping again, while *Star* perus'd the following Note, which you may read if you think fit.

'You ought not to doubt the Truth of what I have 'often told you, my Quality and Fortune, ſince there is no 'probability that I ſhould deceive a Perſon, to whom I 'cannot recommend my ſelf, but by my Sincerity. This, 'fair *Angelica*, is the only way by which I can merit 'your Favour. And therefore you may ſafely promiſe to 'grant my Requeſt, which I cannot, nor ſhall not deſire 'to obtain, till I have convinc'd you of my Reality.

As ſoon as ſhe had perus'd the Letter, *Cave* ask'd her, if ſhe knew the Hand? As well as my own replied *Star*; It is *Leander's*, my Brother's Servant, that writes out all our Parts. This is the Traytor that will break my Heart ſaid the poor Woman; ſee if he have not contriv'd it fairly, added ſhe, giving another Letter of the ſame *Leander's* Writing into Madam *Star's* Hands; which you may read as follows Word for Word.

'It reſts only in you to complete my Happineſs, by 'continuing in the ſame Reſolution you were in two 'days ſince. My Fathers Tenant, who is us'd to ſupply 'me with Money has ſent me a hundred Piſtoles, and a 'Brace of good Horſes, which will be more than ſufficient to carry us both into *England*; and being there, I 'am much deceiv'd, if a Father, who loves his only Son 'more than his own Life, do not quickly condeſcend to 'all his deſires, to make him return again.

Well, ſaid *Cave*, what think you now of your Companion, and your Brothers Servant? What think you of that Girl, I had bred up with ſo much Care; and that young Fellow, whoſe Wit and Diſcretion we have ſo often admired? My greateſt Wonder is, that they were never obſerv'd to ſpeak to one another; and that my Daughter's ſprightly Humour ſeemed not in the leaſt to incline her to Love; and yet ſhe's in Love, my deareſt *Star*, and ſo deſperately, as argues as much Madneſs as Affection. I found her this very day writing to her *Leander*, in ſuch paſſionate Expreſſions, that if I had not ſurpriz'd her my ſelf, I could never have believ'd it. You never have heard her ſpeak ſuch Language yet: Ah! had I not torn her Letters in my Fury, you would have been convinced that at Sixteen ſhe knows as much, as thoſe who have practis'd

tis'd Cocquetry all their Lives. I carried her aſide into the Grove, whence ſhe was taken from me, to chide her for the ill Returns ſhe had made me, for all the Pains and Trouble I had undergone on her Account. I will acquaint you with my ſufferings, added ſhe, and then judge you, whether ever any Daughter were more oblig'd to love her Mother. *Star* knew not what to anſwer to theſe juſt Complaints; and beſides, 'twas Wiſdom to let her Affliction take its Courſe. But, continued *Star*, if he were ſo fond of the Daughter, why ſhould he abuſe the Mother? Nay, I cannot tell, anſwer'd *Cave*; For one of his Company, who had laid hold on me, beat me unmercifully; nay, ſtruck me ſeveral times, after I had done ſtruggling with him. Moreover, if this unlucky Fellow be ſo rich as he brags, why does he ſpirit away my Child like a Thief? *Cave* thus bemoan'd her ſelf for a long while, *Star* ſtill comforting her as well as ſhe could. The Maſter of the Houſe came to know how ſhe did, and to acquaint her that there was a Coach ready at her Service, if ſhe deſir'd to return to *Mans*: but however ſhe begged the Liberty to remain there that Night, to which he readily condeſcended. *Star* ſtaid there alſo to keep her Company, while ſome Ladies of *Mans* took *Inexilla* into a Coach with 'em, ſhe being unwilling to ſtay longer from her Husband. *Roquebrune* who could civilly leave the two Actreſſes, was very ſorry he could not wait upon *Inexilla*, but we cannot have every thing we deſire in this World, therefore he muſt be contented.

SCARRON's

SCARRON's Comical Romance.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Which is but an Introduction to the reſt.

THE radiant Sun ſhone perpendicularly upon our *Antipodes*, and lent no more Light to his Siſter, than ſhe had need of, to guide her Steps in a very dark Night. A profound Silence o'er-ſpread all the Earth, unleſs it were thoſe places where Criticks, Owls, or Serenading-Fops are found. In ſhort, all Nature lay hufht in Sleep, (or at leaſt, all Nature ought to have been aſleep) except ſome Poets, who had crabbed Verſes to turn into Meaſure and Rhime, ſome of thoſe unfortunate Lovers, whom we call damned Souls, and all other

other Animals both Rational and Irrational, who had that Night any thing elſe to do. 'Twere needleſs to tell you, *Deſtiny* was one of thoſe that did not ſleep, no more than the Raviſhers of Mrs. *Angelica*, whom he purſued as faſt as he could gallop a Horſe, whoſe Way was often obſcured by the inofficious Clouds, which robb'd the Earth of the feeble Light of the Moon. *Deſtiny* had a tender Love for Mrs. *Cave*, both becauſe ſhe deſerved it, and becauſe he was ſecure of her Affections; nor was her Daughter leſs dear to him, for his Mrs. *Star* being neceſſitated to follow the Stage, he could not have found in all the ſtrolling Companies throughout the Kingdom, two Women more virtuous than they, and fitter for her Companions. Not but that ſome of that Profeſſion are vertuous, yet according to the general Opinion of the World, who perhaps however may be miſtaken, they are more light of Vertue, than of old Embroidery or Paint. But to go on with our proper Buſineſs: Our generous Stroller gallop'd after thoſe Raviſhers, with more ſwiftneſs and animoſity, than the *Lapithæ* did after the *Centaurs*. He firſt went thro' a long Walk, into which open'd the Garden door, from whence *Angelica* had been carried away, and having gallop'd a while, ſtruck at a venture into a little hollow Lane, as are moſt Lanes in *Mayne*. This Lane was full of Wheel-tracks and Stones, and tho' 'twas Moon ſhine, yet the Darkneſs was ſuch, that *Deſtiny* could not perſwade his Steed to go faſter than a broken Pace. He was inwardly curſing this crabbed Way, when he felt either a Man or a Devil leaping on horſeback behind him, and claſping his Hands about his Neck. *Deſtiny* was terribly frighted, and his Horſe ſo much ſtartled, that he had certainly thrown his Rider, had not the Phantom who inveſted him within his Arms, kept him firm on the Saddle. His Horſe rode away with him, like a Horſe in a Fright, and beſides *Deſtiny* put him on with Spurs, not knowing what he did, being very much diſſatisfied, to feel two naked Arms about his Neck, and next his Cheek a cold face, which breathed Time to the cadence of the galloping Nag. The Race prov'd long, by reaſon the Lane was not a ſhort one: At laſt, at the entrance upon

upon a Heath, the Horſe abated his impetuous Courſe, and *Deſtiny* his Fear; for Cuſtom brings us by degrees to bear with the moſt frightful things. The Moon now ſhone with a clearer Light, on purpoſe to let him ſee, that he had a large Man ſtark naked behind him, and moreover a very homely Face next to his. He did not ask who he was, (whether out of good manners or not I cannot tell) but ſtill kept his Horſe on a gallop, tho' by this time he too began to breath ſhort and thick; but when it was leaſt expected, the Hind-Rider dropt off on the Ground, and fell a laughing. *Deſtiny* put on his Horſe amain, and looking behind him, ſaw his Phantom running as faſt as he could drive towards the Place from whence he came. *Deſtiny* confeſt ſince, that no Man could be more frighted than he was at that time. About a Hundred Steps farther, he came to a great Road, that led him to a Hamlet, where he found all the Dogs awake, which made him to think that thoſe he purſued might have gone that way. In order to be inform'd, he did all he could to rouze the Inhabitants of three or four Houſes that ſtood on the Road, but could not prevail, and was inſulted and bark'd at by the Dogs to boot. At length, hearing a Child cry in the laſt Houſe he met with, he cauſed the Door to be open'd with ſevere Threats, and there learns of a Woman, trembling in her Smock, that ſome Troopers had gone thro' their Town juſt before, carrying with them a Woman who wept like a Child, and that they had much ado to ſtill her noiſe. He told the ſame Woman the Adventure he had with the naked Man, and ſhe informed him, that he was a Peaſant of their Village who was run mad, and roved up and down. What this Woman had told him about thoſe Troopers who went thro' that Town, encouraged him to go farther, and made him to requeſt his Steed to mend his Pace. I will not recount how often he ſtumbled, and was frighted at his own Shadow; 'Tis enough to inform you, that *Deſtiny* loſt his Way thro' a Wood, and riding ſometimes in the Dark, and ſometimes in the Moonſhine, at laſt met with break of Day near a Country Farm, where he thought fit to let his Horſe feed, and where we will for the preſent leave him.

CHAP.

Chap. II.

Of the Boots.

WHilſt *Deſtiny* grop'd out his Way in the dark, in purſuit of thoſe that had ſtollen *Angelica*, *Rancour* and *Olive*, who did not take that Rape ſo much to Heart, did not run ſo faſt as he after the Raviſhers; and beſides, you muſt conſider they were on Foot, and therefore cou'd not be expected to go far; wherefore having found in the next Village, an Inn that was open, they went in there and asked for a Bed. The Houſe being full, they were ſhewn up into a Room, where one lay, (either a Gentleman or Plebeian, I can't tell which) who had ſupp'd in the Inn, and being upon Buſineſs which required haſte, (but which never came to my Knowledge) reckon'd to be gone by break of Day. The Arrival of our Strollers did not favour his Deſign of getting betimes on horſeback; for they wak'd him out of his firſt Sleep, for which perhaps he curſt 'em in his Heart; yet the ſight of two Men that look'd ſomething like, was undoubtedly the Reaſon why he did not complain aloud. *Rancour*, who had a genteel Behaviour, firſt begg'd his Pardon for their interrupting his Repoſe, and then ask'd him whence he came? He told them from *Anjou*, and was going to *Normandy*, about Buſineſs that required haſte. *Rancour* went on with his Queſtions while he was undreſſing himſelf, and the Sheets airing; But as they were all impertinent, and of no Benefit to either, eſpecially the poor Man whom they had waked, he was deſired to forbear, and ſuffer him to go to ſleep. *Rancour* begged his Pardon heartily, and at the ſame time Self-Love baniſhing the Love of his Neighbour out of his Breaſt, he reſolved to appropriate to his uſe a Pair of new Boots, which the Oſtler's Boy had brought into the Room, after having clean'd them. *Olive*, who at that time had only a mind to a ſound Sleep, went into Bed, whilſt *Rancour* ſat by the Fire, not ſo much to ſee the Faggot they had lighted burnt out, as to ſatisfie his noble Ambition, of having a

new Pair of Boots at another Man's coſt. Now as ſoon as he thought the Man whom he was about to rob, was faſt aſleep, he took his Boots which ſtood at his Bed's-feet and having put them on without Stockings, not forgetting the Spurs, went thus Booted and Spur'd, into Bed to *Olive*. 'Tis probable he lay as near the Bed-ſide as he could, leſt his armed Legs might touch the naked ones of his Bed-fellow, who would in ſuch Caſe undoubtedly have rais'd a Noiſe about this new Way of lying betwixt two Sheets, and by that means make his Plot miſcarry. The remaining part of the Night was pretty quiet: *Rancour* ſlept, or at leaſt diſſembled Sleep. The Cocks crew; Day came, and the Man who lay in the ſame Room, having order'd a Fire to be kindled, roſe and began to dreſs. When he went to put on his Boots, a Maid offered him *Rancour*'s old ones, which he flung down with Contempt; the Maid obſtinately maintain'd they were his; whereupon he fell into a great Paſſion, and made a deviliſh Noiſe. The Inn-keeper came up upon this occaſion, and ſwore upon the Faith of an honeſt Hoſt, that there were no other Boots beſides his, not only in his Houſe, but alſo in all the Village, the Parſon himſelf never going on Horſeback. Thereupon he began to entertain him with the good Qualities of the Parſon, and to tell him how he came by his Living, and how long he had been in Poſſeſſion of it. The Inn-keeper's idle Talk, made him to loſe all Patience. Now *Rancour* and *Olive*, who had waked at the Noiſe, took cognizance of the Matter; *Rancour* exaggerated the enormity and heinouſneſs of the Fact, and told the Innkeeper, 'twas a very foul thing. I care no more for a Pair of new Boots, than for an old Pair of Shoes, ſaid the poor Boot'eſs Man to *Rancour*, were it not that I am upon a Buſineſs of great Importance, for a Man of Quality, whom I'd chuſe to ſerve before my own Father; and if I could buy other Boots, I'd give any price for 'em, were they never ſo Bad. *Rancour* who ſat up in the Bed, ſhrugg'd up now and then his ſhoulders, and anſwer'd him nothing, keeping his Eyes ſtill fixt on the Inn-keeper and his Maid, (who lookt for the Boots to no purpoſe) and the Wretch that loſt them, who in mean time

time began to fret like a Mad-man, and perhaps design'd to hang himself, when *Rancour* out of an unexampled and unwonted Generosity cryed aloud, thrusting himself into the Bed, like one who was almost dead for want of Sleep, 'Zounds, Sir, don't keep such a Noise about your Boots, but rather take mine, upon Condition you will let us sleep, which is no more than what you desired last Night. The unfortunate Man, who now ceased to be so since he had found a Pair of Boots, had much ado to believe his own Ears. He mustred up a deal of Nonsense to return him Thanks, and which he uttered so passionately, that *Rancour* feared least he should come at last and embrace him a bed. Wherefore he cryed out in a great Passion, swearing most learnedly: Zounds, Sir, what a troublesome Man you are, both when you lose your Boots, and when you thank those that furnish you again. Once more, take mine in God's Name, and all I ask for 'em, is only that you would let me sleep, or else give me my Boots again, and after make as much Noise as you please. He began to open his Mouth in order to reply, when *Rancour* cry'd out, Good God! let me sleep, or let me have my Boots, one of the two. The Inn keeper, who by this time had a great Respect for *Rancour*, from his imperious way of speaking, thrust his Guest out of the Chamber, well knowing that he would have the last word, like one who was highly thankful for a Pair of Boots so generously bestow'd. However he was fain to leave the Room, and go into the Kitchen to put on his Boots, when *Rancour* began to sleep with more Tranquility than he had done in the Night, his sleepy Faculty not being now disturbed either by his wakeful Desire of Stealing a Pair of Boots, or the Fear of being taken in the Fact. As for *Clive*, who had made a better use of his time, he got up betimes, called for some Wine, and fell a drinking, which was the best thing he could do. *Rancour* slept till Eleven of the Clock, and as he was dressing, *Ragotin* happened to come into the Room. He had been that Morning visiting the Actresses at their Toilet, and Mistress *Star* having told him she had but little Reason to think him one of their Friends, since he did not go after her Com-

panion as well as the reſt, he promiſed not to return to *Mans* before he had learnt News of her: But not finding a Horſe, either for Love or Money, could never have kept his Promiſe, had not a Miller lent him his Mule, which he mounted without Boots, and ſo arriv'd (as I ſaid before) at the Village where the two Strollers had lain. *Rancour* had a ſtrange ready Wit; for he no ſooner ſaw *Ragotin* in Shoes, but he thought Fortune had favour'd him with an opportunity of concealing his Theft, which he was before much in pain how to do. Wherefore he preſently deſired him to lend him his Shoes, and to take his Boots, which being new, hurt one of his Feet. *Ragotin* accepted his Propoſal with much joy, for as he rid along, the Tongue of the Stirrup buckle had torn his Stockings, which made him heartily to wiſh for a Pair of Boots. Now to acknowledge the Favour in ſome meaſure, he paid for the Player's Dinner, as well as his own and his Mules. And becauſe ſince his late Fall, (when his Carrabine went off betwixt his Legs) he had made an Oath never to beſtride again the back of any Saddle beaſt, without firſt taking care of his Safety, he therefore made uſe of a joſſing-block; yet with all this Precaution, had much ado to get into the Pack-ſaddle. His Brain was too full of Quick-ſilver to be judicious; a ſign of which was his turning up the Tops of his Boots to his Waſte, which hindred him from having the free uſe of his Hams, that were none of the moſt vigorous in the Province. However *Ragotin* being mounted, and the Strollers on Foot, they ſet forwards on their Journey, and followed the next Road they came at. As they were going along, *Ragotin* opened his Mind to the Strollers, and told them his Deſign by turning Player, and acting but in their Company; proteſting that tho' he did not doubt in a ſhort time he ſhould prove the beſt Actor in the Kingdom, yet he did not expect any profit from his Profeſſion, but what he did was only out of Curioſity, and to let the World know, that he was fit for any thing he had a mind to undertake. *Rancour* and *Olive* fortified him in his noble Deſign, and what with commending and encouraging him, they put him at laſt into ſo good a Humour, than from his

his high Station, he began to repeat Verſes out of *Theophi-las's Piramus* and *Thisbe*. Certain Peaſants who attended a loaden Cart, and were going the ſame way, hearing him ſpeak with the Emphaſis of an Enthuſiaſt, thought he could do no leſs than preach the Word of the Lord; and therefore as long as he rehears'd his Heroicks, they walk'd Cap in Hand by his ſide, and reſpected him like a High-way Preacher.

Chap. III.

The Hiſtory of Cave.

THE two Women-Strollers, whom we left in the Houſe from whence *Angelica* had been ſtollen, had no better Night's reſt than *Deſtiny*. Mrs. *Star* went into the ſame Bed with Mrs. *Cave*; both not to leave her alone in her Deſpair, and to endeavour by gentle Perſuaſions to alleviate her Affliction. At laſt finding ſo juſt a Grief did not want Reaſons to defend it ſelf, ſhe us'd no Arguments to oppoſe it; only to make a Diverſion, began to complain of her own hard Fate, as much as her Bed-fellow did of hers; and thus cunningly engag'd her to relate her Adventures, the more eaſily, becauſe at that Juncture *Cave* wou'd not allow any body to be more unfortunate than her ſelf. She therefore wiping of thoſe Tears that trickled down her Cheeks in abundance, and fetching a ſound and deep Sigh, that ſhe might not have the trouble to ſigh ſo ſoon again, thus began to tell her Story. I was born a Player, Daughter to a Player, of whom I never heard that he had any other Relations but Players. My Mother was Daughter to a Merchant of *Merſeilles*, who had beſtow'd her in Marriage on my Father, as a Recompence for venturing his Life to defend him againſt a Gally-Officer (as much in Love with my Mother, as he was hated by her) who had attack'd him to his Diſadvantage. This was an extraordinary Fortune to my Father; for without being put to the trouble of ſuing and wooing, he married a Wife young, beautiful and richer than a Stroller could ever pretend to. His Father-in-Law endeavour'd to perſuade him to leave his profeſſion, and betake himſelf to the Buſineſs of a Merchant, as the more

more profitable and creditable Employment of the two. But my Mother, who was a great Lover of Plays, hindred him from leaving the Stage; tho' to give him his due, he was inclin'd to follow his Wife's Father's Advice, as one that knew much better than ſhe, that a Player's Life is not ſo happy as it appears to be. My Father left *Marſeilles* ſoon after his Marriage, and carried away my Mother to make her firſt Compagne, ſhe being more impatient than he, and of whom, in a little time, he made an excellent Player. She proved with Child the firſt Year of their Marriage, and was brought to Bed of me behind the Scenes; A year after I had a Brother whom I loved dearly, and by whom I was much belov'd. Our Company was made up of our Family, and three other Players, one of which had a Wife who acted under Parts. Upon a Holy-day, going thro a ſmall Town in *Perigord*, my Mother, the other Player and I, on the Cart that carried our Baggage, and our Men on foot to guard us, our little Caravan was on the ſudden attack'd by ſeven or eight ugly Fellows, ſo very drunk, that meaning only to fright us with ſhooting off a Gun, I felt their ſhot all over me, and my Mother receiv'd a dangerous Wound in the Arm. They ſeiz'd my Father and two of his Companions, before they were in a Poſture to defend themſelves, and beat them unmercifully My Brother, and the youngeſt of our Men fled away, and ever ſince I could never hear of my Brother. The Inhabitants of the Town joined with thoſe that had offered us this outragious Violence, and cauſed our Cart to go back. This eager Mob ran fiercely, like People who have got a great Booty, and are willing to ſecure it, and made ſuch Noiſe that they did not hear one another ſpeak. After an Hours March they carried us into a Caſtle, which we had no ſooner entred but we heard ſeveral people cry out with great Joy, that the Gypſies were taken; whereby we found their Miſtake, which gave us not a little Comfort. The Mare that drew our Cart fell down dead with Wearineſs, having been hard put to it, and ſoundly beaten. The Player to whom the Mare belonged, and of whom the Company had hired her, fell a roaring after as lamentable a manner as if her Husband had been dying: At the ſame time my Mother

ther felt such violent Pain in her Arm, that she fainted away, which made me to roar also so loud, that my Cries drowned those of the Player's, upon account of her Mare. The Noise we made, toge her with the hallowing of the rude Rabble, and of the drunken Scoundre's who brought us thither, caused the Lord of the Castle to come out of a Parlour, attended by four or five ill-look'd Fellows in red Coats or Cloaks. His first Question was, *Where, where are the thieving Gypsies?* Which put us in a terrible fright; but seeing none but fair Faces among us, he then askt my Father who he was; and had no sooner hear'd that we were a wretched Company of Players, but with an impetuous Passion, at which we all wondred, and swearing after as furious a manner as ever I heard Man, he charg'd with his Sword those that had seised us, and caused them to disappear in a moment, some wounded, and the rest in a terrible Fright. The Mob being thus dispersed he commanded my Father and his Companions to be unbound, the Women to be carried into a Room, and our goods to be laid up safe. Some Chambermaids came to wait upon us, and got a Bed ready for my Mother, who found her self very ill of her Wound in her Arm. Soon after, a Man that looked like a Steward, came to express his Masters Concern for the rude Usage we had received. He told us that the Scoundrels who had made so unlucky a mistake, sneaked away most of 'em soundly beaten, or lame, and that a Surgeon had been sent for from the next Town to dress my Mothers Arm; afterwards he asked us very earnestly, whether they had taken any thing from us, and advised us to view our Goods, and see if there were any thing wanting. At Night they brought us our Supper into our Room; the Surgeon came, my Mothers Wound was dress, and she went to Bed in a violent Fever. The next Day the Lord of the Castle sent for the Players, enquired of them how my Mother did, and told them he would not suffer her to go out of his House before she was perfectly recovered. He was so obliging as to send Men up and down the Country to enquire after my Brother and the young Player, with whom he fled away, but, they could not be found: which Misfortune encreased my Mother's Distemper. A Physician and a Surgeon

(more

(more skilful than he who dreſt her Wound firſt) were ſent for from a Neighbouring Town, and in a ſhort time our good uſage in the Caſtle made us to forget the Violence we had ſuffered. The Lord at whoſe Houſe we were entertained, was a very rich Man, more fear'd than lov'd thro' all the Country; as Violent in all his Actions as a Governour of a Frontier Town, and one who had the Reputation of being as brave as *Hercules*. His Name was the Baron *de Sigognac*, at this preſent he can be no leſs than a Marquis, but in thoſe Days he was only a petty Tyrant of *Perigord*. A Company of Gypſies who had lain in his Lordſhip's Barn, ſtole away ſome Horſes out of a Park where he kept Mares for Breed, at a League diſtance from his Caſtle, and the Men that were ſent to purſue them miſtook us for 'em, to our coſt. My Mother being now perfectly well, my Father and his Companions, to expreſs their Gratitude for their kind Entertainment, as far as poor Strollers were able, offer'd to act in the Caſtle as long as the Baron *de Sigognac* ſhould deſire it. An over-grown Page, at leaſt four and twenty Years old, who was undoubtedly the Dean of all the Pages in the Kingdom, and a ſort of Gentleman Waiter, ſtudied the Parts of my Brother, and of the Player with whom he ran away. And now buſie Fame proclaim'd through all the Country, that a Company of Strollers were to act a Play at the Baron *de Sigognac's*; abundance of *Perigordine* Gentry were invited to the Show, and when the Page was perfect in his part, which he found ſo difficult to learn, that they were fain to cut and reduce it to two Lines; we acted *Garnier's Roger* and *Bradamante*. The Aſſembly was very fine, the Room well lighted, the Stage convenient, and the Scenes adapted to the Subject. We all endeavour'd to do our beſt, and we acted with a general Applauſe. My Mother in the Habit of an *Amazon* appeared as beautiful as an Angel, and tho' her late Indiſpoſition made her to look a little pale, yet the Brightneſs of her Complexion obſcur'd all the Lights in the Room. Tho' I have great Reaſon to be very melancholy, yet cannot I forbear laughing whenever I think how ridiculouſly the Page acted his part; neither muſt my ill Humour rob you of this pleaſant Paſſage; perhaps you may not find it

ſuch,

ſuch, but I can aſſure you, it made all the Company laugh heartily, and I have laught at it an hundred times ſince; but whether it were laughable, or becauſe I am one of thoſe who laugh at a very ſmall matter, I ſhant pretend to determine. He acted the Duke of *Aymon*'s Page, and had but two Lines to ſpeak in all the Play; when the old Man reprimanded his Daughter *Bradamante* for refuſing to marry the Emperour's Son, (becauſe ſhe was in Love with *Roger*) the Page ſays to his Maſter,

Monſieur, rentrons dedans, je crains que vous tombiez,
Vous n'étez pas trop bien aſſeuré ſur vos PIEDS.

This great Oaf of a Page, tho' his part was eaſie enough to remember, yet murther'd the ſecond Verſe, and ſaid very aukwardly, and trembling like a Malefactor,

Monſieur, rentrons dedans, je crains que vous tombiez,
Vous n'étez pas trop aſſuré ſur vos JAMBES.

This falſe Rhime ſurpriz'd every Body; he that acted *Aymon*'s part burſt out a laughing, and was no longer able to repreſent an angry old Man. All the Audience laugh'd as well as he; and I my ſelf, who was then peeping thro the Hangings to ſee and be ſeen, laugh'd alſo to that degree that I was ready to drop down. The Maſter of the Houſe, who was one of thoſe melancholy Perſons who laugh but ſeldom, and never at a ſmall Matter, found his Page's want of Memory, and his aukward way of reciting Verſes ſo laughable a Subject, that he was like to burſt by endeavouring to preſerve his Gravity; but at laſt he was fain to laugh as well as the reſt; and his Men told us ſince, that they never knew him ſo well pleaſed in all their Lives. Now as he was a Perſon of great Authority in that Country, there was not one perſon of the whole Audience but laugh'd as much as he, or perhaps more, either out of Complaiſance, or a natural Inclination. I am very much afraid, added *Cave*, I have now done like thoſe who tell People, *I'll tell you a Story that will make you die with Laughing*, and who ſeldom or never are as good as their Words: For I muſt confeſs

confeſs I raiſed your Expectation too high about the ſilineſs of my Page. Not at all, anſwer'd *Star.* I have found it ſuch as you made me expect it; 'tis true, the thing might have ſeemed more ridiculous to thoſe that ſaw it, than it will to ſuch as ſhall only hear it related, the aukwardneſs of the Page contributing much to make it ſo; and beſides, the Time, the Place, and the natural Inclination we have to laugh for Company's ſake, are all Advantages it cannot have now. *Cave* made no farther Apology, and reſum'd her Story where ſhe had left off. After, continued ſhe, that both the Actors and the Audience had laughed as much as their riſible Faculty would give them leave, the Baron *de Sigognac* order'd his Page to come again on the Stage, in order to mend his Fault, or rather to make new Sport for the Company: But the Page (the greateſt Looby that ever I ſaw) refus'd to obey the poſitive Commands of the ſevereſt Maſter in the World. The Baron took his Denial as he was prompted by his haſty Temper, that is to ſay, very ill; and his Reſentment, which ought to have been ſmall, had he been rul'd by Reaſon, prov'd afterwards the fatal Cauſe of the greateſt Misfortune that could befall us. Our Tragedy was honour'd with the Applauſe of the whole Audience; and the Farce was ſtill better receiv'd than the Tragedy, as it generally happens every where, except in *Paris.* The Baron *de Sigognac*, and the reſt of the Gentlemen his Neighbours, were ſo well pleaſed with it, that they deſired to ſee us act again. All the Gentlemen clubbed to make a Preſent to our Company, every one according to his Generoſity; the Baron ſhew'd them the way, and the Play was given out for the next Holy-day. We play'd a whole Month before this *Perigordine* Gentry; during which time we were treated and careſs'd both by Men and Women, and beſides, our Company was preſented with ſome old Clothes half worn out. The Baron entertain'd us at his own Table; his Servants were extremely officious in waiting upon us, and often told us how much they were oblig'd to us for their Maſter's good Humour, whom they found quite alter'd ſince Plays had civiliz'd his rough Manners. The Page alone look'd upon us as people that had blaſted his Reputation for ever; and the Line he had

ſpoiled,

ſpoiled, and which every body in the Houſe, even in the very Scullion, repeated to him often in Raillery, was a cruel Stab to him, of which he at laſt reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon ſome body or other of our Company. Upon a certain Day, when the Baron *de Sigognac* had aſſembled his Neighbours and Tenants, to rid his Woods of a great Number of Wolves that harbour'd there, and by which the Country was very much annoyed; my Father and his Fellow-Strollers accompanied him each with his Gun, as did alſo his Servants. The unlucky Page went along with them, and having found the opportunity he lookt for, to put his ill Deſign againſt us in Execution, he no ſooner eſpy'd my Father, and his Comrades ſeparated from the reſt, and giving one another Powder and Shot to load their Guns; but he let fly his Piece at them from behind a Tree, and ſhot my unhappy Father with two Bullets: His Comrades were ſo buſie in ſupporting him, that they never thought at firſt to purſue the Murtherer, who made the beſt of his Way, and has ſince run the Country. Two Days after my Father died of his wounds: My Mother reſented her Loſs to that Degree, that it almoſt broke her Heart; ſhe fell ſick again, and I was as much afflicted as 'twas poſſible for a Girl of my Years. My Mother's Illneſs proving a lingring Diſeaſe, the Men and Women that belong'd to our Company, took their Leaves of the Baron *de Sigognac*, and went to ſeek their Fortune with ſome other Strollers. My Mother lay ſick for above two Months, but at laſt recover'd, having during that time receiv'd ſuch Tokens of Generoſity and Kindneſs from the Baron *de Sigognac*, as were little to be expected from a Man who had the Reputation of being the greateſt Tyrant that ever made himſelf fear'd in a Country where every Squire pretends to huff and domineer. His Servants, who never found any Humanity or Civility in him before, wondred to ſee him converſe with us, after the moſt kind and obliging manner in the World. One might have thought he was in Love with my Mother, but that he ſeldom ſpoke to her, and never came into our Room, (where we us'd to take our Meals) after my Father's Death, and only ſent often to know how ſhe did: However, the Country talked as if

he

he was great with her, as we have been ſince inform'd. But at length my Mother, conſidering ſhe could not with Decency ſtay any longer in the Houſe of a Perſon of his Quality, had already deſign'd to leave it, and retire to her Fathers at *Marſeilles*. She therefore acquainted the Baron with her Intentions; return'd him Thanks for all his kind Uſage to us, and deſired him to add a new Favour to thoſe we had already received, which was, to lend us Saddle-horſes for her ſelf and me, till we come to a certain Town, and a Cart to carry our little Baggage, which ſhe deſigned to ſell to the firſt Man that would give her any thing for it. The Baron was much ſurpriz'd at my Mother's Requeſt. Nor was ſhe in a leſs Surprize than he, finding he would neither grant it nor deny her. The next Day, the Curate of one of the Churches within his Lordſhip, came to Viſit us in our Chamber, accompanied by his Niece, a good-natur'd and agreeable Girl, with whom I was intimately acquainted. She and I went out to fetch a walk in the Garden of the Caſtle, and left her Uncle alone with my Mother: The Curate had a long Converſation with her, and did not leave her till Supper-time. When I came back I found my Mother melancholly and full of Thought; I asked her three or four times what was the matter, but could get no anſwer from her, only ſhe fell a weeping, and ſo I wept for Company, not knowing why nor wherefore. At laſt ſhe bid me ſhut her Chamber-door, and then told me, (weeping ſtill more than before) that the Curate had inform'd her, that the Baron *de Sigognac* was deſperately in Love with her, and aſſured her beſides, that he had ſo great a Reſpect for her, that he never durſt declare (either by himſelf or others) his Paſſion for her, without offering her Marriage at the ſame time. Here ſhe ſtopt, being almoſt ſuffocated with Sighs and Sobs: I ask'd her once again, What ail'd her? What! Daughter, ſaid ſhe to me, have I not ſaid enough to let you underſtand that I am the moſt wretched Woman in the World? I told her I did not think it ſo great a Misfortune for a Player to become a Lady of Quality. Alas! dear Child, ſaid ſhe, you talk like a young Girl that knows nothing of the World. What (added ſhe) if he ſhould deceive the Curate in order to deceive me?

If

If he does not design to marry me, as he would perſwade me he does, have I not reaſon to fear all manner of Violence, from a Man ſo much a Slave to his Paſſions? And if he really deſigns to marry me, and I conſent to it, what Woman in the World can be more miſerable than my ſelf will in all probability be, when his Fancy is over? How great is his Hatred like to prove, if ever he ſhould repent loving me? No, no, Daughter, continu'd ſhe, Fortune is not ſo favourable as thou imagineſt: Nay, rather ſhe deſigns to aggravate my Load of Woe; for having depriv'd me of a Husband whom I lov'd, and by whom I was beloved, ſhe now would force one upon me, who perhaps will hate me, and oblige me to hate him too. Her Grief, which I thought unreaſonable, encreaſed to that Degree, that ſhe was like to be ſtifled with it, whilſt I helpt her to undreſs her ſelf. I comforted her as well as I could, and endeavoured to combate her Affliction, with all the Arguments a Girl of my years was able to frame, not forgetting to tell her, that the obliging and reſpectful Behaviour which the rougheſt of all Men had ever ſhewn in converſing with us, ſeem'd to be a good Omen, and eſpecially his want of Aſſurance in diſcovering his Paſſion to a Woman, whoſe Profeſſion is rather apt to embolden a Man in his Addreſſes, than inſpire him with awful Reſpect. My Mother ſuffer'd me to ſpeak all I thought fit, went to Bed very much afflicted, and cheriſh'd her Grief all Night long, inſtead of ſleeping. I endeavoured for the ſake of good Manners to reſiſt Sleep, but at laſt was fain to yield, and ſo I ſlept for us both; ſhe got up early in the Morning, and when I awak'd I found her ready dreſt, and her Mind pretty well compos'd. I was in great Pain to know what Reſolution ſhe had taken; for to tell you Truth, I flatter'd my ſelf with my Mothers future Greatneſs, in Caſe the Baron was ſincere and honourable in his Addreſſes, and my Mother willing to grant his Suit. The Thoughts of hearing my Mother call'd my Lady Baroneſs, filled my Mind with Delight, and Ambition began to inflame my youthful Breaſt——

Cave was thus recounting her Story, and *Star* liſtning to her with great Attention; when they heard ſomewhat tread

have been beaten unmercifully. This Country Surgeon took ſuch Delight in muſtring the learned Terms of his Art, that tho' *Deſtiny* was gone from him, and no body left to give him the hearing, yet went he ſtill on with his Diſcourſe till he was fetch'd away to let a Woman Blood, who was dying of an *Apoplexy.* In the mean time *Deſtiny* went up to the Perſon's Chamber of whom the Surgeon had ſpoke, where he found a young Man well clad, with his Head bound, and lying upon a Bed to take his Reſt. He was meditating a Complement to excuſe his intruding into his Chamber, before he knew whether he was willing to admit of his Viſit; but he was not a little ſurpriz'd when at the firſt Words he ſpoke, the other roſe from his Bed, and ran to embrace him, diſcovering himſelf to be his Servant *Leander,* who was gone from him without taking Leave four or five Days before, and whom *Cavé* had ſuſpected to be the Raviſher of her Daughter. *Deſtiny* was at a ſtand, not knowing in what ſort of Tone he ſhould ſpeak to him, by reaſon he ſaw him look like a Gentleman, both in Perſon and Dreſs. Whilſt he was thus viewing him, *Leander* had time to compoſe himſelf, for he ſeem'd ſomething diſorder'd at firſt: I am aſham'd (ſaid he to *Deſtiny*) I dealt not ſo frankly and ſincerely with you, as I ſhould have done with one whom I value ſo much; but you muſt excuſe an unexperienc'd young Man, who before he was well acquainted with you, thought you to be of the ſame Make, as are generally thoſe of your Profeſſion, and therefore upon that Score durſt not to truſt you with a Secret, on which depends the Happineſs of his Life. *Deſtiny* told him, he could not imagine in what particular he had diſtruſted him, ſo deſired he would let him know it. I have a great many things beſides to tell you, if you are not already acquainted with 'em, anſwered *Leander*; but firſt of all let me know what brought you hither? *Deſtiny* told him how *Angelica* had been ſtollen, that he had purſued her Raviſhers, and was informed as he came into the Inn, that he had met with one in him, that could give him an account of them. 'Tis true I met with 'em (reply'd *Leander* with a Sigh) and I did as much againſt 'em, as a ſin-

gle

gle Man could do againſt many; but my Sword happening to break in the Body of the firſt Man I wounded, I could neither reſcue Mrs. *Angelica*, nor die in her Defence, tho' I was fully reſolv'd to do one. They left me in the Condition you ſee me, and thinking they had killed me with a Back-ſtroke they gave me on the Head, (but which did only ſtun me for a while) they went on their way in great haſte. This is all I know of Mrs. *Angelica*, but we ſhall hear more anon from a Servant of mine, who is to meet me here, and whom I ſent to follow them at a diſtance, after he had helped me to mount my Horſe, which they left me, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, they did not think him worth ſtealing. *Deſtiny* ask'd him, why he went from him without giving him Warning? from whence he came? and who he was? Not doubting but that he conceal'd his Name and Condition from him. *Leander* confeſt there was ſome ſuch thing, and having laid himſelf down, becauſe the Blows he had receiv'd gave him cruel Pain, whilſt *Deſtiny* ſat at the Bed's-Feet, *Leander* recounted to him what you may read in the following Chapter.

CHAP. V.

The Hiſtory of Leander.

I Am a Gentleman, of a Family pretty well known in the Province where I was born, and hope one Day to be worth at leaſt four-thouſand Crowns a Year, provided my Father be at laſt pleas'd to die; for tho' 'tis now fourſcore Years ſince he has plagu'd all thoſe who have any dependence upon him, yet he is ſo well in Health that I have more reaſon to fear he will never die, than to hope to inherit three fine Lordſhips, which make up his Eſtate. He deſign'd to make me Counſellor in the Parliament of *Brittany*, tho' againſt my Inclination, and for that purpoſe ſent me to School betimes. I was at the College of *La Fleche*, when your Company came to act there; there I ſaw Mrs. *Angelica*, and fell in Love with her to that degree, that I could mind nothing elſe. Nay I went fur-

ther,

ther, for I had the assurance to acquaint her with my Passion, at which she was not much offended; I writ to her, she receiv'd my Letter, and did not look more coldly than before upon me, the next time I saw her. Afterwards Mrs. *Cave* being fallen sick, and therefore oblig'd to keep her Chamber, whilst you were at *La Fleche*, her Daughter and I had frequent Opportunities of conversing, which she would have prevented had she not been ill; for you know how severe and reserv'd she is for a Woman of her Profession, which seems to dispense with its Followers not being over nice or scrupulous. From the first Moment I fell in Love, I never went to School more, nor mist a Play. The *Jesuits* endeavoured to bring me back to my Duty, but having chosen the most charming Mistress in the World, I refused to obey those troublesome Masters. Your Servant, you may remember was killed at the Play-house Door, by the Scholars of *Brittany*, who made that Year a great Disturbance at *La Fleche*, because they were very numerous, and that Wine happen'd to be cheap, which was in some measure the reason why you went from *La Fleche* to *Angiers*. I did not take my leave of *Angelica*, because her Mother was always with her; all I could do, was to appear before her as she went away, with Despair in my Face, and Tears in my Eyes. A pitying melancholy Look which she cast on me, was like to break my Heart. I lockt my self up in my Room, wept bitterly the remaining part of the Day, and all the Night, and the very next Morning changing Cloaths with my Man, (who was about my Size) I left him at *La Fleche* to sell my School-boys Equipage, and gave him a Letter for a Tenant of my Father's who supplys me with Money whenever I ask'd him for it, with orders to come to me at *Angiers*. I began my Journey thither after you, and overtook you at *Duretail*, where several Gentlemen who were then hunting a Stag, oblig'd you to stay seven or eight Days. There I offer'd my Service to you, and you entertain'd me as your Man, either because you were loth to be without one, or by reason my Face and Mien, which you seem'd to like, had engaged you to hire me. My Hair, which I had cut very short, hindred me from being

being known again by thoſe who had often ſeen me with *Angelica*: Beſides my Man's bad Coat, which I had put on to diſguiſe my ſelf, made me to look like quite another Man, than what I was in my own Cloaths, which were finer than a School-boy's generally are. However Miſtreſs *Angelica* knew me at firſt ſight, and has own'd to me ſince, that ſhe did not doubt, but my Paſſion was very violent for her, ſince I could abandon all to follow her. She had the Generoſity to diſſuade me from it, and adviſ'd me to recall my wandering Reaſon. She made me to feel thoſe Rigours, which would have been ſufficient to have cool'd a Man leſs amorous than my ſelf; but by my conſtant Love, I inſenſibly engag'd her to love me as much as I did her. As you had the ſoul of a Man of Quality, (of ſuch a one, I mean as is truly Noble) 'twas not long before you found out that I was not of the Temper of a Servant; I ſoon gain'd your favour, and beſides, the eſteem of all the Gentlemen of your Company; nay, even *Rancour* did not hate me, tho' he had the Character among ye of loving no body. I ſhall not waſte my time in relating all the fine things, which two Perſons equally in Love might ſay to one another, as often as they happen'd to come together, you know that well enough from your own Experience. I will only tell you, that Miſtreſs *Cave* ſuſpecting our private Correſpondence, or, rather having certain Proofs of it, charg'd her Daughter never to ſpeak to me more; her Daughter however did not obey her; yet having ſurpris'd her writing to me, ſhe us'd her ſo roughly, both before People and in private, that after that time, I found no great difficulty to perſuade her to conſent to be ſtollen. I am not afraid to make this plain Confeſſion to you, knowing you to be as generous as any Man, and at leaſt as amorous as my ſelf. *Deſtiny* bluſht at theſe Words of *Leander*; who went on with his Diſcourſe, and told *Deſtiny*, that he had left the Company in order to put his Deſign in Execution; that one of his Father's Tenants had promis'd him to furniſh him with a ſum of Money, and that he hop'd to receive ſome more at St. *Maloes*, from a Merchant's Son, his intimate Friend, who was lately come to his Eſtate,

by the death of his Parents. He added, that by the Aſſiſtance of this Friend, he did not queſtion but to get over into *England*, and from thence to make his Peace with his Father, without expoſing to his Anger, either his Miſtreſs *Angelica* or her Mother, whom in all probability he would otherwiſe proſecute, with all the advantage that a Man of Wealth and Quality could have over two poor Players. *Deſtiny* made *Leander* ſenſible, that by reaſon of his Youth and Quality, his Father would certainly have indicted Mrs. *Cave* for a Rape, in caſe he had not thought of this way to prevent it. He did not endeavour to make him forget his Miſtreſs; for he was ſenſible, that Perſons in Love, were not capable to follow any Counſel but what was ſuggeſted by their Paſſion, and in a word are more to be pitied than blamed; but he highly diſapproved his Deſign of going over into *England*; and repreſented to him what People might think of two young Strangers in a foreign Country; the hazards and fatigue of a Sea-voyage; the difficulty of being ſupplied with Money, in caſe he ſhould want, and laſtly, the Attempts to which they will be expoſed by Miſtreſs *Angelica*'s Beauty, and the Youth of both. *Leander* did not endeavour to defend a bad Cauſe: He ask'd once more *Deſtiny*'s Pardon, for having conceal'd himſelf ſo long from him; and *Deſtiny* in return promis'd to uſe all his Intereſt with Miſtreſs *Cave*, to incline her to be favourable to him. Moreover he told him, that if he was fully reſolved never to marry any Woman but Miſtreſs *Angelica*, he ought not to leave their Company; adding, that in the mean time his Father might die, or his Paſſion abate, or perhaps, be quite extinguiſh'd——Oh! never, never, cry'd *Leander*. Well then, (ſaid *Deſtiny*) to ſecure your Miſtreſſes Heart, your beſt way is never to loſe Sight of her: Be a Player ſtill with us, for you are not the only Man that treads the Stage, when he could follow a better Employment: Write to your Father; make him believe you are in the Army, and try to get Money from him; in the mean time I will converſe with you as if you were my own Brother, and by that means endeavour to make you forget the indifferent Uſage you receiv'd from me, whilſt I was unacquaint-

ed

ed with your Quality and Merit. *Leander* would have thrown himſelf at his Feet, if the violent Pain he felt all over his Body, upon account of his Bruiſes, would have given him leave: However, he return'd him Thanks after ſo obliging a manner, and made him ſuch hearty Proteſtations of Friendſhip, that from that very moment he had as great an eſteem for him as one Gentleman could poſſibly have for another. They diſcours'd afterwards which Way they ſhould go in ſearch of *Angelica*; but a great Noiſe interrupted their Converſation, and cauſed *Deſtiny* to go down into the Kitchen, where was tranſacting what you ſhall hear in the next Chapter.

Chap. VI.

A bloody Fight at Fiſty-Cuffs: The Death of the Inn-keeper, and other memorable Occurrences.

TWO Men, one of which was in Black like a Country School-Maſter, and the other in Gray, who look'd like a Catch-pole, had laid hold one of another by the Hair and Beard, and now and then box'd it highly after a moſt cruel manner. Both were indeed what their Habits and their Look ſhew'd 'em: He in Black the School-maſter of the Town, Brother to the Curate; and the other in Gray, a Bailif of the ſame Town, and Brother to the Inn-keeper. This Inn-keeper was then in a Chamber next the Kitchen, ready to give up the Ghoſt, being ſick of a violent Fever, which had ſo diſorder'd his Senſes, that he broke his Head againſt the Wall; and his Wound join'd to his Diſtemper, had brought him ſo low, that when his Frenzy left him, he was fain to part with Life, which perhaps he regretted leſs than his ill-gotten Money. He had been a long time a Soldier, and was at laſt come home laden with Years, and ſo light of Honeſty, that he might be ſaid to have leſs of it than Money, altho' he was extraordinary poor. But becauſe Women are very often catch'd by thoſe very things they ought leaſt to be caught by; his twiſted Hair, longer than any Peaſant's in Town, his curſing and ſwearing like a true Son of *Mars*, a briſtling

Feather which he wore on his Hat upon Holy-days, when the Weather was fair, and a rusty long Sword that flap'd againſt the old Boots he had on, altho' he never beſtride a Horſe, all theſe I ſay, gain'd him the Heart of an old Woman that kept an Inn. She had been counted by the richeſt Tenants in the Country, not ſo much on account of her Beauty, as becauſe ſhe got an Eſtate with her firſt Husband by exacting upon People, and cheating in the Meaſure, both of Wine and Oats; yet ſhe couragiouſly reſiſted all the Aſſaults of her Wooers, but at laſt an old Weather-beaten Soldier triumph'd over this old Hoſteſs. This Tavern-Nymph had the leaſt Face, and the biggeſt Belly of any Woman in *Mayne*, tho' which Province abounds in Big-bellied People. I leave to the Naturaliſts to find out the Reaſon of this as well as of the fat Capons of this Country. To return to this ſhort big-woman, whom I fancy to ſee as often as I think on her; She married our Warriour, without acquainting her Relations, and having liv'd to a crazy old Age, and undergone great Hardſhips with him, had at laſt the Satisfaction to ſee him die of a broken Scull, which ſhe look'd upon as a juſt Judgment for his repeated Attempts of breaking hers. When *Deſtiny* came into the Kitchen, mine Hoſteſs and her Maid, helpt the old Curate of the Town to part the Combatants, who had grappled one another like two Ships in a Sea-fight; but the Threats of *Deſtiny*, and his magiſterial way of ſpeaking, brought about what the Curate's Exhortations could not before effect: Whereupon the two mortal Enemies let go their hold, ſpitting half of their bloody Teeth out at their Mouths, bleeding at their Noſes, and with their Hands full of each others Hair both from their Heads and Beards. The Curate being an honeſt well bred Perſon, return'd *Deſtiny* Thanks very civilly; *Deſtiny* to do him farther Pleaſure, caus'd thoſe two very Perſons to embrace in a friendly manner, who a moment before had endeavour'd to ſtrangle one another. During the Reconcilement, the Inn-keeper ended his obſcure Life, without ſo much as giving notice of it to his Friends; inſomuch, that when they entred his Room after the Concluſion of the Peace, they found there was no more

to

to be done than to bury him. The Curate pray'd over the dead Body, and did it very well, for he was ſhort. His Vicar came to relieve him, and in the mean time the Widow bethought her ſelf to roar and cry, which ſhe did with a great deal of Oſtentation and Vanity. The Brother of the deceaſed, diſſembled being ſorrowful, or was ſo indeed; and the Men and Women-ſervants perform'd their Parts as well as he. The Curate follow'd *Deſtiny* into his Chamber, offering to ſerve him to the utmoſt of his Power, as well as *Leander*; and in requital, they invited him to eat a bit with 'em. *Deſtiny* who had eaten nothing yet all that Day, and had uſed a great deal of Exerciſe, fell to it with a greedy Appetite; *Leander* fed more upon amorous Thoughts than Victuals; and the Curate talked more than he eat. He told them a hundred pleaſant Stories about the Avarice of the deceaſed; and acquainted them with the comical Quarrels which this reigning Paſſion had often caus'd him, both with his Wife and his Neighbours. Among the reſt, he related to them how he took once a Journey to *Laval* with his Wife: Now as they came back, the Horſe that carried them both having loſt two of his Shoes, he left his Wife holding him by the Bridle, at the Foot of a Tree, while he went back as far as *Laval*, to look for his Horſe's Shoes; however he got nothing but his Labour for his Pains, whilſt his Wife loſt almoſt all Patience with waiting for him; (for they were come two Leagues from *Laval.*) She began to be in great Pain about him, when ſhe eſpied him coming bare foot, with his Boots and Hoſe in his Hands. She was not a little ſurpriz'd at this Novelty, but ſtill durſt not ask the reaſon of it; for by obeying his Officers in the Wars, he had made himſelf to domineer at home. Neither did ſhe dare to contradict him, when ſhe was commanded by him to pull off her Stockings, or ſo much as to ask him why ſhe did it, only ſhe thought 'twas out of Devotion. He then caus'd his Wife to lead his Horſe by the Bridle, whilſt he walk'd behind and drove him: Thus the Man and Wife without either Shoes or Stockings, and the unſhod Horſe, after a tedious and troubleſome March, came home at laſt, late at Night, and all three very much tired; both the

Inn-keeper and his Wife had their Feet ſo gall'd and ſore, that they could not walk for almoſt a Fortnight after. He never was more pleas'd with any thing he had ever done, and when ever he thought on't, told his Wife laughing, that if they had not come bare-foot from *Laval*, they had been at a great Expence for Shoes, both for themſelves and their Horſe. *Deſtiny* and *Leander* took not much notice of the Story, tho' the Curate had promis'd a good one, either becauſe they did not find it ſo pleaſant as he ſaid it was, or by reaſon they were not then in the Humour to laugh. The Curate who was a great Talker, was not contented with this, but had ſtill a mind to proceed to another, and told *Deſtiny* that what they had heard was nothing in compariſon of what he had to tell 'em, about the Inn-keeper's preparing himſelf for Death. 'Tis now four or five Days, continued he, ſince he knew he was paſt Recovery; and yet he never was more ſparing: He grudged himſelf all the new laid Eggs he eat during his Illneſs; had a mind to know to a Farthing the charge of his Burial, and even would have abated ſomething of my Fees, the Day I heard his Confeſſion; in ſhort, to end as he began, two Hours before he died, he order'd his Wife, in my hearing, to bury him in an old Sheet which he knew was ſomewhere about the Houſe, and which had above a hundred Holes in it. His Wife repreſented to him how undecent a thing it would be for him to be buried in it; but he grew obſtinate, and would have no other. His Wife could not find in her Heart to conſent to it, and becauſe ſhe ſaw him unable to beat her, maintain'd her Opinion with more aſſurance than ſhe had ever done, however without breaking in upon that Duty which an honeſt Wife owes her Husband, whether he be kind or not. At laſt ſhe askt how he could pretend to appear in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat* in that Equipage, and in what pickle he thought he ſhould riſe from the Dead? The ſick Man fell into Paſſion at this, and ſwearing as he uſed to do when he was in Health, Zounds, cry'd he, I never intend to riſe again. I had as much ado to forbear laughing, as to make him underſtand that he had offended God by thus falling into a Paſſion, and much more by

what

what he had ſaid to his Wife, which was a piece of Prophaneneſs and Impiety. He made an act of Contrition for it, tho' ſomewhat againſt the Grain, but not without a promiſe on our ſide, that he ſhould be buried in no other Sheet than what he had pitch'd upon. My Brother who burſt out a laughing when he heard him ſo loudly and plainly renounce his Reſurrection, could not forbear laughing ſtill, as often as it came into his Mind; this the Brother of the deceas'd took exceptions at, and from words advancing to Blows, my Brother and he, both equally ſturdy and paſſionate, had laid hold of one another, and perhaps would have ſtill been cuffing and fighting, if you had not parted them. Thus the Curate made an end of his Relation; having all the while addreſſed himſelf to *Deſtiny*, becauſe *Leander* did not give him any Attention. He took his leave of the Strollers with repeated offers of Service; and *Deſtiny* endeavour'd to adminiſter ſome Drops of Comfort to the afflicted *Leander*, and bid him to hope the beſt. As bruiſed as the poor Youth was, he now and then look't out at the Window to ſee if his Man came, as if his looking would make him come ever the ſooner. But when People wait with Impatience for any body, the Wiſeſt are Fools enough to look towards the place from whence they expect them; which Reflection ſhall be the cloſe of my ſixth Chapter.

Chap. VII.

Ragotin's panick Fear, attended with Diſaſters; the Adventure of the dead Body; a Shower of Cuffs, and other ſurprizing Accidents worthy to have a place in this true Hiſtory.

Leander, as I ſaid before, was looking out at the Window towards the Place from whence his Man was to come, when turning his Head to the other ſide, he ſaw little *Ragotin*, juſt arriving, booted up to his Waſte, mounted on a little Mule, and accompanied by *Rancour* and *Olive*, holding his Stirrups, the one on one ſide, and the other on t'other, like two great Footmen that walk'd by the ſide of a new Sheriff's Horſe on a Lord Mayor's Day. They had heard from Town to Town which way *Deſtiny* went, and

by often enquiring found him at laſt. *Deſtiny* went down to meet 'em, and carried them up into his Chamber. They did not at firſt know young *Leander*, his Looks it ſeems being changed with his Clothes; yet, leſt they ſhould find out who he was, *Deſtiny* order'd him to go down and ſee that Supper was got ready, with the ſame Authority with which he uſed to ſpeak to him; and becauſe the Strollers by that began to know him again, and wondred at his being ſo fine, *Deſtiny* told them, that an Uncle of his in the Lower *Mayne* had equip'd him from Head to Foot, juſt as they ſaw him; and beſides, had given him Money to make him leave off the Stage, which he nevertheleſs had refuſed to do, and therefore came away from him without ſo much as taking his leave. *Deſtiny* and the reſt asked one another News about what they all had been looking after, however were never the wiſer for their Queſtions. *Ragotin* aſſur'd *Deſtiny* he had left the Women in good Health, tho' much afflicted for Mrs. *Angelica*'s Rape. At laſt, Night being come, they went to Supper, the New Comers drank hard, and the reſt, like ſober Men. *Ragotin* began to be merry, challeng'd every body to drink, like a true Toper; broke many a ſilly Jeſt, and fell a ſinging in ſpite of the Company: But no body caring to ſecond him, and the Hoſteſs's Brother-in Law having learnedly repreſented, that it did not look decent for them to make a Debauch ſo near a dead Corps, *Ragotin* made leſs noiſe, but however drank a great deal more Wine. Afterwards they went to Bed, *Deſtiny* and *Leander* in the Room they had already taken, and *Ragotin*, *Rancœur*, and *Olive* in a little Room next the Kitchin, and by the Chamber where lay the Corps of the deceaſed. The Hoſteſs took up her Quarters in an upper Room, near that of *Deſtiny* and *Leander*, both to avoid the ghaſtly ſight of a dead Husband, and to receive the conſolatory Viſits of her Friends, who came to her in great numbers; for ſhe was one of the topping Women of the Village, and was as much belov'd by every body, as her Husband was hated. All things were in a profound Silence in the Inn; the Dogs were aſleep, ſince they did not bark; all the other Animals ſlept likewiſe, or ought to have done, and this Tranquility laſted till between two

and

and three a Clock in the Morning, when all on a ſudden *Ragotin* cryed out as loud as he could bawl, that *Rancour* was dead. Now at once he had wak'd *Olive*, rouz'd *Deſtiny* and *Leander*, and got them to come down into the Kitchin in order to weep, or at leaſt to ſee *Rancour*, who, he ſaid, died ſuddenly by his ſide. *Deſtiny* and *Leander* followed him, when the firſt thing they ſaw as they entred the Room, was *Rancour* walking up and down like a Man in good Health, which, you know, is no ſuch eaſie matter after ſudden Death. *Ragotin* who went in firſt, no ſooner ſpy'd him, but he flew back as if he had been going to tread on a Serpent, or ſtep off a Precipice. He gave a great Shriek, turned pale as Death, and knock'd his Head ſo fiercely againſt *Deſtiny*'s and *Leander*'s, as he flew out of the Room, that he was like to have thrown 'em to the Ground. His Fear made him to run as far as the Garden that belong'd to the Inn, where he was like to catch cold. *Deſtiny* and *Leander* ask'd *Rancour* the Particulars of his Death; to which he anſwer'd, that he could not give ſo good an account of it as *Ragotin*, adding, that he was a little crack'd brain'd. In the mean time *Olive* was ſplitting his Sides with laughing, *Rancour* ſtood ſpeechleſs and unconcern'd, as he uſed to do upon ſuch Occaſions, and neither of them would diſcover what they knew of the Matter. *Leander* made after *Ragotin*, and found him lurking behind a Tree, trembling with Fear more than Cold, tho' he was only in his Shirt. His Fancy was ſo full of dead *Rancour*, that he preſently took *Leander* for his Ghoſt; and was going to run away as he advanced towards him: Next arriv'd *Deſtiny* whom he took for another Ghoſt, both ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions, but could get no manner of anſwer from him; at laſt they took him under the Arms, in order to carry him back to his Chamber; but as they were ſtepping out of the Garden, and *Rancour* advancing to come into it, *Ragotin* diſingag'd himſelf from thoſe that held him, and looking behind with wild ſtaring Eyes, thruſt himſelf into a Thicket of Roſe-buſhes, where he was intangled from Head to Foot, and not able to get out time enough to avoid the encounter of *Rancour*, who called him Mad-man a thouſand times, and told him he muſt be ſhut up. They

all three pulled him out of the Roſe-buſhes; *Rancour* gave him a ſound ſlap on the Breech, to let him feel he was not dead, and at laſt our frighted little Man was carried back to his Room, and put to bed again. But he ſcarce was got into it, when a great Noiſe of Female Voices, which they heard in the next Room, put them to a ſtand to know what was the matter: Theſe were not the Complaints of one afflicted Woman alone, but the hideous Cries of ſeveral together, as when they are in a fright. *Deſtiny* went into the Room, where he found four or five Women with the Hoſteſs, who were looking under the Beds, and in the Chimny, and were terribly frighted. He asked them what the matter was? when the Hoſteſs, half howling, half ſpeaking, told him ſhe did not know what was become of her poor Husband's Corps. She had ſcarce uttered theſe Words but ſhe began to howl, all the other Women, as if it had been a howling Conſort, anſwered her in a Chorus, and together made ſo great and lamentable a noiſe, that every body in the Inn came into that Room, and all the Neighbours and Goers by into the Inn. In the mean time an arch Pilferer of a Cat, ſeized upon a Pigeon, which an unwary Maid had left half larded on the Kitchen-dreſſer, and retiring with her Prey into *Ragotin*'s Chamber, hid her ſelf under the Bed where he lay with *Rancour*. The Maid followed Puſs, with a Faggot-ſtick in her Hand, and looking under the Bed to know what was become of her Pigeon, cried out as loud as ſhe could, that ſhe had found her Maſter, which ſhe repeated ſo often, that the Hoſteſs and the reſt of the Women came to her. The Maid fell about her Miſtreſs's Neck, and told her ſhe had found her Maſter, with ſuch a Tranſport of Joy, that the poor Widow was afraid her Husband was come to Life again, for they took notice that ſhe immediately turned as pale as a Malefactor upon receiving his Sentence. At laſt the Maid bad 'em look under the Bed, where they eſpyed the Corps they had been ſo much in pain about. Altho' it was very heavy, the greateſt difficulty was not to get it from thence, but to know who had put it there; however they carried it into its Chamber again, where they began to dreſs it for Burial. The Players withdrew up Stairs to *Deſtiny*'s Room,

who

who all this while did not know what to make of these strange Accidents. As for *Leander*, his Head ran upon nothing but his dear *Angelica*, which made him as sullen and pensive, as *Ragotin* was sorry that *Rancour* was not dead; by whose Raillery he was so mortified, that he had not a Word to say, contrary to his Custom of talking continually, and intruding upon all Conversations, right or wrong. *Rancour* and *Olive* were so little surpriz'd, both at *Ragotin's* panick Terror, and the Transmigration of a dead Corps from one Room to another without any human Assistance, at least that any body knew of, that *Destiny* began to suspect they had no small share in the Prodigy. In the mean time they were debating the Case in the Kitchin, in order to know the truth of the matter. One of the Plough-Men, who just then came from the Field to eat his Dinner, hearing one of the Maids relate in a great fright, that her Master's Corps had got up of its self and walked, told her, that as he went thro' the Kitchin by break of Day, he saw two Men in their Shirts, who carried it on their Shoulders into the Room where 'twas found. The Brother of the deceased hearing what the Fellow had said, and highly resenting so foul an action, the Widow and her Friends were presently made acquainted with it; all were very much offended at it, and with one Voice concluded that those Men must certainly be Sorcerers, and that they designed to do some wicked thing or other with the Corps. Whilst they were passing this untoward Judgment upon *Rancour*, he happen'd to come into the Kitchin, to bid 'em carry up something for Breakfast into the Strollers Chamber. The Brother of the deceased ask'd him, Why he had carried his Brother's Body into his Room? But *Rancour* was so far from returning an answer, that he did not so much as exchange a Look with him. The Widow put the same Question to him; he shewed her the like indifference, which the good Dame did not him; for she at the same time flew in his Face as furiously as a Lioness bereft of her Whelps would have done. (I fear the Simile is a little too magnificent) Her Brother-in-Law gave *Rancour* a sound Cuff, the Hostess's Friends did not spare him; the Maids put in for their Share, as did also the Men. But a single Man could not

afford room for the Blows of ſo many Strikers, who rather hindred one another; *Rancour* alone againſt ſo many, and by conſequence ſo many againſt him, was not daunted at the Number of his Enemies, and therefore making a Virtue of Neceſſity, began to uſe all the Strength and Activity that God Almighty had put into his Hands, leaving the reſt to Fortune. Never was an unequal Fright ſo obſtinately maintain'd; for *Rancour* preſerving his Judgment amidſt the greateſt Dangers, made uſe of his Policy as well as Strength, dealt his Blows with Prudence, and improv'd 'em to the beſt Advantage. He gave many a Box, which not falling full upon the firſt Cheek it met, glanc'd upon a ſecond, and ſometimes a third, becauſe he generally whirl'd about when he was going to ſtrike, ſo that with one ſingle Blow he often extracted three different Sounds, out of three differing pair of Chops. At the noiſe of the Combatants, *Olive* came down into the Kitchin, and had ſcarce time to diſcern his Comrade amidſt all thoſe that belaboured him, but he felt himſelf more fiercely attackt even than *Rancour*, whoſe Valour and vigorous Reſiſtance now began to ſtrike his Foes with Terror; therefore two or three of thoſe whom *Rancour* had abuſed moſt, fell foul upon *Olive* only perhaps to get their Revenge. The Noiſe increaſed, and at the ſame time the Hoſteſs received ſuch a huge Cuff on her little Piggs-nyes, that ſhe ſaw a hundred thouſand Lights at the ſame time, (this is a certain number for an uncertain one) and was intirely diſabled. She howl'd and roar'd more fiercely, and perhaps more heartily than ſhe had done at her Husband's Death. Her howling brought all the Neighbours to her Houſe, and *Deſtiny* and *Leander* into the Kitchin: Tho theſe laſt came with a Spirit of Peace, yet they preſently had War made upon 'em, without ſaying why or wherefore; they did not want Cuffs and Boxes, neither were they ſo uncivil as to ſuffer thoſe to want them, who had been ſo bountiful as to give them ſo freely. The Hoſteſs, her Friends, and her Maids cry'd out Thieves, and were now only bare Spectators of the Fight, ſome with Eyes black and blew, others with bloody Noſes, others again with broken Chops, and all of 'em with their Head-clothes torn to pieces. The Neighbours eſpous'd the Quarrel

rel of the Hoſteſs againſt thoſe ſhe call'd Thieves; and 'twould require a better Pen than mine muſt pretend to be, to deſcribe the noble Cuffs that were afterwards given and received on both ſides. At laſt Animoſity and Fury had ſo poſſeſt their Breaſts, that they began to ſeize on the Spits, and all other Moveables that one might fling at another's Head. When the Curate coming accidentally into the Kitchen, endeavoured to make the Battel ceaſe. To ſpeak the Truth, altho' they all had a mighty Reſpect for his Character, yet would he in all probability have had much ado to have parted the Combatants, if their Wearineſs had not inclin'd them to hearken to his Advice. Thus tho' all acts of Hoſtility ceaſed on both ſides, yet the Noiſe continued as before; for every one pretended to be heard firſt, the Women eſpecially before the Men with their falſe treble Voices; whereupon the poor good Man was fain to ſtop his Ears and run to the Door for Relief. This having ſilenc'd the moſt obſtreperous, he faced about, enter'd the Field of Battel, and commanded the Inn-keeper's Brother to ſpeak: He firſt of all complain'd of the dead Corps being carried from one Room to another, and had ſo exaggerated the Enormity of the Fact, had he had leſs Blood to ſpit out of his Month, beſides the bleeding at his Noſe which he could not ſtop. *Rancour* and *Olive* pleaded guilty to the Indictment, proteſting withal, that they had not done this with any ill intent, but only to fright one of their Comrades, as they really did. The Curate blam'd 'em very much for it, and ſhew'd 'em the ill Conſequence of ſuch an Action, which was carrying a Jeſt too far. However being a Man of parts, and of great Intereſt among his Pariſhioners, he found no difficulty in adjuſting the Quarrel, and ſo all parted upon even Terms. But wild Diſcord with her hiſſing Snakes inſtead of Hair, had not yet compleated the Miſchief ſhe deſign'd to do in that Houſe; for now there was heard in the upper Room ſuch roaring, as little differs from that of a Hog when he is going to be ſtuck, and yet he that roared at this rate was no other than *Ragotin.* The Curate, the Strollers, and ſeveral others ran up to him, and found him ſunk up to the Ears in a great Wooden-cheſt, where the Hoſteſs kept her Linnen; and what was yet more grievous

to

to the poor entrapp'd *Ragotin*, the Lid of the Trunk which was thick and heavy, had fallen upon his Legs, and ſqueez'd 'em ſo, that it grieved ones Heart to ſee it. A luſty Chamber-maid, who ſtood by when they entred the Room, and look'd very much concern'd, was ſuſpected of having put the little Man into ſo ill a Place. This was the Truth of the buſineſs; and ſhe was ſo proud of what ſhe had done, that whilſt ſhe was making one of the Beds, ſhe did not vouchſafe to mind how they could get *Ragotin* out of the Trunk, nor ſo much as anſwer thoſe who ask'd her the occaſion of the Noiſe they heard. In the mean time the little Man was got out of the Trap, and had no ſooner the uſe of his Feet but he ran to his Sword. They hindred him from laying hold on cold Iron, but could not keep him from cloſing with the tall Maid, whom he could not prevent giving him ſuch a fierce Blow on the Pate, that all the vaſt Seat of his narrow Reaſon was ſhaken by it. This made him to ſtart three Steps back, but it had been but a Spring towards a Leap, had not *Olive* held him by the Breeches, as he was going to ſhoot like a Serpent againſt his dreadful Adverſary. The Effort he made (tho' to no purpoſe) was ſo violent, that the Waſt-band of his Breeches was broken by it, he was likewiſe the Silence of the Company, who then all fell a laughing. The Curate forgot his Gravity, and the Inn-keeper's Brother his Affliction. *Ragotin* alone was not diſpos'd to Merriment, and therefore turned his Anger againſt *Olive*; who being offended at it, truſs'd him up, and carried him (brandiſhing his Legs) to the bed which the Maid was making, where with the Strength of a *Hercules*, he pull'd down his Breeches, (whoſe Waſt-band was already Broken) and then lifting up his Hands, and letting them fall quick and amain on his Thighs, and Places adjacent, in the twinkling of an Eye, made them to look as red as Scarlet. Bold *Ragotin* flung himſelf with great Courage from the Bed on the Ground, but this venturous Action was not attended with the Succeſs it deſerv'd. His Foot got into a Chamber-pot, which to his great Misfortune had been left by the Bed-ſide, and went in ſo deep, that not being able to get it out by the help of the other Foot, he durſt not ſtep from the Bed-ſide

where

where he was, for fear of making yet more Sport for the Company, and bringing their Raillery upon him, which he bore more impatiently than any Man could. Every body wonder'd to ſee him ſo quiet, after ſo great an Emotion. *Rancour* ſuſpected there was ſomething more than ordinary in the matter, and therefore having caus'd him to come out from the Bed-ſide, half willing, half not, all the Company then perceiv'd where the Shoe wrung him, and no body could forbear laughing at the Pewter-foot our Dwarf had made for himſelf. We ſhall leave him treading the Metal with Pride and contempt, that we may go and welcome a new Company which came at the ſame time into the Inn.

CHAP. VIII.

The Hiſtory of Ragotin's *Foot.*

HAD *Ragotin* by his own Strength, and without the help of his Friends, been able to *unpot* his Foot, I mean, to get it out of that ſcurvy Chamber-pot it had ſo unluckily got into, his Anger would have laſted at leaſt all the remainder of the Day: But he was fain to abate ſomewhat of his natural Pride, and be ſubmiſſive; humbly beſeeching *Deſtiny* and *Rancour* to procure the Liberty of his Foot, right or left, I know not whether, for it never came to my Knowledge which of the two it was. He did not addreſs himſelf to *Olive*, by reaſon of what had paſt betwixt 'em: Nevertheleſs, *Olive* came to his Aid, without entreaty, and both his Comrades and he us'd their endeavours to releaſe him. The repeated Efforts the little Man had made to get his Foot free, had caus'd it to ſwell, and thoſe which *Deſtiny* and *Olive* us'd, ſwell'd it yet a great deal more. *Rancour* put his Hand to it firſt of all, but ſo aukwardly, or rather maliciouſly, that *Ragotin* thought he had a mind to make him lame for ever. He deſir'd him very earneſtly to let it alone, as alſo his Comrades, and ſo laid himſelf down upon a Bed, till the Smith they had ſent for, could come to file the Pot off his Foot. The remaining part of the Day paſt pretty quietly in the Inn, tho ſomewhat melancholy betwixt *Deſtiny* and *Leander*, the one

One being very much in Pain about his Man, who did not come to bring him news of his Miſtreſs, according to promiſe; and the other not finding in his Heart to be merry without his dear Miſtreſs *Star*; and beſides, he was concern'd at the Rape of *Angelica*, and pitied poor *Leander*, in whoſe Face he ſaw all the Marks of deep Affliction. *Rancour* and *Olive* ſoon made a Match with ſome of the Inhabitants of the Village, who were at Bowls; and *Ragotin*, the Operation on his Foot being over, compos'd himſelf to reſt, whether he was really ſleepy, or becauſe he was aſham'd to appear in publick after his unlucky Adventures, I won't pretend to ſatisfy you The Corps of the Inn-keeper was carried to his long home, and mine Hoſteſs, notwithſtanding the pious Thoughts her Husband's Death ought to have ſuggeſted to her, exacted ſoon after upon two *Engliſh* Men, who were going to *Paris*, with as much Barbarity, as if ſhe had been a *Dutch* Inn-keeper. The Sun was juſt ſet, when *Deſtiny* and *Leander*, who could not ſtir from their Window, began to ſpy a Coach with four Horſes, attended by three Men on Horſeback, and four Foot-men. Soon after, a Maid came to deſire 'em to reſign their Chamber to the new Company, whereupon *Ragotin* was oblig'd to ſhew himſelf, altho he had a mind to keep his Apartment, yet he was forc'd to follow *Deſtiny* and *Leander* into that, where the Day before he fancied he had ſeen *Rancour* die. *Deſtiny* was known in the Kitchen by one of the Gentlemen in the Coach, who was the ſame Counſellor of the *Parliament* of *Remes*, with whom he got acquainted at the Wedding, ſo fatal to poor *Cuve*. This *Briton* Senator, enquir'd of *Deſtiny* after *Angelica*, and expreſt a concern that ſhe was not found. His Name was *la Garouffiere*, which makes me believe he was rather *Angevin* than *Briton*, for we find as few *Briton* Names begin with *Gar*, as we ſee many *Angevin* ones ending in *lere*; *Norman*, in *Ville*; *Picard*, in *Cour*; and of the people living near the River *Garronne*, in *ac*. To return to Monſieur *la Garouffiere*, he was a Man of Wit, as I ſaid before, and did not think himſelf a Country Wit neither, becauſe when his attendance was not required at *Rennes*, he generally came to *Paris* to ſpend a Sum of Money in

the Publick Houſes, and put on black when the Court went into Mourning. This being duly verified and recorded, ought to be as good as a Patent, if not of Nobility, at leaſt of Gentility; beſides, he was a Wit by the ſame Reaſon that moſt People pretend to have their ſhare in ingenuous Diverſions, as well thoſe that have skill in 'em, as proud, brutiſh and ignorant Coxcombs, who paſs their raſh cenſures both upon Verſe and Proſe, tho' at the ſame time they think it a diſhonour to write well, and would upon occaſion reproach a Man as much for making Books as for counterfeiting the King's Coin. However, Strollers are the better for theſe Pretenders, and are the more careſſed in all the Towns in which they act: For being the Parrots of the Poets, and ſome among 'em who have Wit, writing ſometimes Plays, either out of their own ſtock, or what they borrow from ſeveral others, People are in a manner ambitious of knowing them or being in their company. In our Days the World has done juſtice to their Profeſſion, and ſhew'd a greater eſteem for 'em than was done formerly: And to ſpeak truth, Plays in themſelves are a moſt innocent Diverſion, and may be as inſtructive as entertaining. They are now a-days, at leaſt at *Paris*, purged from their former Licentiouſneſs; and 'twere to be wiſhed the Play-houſes were as well cleared of Pick-pockets, Pages, Foot-men, Whores, Orange-wenches, and ſuch other Vermine, who haunt thoſe Places rather to nim a Purſe, or pick up a Cull, than to hear the ſilly Jeſts of Farces: But now Farces are in a manner exploded, and I am ſure there are many private Aſſemblies where they laugh heartily at low and ſmutty Equivocations, at which the Front Boxes would be offended in the * *Hoſtel de Burgone*: But here let's make an end of this Digreſſion. Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* was overjoy'd to find *Deſtiny* in the Inn, and made him promiſe to Sup with the Company of the Coach, which conſiſted of the Bridegroom of *Mans*, his Bride, whom he was carrying to her own Country *Laval*, the Bridegroom's Mother, a Gentleman of that Province, an Advocate of the Council, and Monſieur *la*

* *As much as to ſay, the Theatre-Royal in* London.

Garouſſier

Garouffiere, all related to one another, and whom *Deſtiny* ſaw at the Wedding where *Angelica* was ſtolen away. Add to all theſe I have named, a Chamber-maid or Waiting-woman, and you may find that the Coach was pretty well cramm'd; not to mention that Madam *Bouvillon* (for ſo was the Bridegroom's Mother call'd) was one of the largeſt Women in *France*, tho' perhaps the ſhorteſt, for I am credibly inform'd, that one year with another, ſhe wore * thirty Stone of Fleſh, beſides all other heavy and ſolid Matters which enter the Compoſition of a humane Body. By this Deſcription you will eaſily believe ſhe was very Juicy, as all ſhort Women generally are. Supper was ſerved up, *Deſtiny* appear'd at Table with that good Mien which was inſeparable from him, and which at that time was not in the leaſt leſſen'd by dirty Linnen, *Leander* having furniſh'd him with a clean Shirt and Cravat. He ſpoke but little, according to his Cuſtom; yet had he talk'd as much as the reſt, who all did it very much, he would not perhaps have ſaid ſo many impertinent things as they. *La Garouffiere*, help'd him to a bit of every thing that was good on the Table; Madam *Bouvillon* did the ſame in Emulation of *la Garouffiere*, and with ſo little Conſideration, that in one Moment all the Diſhes were empty, and *Deſtiny*'s Plate ſo full of Wings and Legs of Fowls, that I have often wondered ſince, how they could raiſe by chance ſuch a high Pyramid of Meat, on ſo narrow a Baſis as the Bottom of a Plate. *La Garouffiere* did not mind what he did, ſo very buſie was he about talking of Poetry to *Deſtiny*, to beſpeak his good Opinion of his own Wit; Madam *Bouvillon*, who had alſo a Project in her Head, continued her good Offices to the Player, and finding no more Pullets to carve, was reduced to help him to ſome ſwinging ſlices of a Leg of Mutton. He was at a loſs what to do with 'em, and was looking for a place where to put two Slices he had in both his Hands, when the Country Gentleman, who was unwilling to hold his Tongue to the prejudice of his Stomach,

* *The French has it Thirty Hundred weight, but I fancy Thirty Stone ſufficient to deſcribe a Woman monſtrouſly Fat.*

ask'd

ask'd *Deſtiny* with a ſmile, whether he could eat all the Meat he had on his Plate? *Deſtiny* caſt his Eyes upon it, and was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee, almoſt level with his Chin, the heap of carv'd Pullets with which *la Garouſſiere* and *Bouvillon* had erected a Trophy to his Merit. He bluſh'd, and could not forbear laughing; *Bouvillon* was daſh'd out of countenance, *la Garouſſiere* laugh'd heartily, and put all the Company in ſo good a Humour, that they broke out into Laughter four or five ſeveral times ſucceſſively. The Servants began where their Maſters left off, and laught in their turns; which the Bride found ſo comical, that breaking out into immoderate Laughter as ſhe was going to drink, ſhe ſpurted the greateſt part of the Wine which was in her Glaſs on her Mother-in-law, and her Husband's Face, and diſtributed the reſt either on the Table, or the Cloths of thoſe that ſat at it. They all began to laugh again, except *Bouvillon*, who colour'd at it, and caſt an angry Look upon her poor Daughter-in-law, which pall'd a little their Joy. At laſt they made an end of laughing, becauſe 'tis not poſſible to laugh for ever; Madam *Bouvillon* and her Son wip'd off the Wine which trickled down their Eyes and Cheeks, and the young Bride ask'd their Pardons, having ſtill much ado to forbear laughing. *Deſtiny* laid his Plate on the middle of the Table, and every one took his own ſhare out of it. They talk'd of nothing elſe during the Supper, and Raillery good or bad was carried on to a high pitch, tho' the ſerious Air, which Madam *Bouvillon* put on prepoſterouſly, did in ſome meaſure diſturb the Mirth of the Company. As ſoon as Supper was over, and the Cloth taken away, the Ladies retired to their Chamber, the Advocate and the Country Squire call'd for Cards, and went to Pickett; *la Garouſſiere* and *Deſtiny*, who were none of thoſe that know not what to do when they do not Play, had together a very ingenious Converſation, and perhaps the beſt that ever was held in an Inn of Lower *Mayne*. *La Garouſſiere* diſcours'd with deſign, on all he thought moſt remote from the knowledge of a Player, whoſe Wit and Judgment have generally narrower Limits than his Memory; but *Deſtiny* talk'd of every thing like a Man of great skill, and who under-

underſtood the World. Among the reſt, with all the nicety of Diſcernment imaginable, he diſtinguiſhed thoſe Women who have a great deal of Wit, and never uſe it but upon occaſion, from thoſe who uſe it only to be thought Witty. Likewiſe thoſe Women who endeavour to imitate ſilly Buffoons, that can laugh at, and even make themſelves licentious Alluſions, and paltry Equivocations; in a word, that ſet up for being the Jeſters of their Pariſh, from thoſe who make up the moſt lovely and agreeable Part of the *Beau-Monde*, and are the choiceſt Company. He ſpoke alſo of thoſe Women who write as well as thoſe Men that make it their Profeſſion, and who do not publiſh the Productions of their Brain, meerly out of a principle of Modeſty. *La Garouſſiere*, who was an accompliſht Gentleman, and knew how to diſcern a Man of nice Breeding, wondered how a Stroller could be ſo well acquainted with true Politeneſs and civil Converſation. Whilſt he admires him within himſelf, and the Advocate and Gentleman, who by this time had given over playing, upon a Diſpute about a fac'd Card, yawn'd and gap'd frequently, which probably might proceed from an Inclination to ſleep; three Beds were got ready for 'em in the Chamber where they had ſupt, and *Deſtiny* retired to that of his Comrades, where he lay with *Leander*.

Chap. IX.

Another Diſaſter which befel Ragotin.

Rancour and *Ragotin* lay in the ſame Bed; as for *Olive*, he ſpent part of the Night in ſtiching up and darning his Clothes, which had been torn in ſeveral Places while he grappled with paſſionate *Ragotin*. Thoſe who were particularly acquainted with this Dwarf of *Mans*, took notice that when he cuffed with any body, which he did frequently, he ever tore or unſtiched the Clothes of his Adverſary, either totally, or in part. This was his ſureſt Stroke, and whoever was to fight a pitcht Battle at Cuffs with him, might have barred tearing of Clothes, as people are wont to do puſhing at the Face in Fencing.

Rancour

Rancour ask'd him as they were going to Bed; if he was well, for he thought he lookt very ill; to which *Ragotin* answered, he never was better in all his Life. 'Twas not long e'er they fell asleep; and *Ragotin* may thank the Respect which *Rancour* had for the honourable Company that were come to the Inn, whose Repose he car'd not to disturb; otherwise the little Man had had but a sorry Night on't. In the mean time *Olive* was busie about his Clothes, and having put them in good repair, took *Ragotin*'s also, and with the Dexterity of a nice Botcher, made both the Doublet and Breeches straiter, and then laid them again in their Places. Now having past the greatest part of the Night in sowing and unsowing, he went to Bed with *Ragotin* and *Rancour*. They got up betimes, as is usual in all Inns, where the Noise begins with the Day. *Rancour* told *Ragotin* again that he lookt very ill; *Olive* told him the same, so he began to believe 'em, and finding at the same time his Clothes above four Inches too strait, did not question but that he was swoln so much during that little time he had been asleep, and was not a little frighted at so sudden a Change. *Rancour* and *Olive* still continued to remember him how ill he lookt, and *Destiny* and *Leander*, whom they had acquainted with the Plot, told him likewise he was strangely alter'd. Poor *Ragotin* was very much concern'd and wept at it: *Destiny* could not forbear smiling, which made the little Man very Angry. He went into the Kitchen, where every body told him of his ill Looks; the like did the Company that belong'd to the Coach, who having a great way to go, were in like manner got up betimes. They invited the Strollers to Breakfast, and all drank sick *Ragotin*'s Health, who instead of thanking them went out grumbling, and in a heavy taking repair'd to the Surgeon of the Town, to whom he gave an account of his swelling. The Surgeon made a long Discant upon the Cause and Effect of his Disease, which he understood however no better than *Algebra*, and for above a quarter of an Hour entertain'd him with the obscure Terms of his Art, as little to the purpose, as if he had discoursed about *Prester-John*. *Ragotin* at length grew impatient, and ask'd him, swearing to Admiration for a

little

little Man, whether he had nothing elſe to ſay. The Surgeon would have gone on in his Reaſoning, but *Ragotin* threatned to beat him, and had certainly done it, had not the Operator humbled himſelf before his Angry Patient, from whom he drew twelve Ounces of Blood, and cup'd him on the Shoulders at a venture. The Operation was juſt over when *Leander* came to tell *Ragotin* that if he would promiſe him not to be angry, he would acquaint him with a piece of *Roguery* that had been contriv'd againſt him. He promis'd more than *Leander* could deſire, and ſwore as he hop'd to be ſav'd, that he would be as good as his Word. *Leander* told him he deſir'd to have Witneſs of his Oath, and therefore carrying him back to the Inn, he there, in the Preſence of all, both Maſters and Servants, made him to ſwear a new, and after told him ſome body had made his Clothes ſtraiter. At firſt *Ragotin* redden'd for Shame, and then turning pale with Anger and Indignation, was about to break his dreadful and ſolemn Oath, when ſeven or eight Perſons at once began to preach to him with ſuch vehemence, that tho' he ſwore like a Mad-man, yet could he not be heard. He ceaſed to bluſter; but the Company did not however give over ſounding him in the Ears, which they continued doing ſo long, that the poor Man was like to loſe his hearing upon it. At laſt he came off better than could have been expected, for falling a ſinging as loud as ever he could, what Songs came firſt into his Head, that chang'd the great Noiſe of confus'd Voices into repeated Peals of laughing, which from the Maſters were eccho'd by the Servants, and ſo paſſed from the Place of Action, to all other Places in the Inn, whether different Buſineſſes had called different Perſons. Whilſt the Noiſe of ſo many People's laughing diminiſhes by degrees, and is loſt in the Air, ſomewhat like the ſound of diſtant Ecchoes, the faithful Chronologer ſhall make an end of this preſent Chapter, under the gracious Favour of the Reader, whether courteous or uncourteous, or ſuch as God Almighty had made him, ſignifies not much.

CHAP.

Chap. X.

How Madam Bouvillon *could not reſiſt a certain Temptation; and beſides, how ſhe got a Bunch in her Forehead.*

THE Coach that was to go a great Journey the next Morning, was got ready betimes for that purpoſe; the ſeven that were to go in it crowded together as cloſe as poſſible. At the time appointed it went out, but had not gone above ten Yards before the Axel-tree broke. This made the Coachman to curſe his Misfortune, and the paſſengers to curſe him, as if he could have warranted the Strength of his Wood. Now were his people to be drawn forth one by one, and obliged to return to the Inn from whence they came; but this did not vex them ſo much as when they heard that there was no Coach-maker to be met with nearer than at a large Town three Leagues off. Hereupon they immediately called a Council, but came to no Reſolutions, plainly perceiving their Caravan was not likely to be fit for Action till the next Day. Madam *Bouvillon*, who had preſerv'd to her ſelf a great Authority over her Son, by reaſon that the whole Eſtate of the Family came by her, commanded him in the mean time to take one of the Servants Horſes, and mount his Wife on another, and ſo go viſit an old Uncle of hers, who was then Curate of the ſame Town whence this Coach-maker was to come. The Lord of that Town was likewiſe a Relation to the Councellor, and moreover an Acquaintance of the Advocate and Gentleman, and therefore they alſo reſolved to take a Vagary to the ſame place, and on the ſame Account. For this end their Landlady was to furniſh them with Horſes, which ſhe did, tho at very great Rates. Madam *Bouvillon* being thus left alone, either becauſe ſhe was tired, or that ſhe feigned to be ſo, or elſe by reaſon that no Horſe was able to carry her Weight, ſent her Servant to *Deſtiny* to deſire him to come and dine with her, and whilſt Dinner was getting ready ſpent her time in dreſſing. Firſt ſhe curl'd and powder'd, then put on a lac'd Apron and Nightrail, and afterwards took to pieces a *Point de Veniſe* Cravat

Cravat of her Son's to make her a *Commode*. After this she opened her Daughter-in-Law's Trunk, and took thence her Wedding-Gown and put it on: In a word, thus trick'd up and adorn'd, she look'd like to any little *Venus* in a Cloud, tho' that somewhat of the fattest. Now notwithstanding all these preparations of hers, *Destiny* had, no doubt, much rather have dined with his Companions; but then how could he have obey'd the Commands of his very humble Servant Madam *Bonvillan*? He therefore not knowing how to get free, was forc'd to comply; but was not a little surpriz'd when he saw his Paramour so youthfully dress't. She receiv'd him with a smiling Countenance, took him by the Hands to have him wash them, and squeez'd him after a manner that meant something more than ordinary. He for his part was less solicitous of his Invitation, than the occasion of it, and therefore often neglected eating, which gave her an opportunity to press it. He knew not what to say to her, being naturally no great Talker; but which defect she plentifully supply'd by her never ceasing Clack. She was but too ingenious to suffer any Chasm in Conversation for want of something to say. When a Woman that talks much, meets with a Man that says little and does not answer her, she always talks the more, for judging of her Friend by her self, and perceiving that he has not *repartied* to what she advanced, she presently believes he has not been pleased with what was said: and therefore to mend the Matter, proceeds to say a great deal more, which commonly proves as impertinent as her first Discourse was ridiculous. The only way that I can propose to deal with such Women as these, is to talk as much, if not more than they, for thereby if they cannot be silenc'd, their Voices may at least be drowned. As for the matchless *Bourlon*, she was the most immoderate Talker of nothing that ever was known, for she not only talk'd to her self while she was in private, but wou'd answer her self likewise. The silent disposition of *Destiny* giving her an Opportunity, she determin'd to divert him with some large Relation or other. The Subject she chose to speak of, was the Intrigues of *Laval*, the Town where she lived; but she never hapned to blame

any

any Perſon or Action, but ſhe always took thence an occaſion to commend her ſelf, proteſting at every fling of Satyr on her Neighbour, that tho' ſhe was guilty of many Faults, yet in that particular ſhe was innocent. Tho' *Deſtiny* was extremely mortify'd at the beginning of her Diſcourſe, and made her no Anſwer, yet he afterwards found himſelf oblig'd for quietneſs ſake, to ſmile now and then, and ſometimes to cry out, *Oh! that's pleaſant! oh! that's ſtrange!* both which he often ſpoke, however *mal a propos.* As ſoon as *Deſtiny* had done eating, the Voider was brought and the Table cleared. Then Madam *Bouvilon* clapping her ſelf down at the Feet of the Bed, pulled him down by her, and her Servant (letting the Waiters of the Inn go out firſt) leaving her likewiſe, drew the Door after her, and ſhut it: This Madam *Bouvillon* perceiving, and thinking that *Deſtiny* had alſo obſerv'd it, ſaid to him, *See this flooliſh Jade has ſhut the Door after her.* To which he reply'd, *If you pleaſe, Madam, I'll go open it. No,* ſaid ſhe ſtopping him, *let it alone*; but you know, continued ſhe, when two Perſons are lock'd up together, as they have an opportunity to do what they pleaſe, People will judge of them as they think fit. 'Tis not on ſuch Reputations as yours, Madam, reply'd *Deſtiny*, for People to paſs raſh Judgments. However, Sir, quoth *Bouvilon*, one cannot have too much caution againſt Slander. Well, Madam, reply'd *Deſtiny*, but People will not talk without Grounds, and ſure they can have none when they reflect upon the Inequality of our Conditions. Will you pleaſe therefore Madam, continued he, that I go open the Door. By no means, Sir, quoth ſhe, going to bolt it, and adding withal, For as long as People think it ſhut, it is better it were really ſo, that no body may come in upon us without our Conſent. Having ſaid thus much, and perform'd the Office of a Friend for herſelf, ſhe turn'd towards *Deſtiny*, giving him to underſtand by her large fiery Cheeks, and little ſparkling Eyes, what Sport ſhe had a mind to be at; then ſhe proceeded to take off her Handkerchief from her Neck, and thereby diſcover'd to her Lover at leaſt ten Pounds of exuberant Fleſh; that is to ſay, near the third Part of her Boſom, the reſt being diſ-

tributed in two equal Portions under her Arm-pits. This ill intention of her's causing her to Blush, (which sometimes the most impudent will do) her Neck was become as red as her Face, and both together might be well taken at any distance for a Scarlet * Riding Cap. All this made *Destiny* to blush too, but it was with Shame, when I'll give you leave to guess what might be the cause of Madam *Bouvi lon*'s blushing. Then she began to complain, that she had something troubled her in her Back, and therefore moving her self about in her Harness as if she had itch'd, begged of *Destiny* to thrust his Hands down her Stays to scratch her. This the Youth immediately obey'd her in, trembling all the while, but whilst he was employ'd in pleasing her behind, she diverted herself with him before, handling his Sides thro' his Wast-coat, and asking him often, *If he was not ticklish?* Whilst these Lovers were thus pleasing each other, *Ragotin* came to the Door, and knocking and bawling like to any Mad-man, call'd out aloud to *Destiny* to open to him. This *Destiny* going to perform, drew his Hand all sweaty from *Bouvillon*'s Back, but offering to go between her and the Table, as the shortest cut, chanced to trip against a Nail in the Floor, which brought him down with his Head against a Bench after that violent manner, that he lay sometime for dead. Madam *Bouvillon* in the mean time catch'd up her Hankerchief, and having thrown it over her shoulders, made all the haste she could to open the Door, which having done, and *Ragotin* pushing against it with all his force at the same time, gave the poor Lady so cruel a Blow on the Face, that it almost flatted her Nose, and also raised a bump on her Fore-head, of the bigness of one's Fist. This made her to cry out, *she was dead*; which, tho' the little Rascal heard, he nevertheless made no excuse for, but leaping and bounding about the Room like a Mad-man, bawled out, *Mrs.* Angelica's *found! Mrs.* Angelica's *found*! This he did the louder to provoke *Destiny*'s Anger, who was all this while calling for Madam *Bouvillon*'s Maid to come and help her Mistress, which she nevertheless could not possibly hear, by reason of the Noise

* *Caps which Country Men use, and button about their Necks.*

which

which *Ragotin* made. At length the Servant came, and brought water and a clean Napkin, when between her and *Deſtiny* there was quickly ſome ſmall Reparation made for the Damage done by the Door. But however great was *Deſtiny*'s Impatience to know what more News *Ragotin* had brought; he notwithſtanding would not leave Madam *Bouvillon* till her Face was waſh'd and anointed, and her Forehead bound up with a Bandage. At laſt he offer'd to be gone, but that calling *Ragotin* a thouſand Rogues for the Miſchief he had done on the one Hand, while *Ragotin* drew him after him on the other, to give him a farther account of his Meſſage.

Chap. XI.

Of things that will divert, it may be, the leaſt of the whole Book.

THIS true Madam *Angelica* was found again, and had been brought away by *Leander*'s Servant. This Servant had but too much Wit to let any body know that *Leander* was his Maſter, and *Angelica* endeavour'd to diſguiſe that by Policy, which *Olive* and *Rancour* had done before bluntly. *Leander* enquir'd of Madam *Angelica* and his Servant, whom he made to paſs for one of his Friends *Where and how he had found her*; and which Queſtions he happen'd to ask juſt as *Ragotin* entred, leading in *Deſtiny* in Triumph, or rather dragging him after him, becauſe he could not go ſo faſt as he would have him. At firſt *Deſtiny* and *Angelica* embrac'd with reciprocal Teſtimonies of Friendſhip, and with that Tenderneſs which Friends long abſent are wont to ſhew on an unexpected Interview. *Leander* and ſhe careſs'd only with their Eyes, leaving farther Remonſtrances of Kindneſs to a private Meeting. In the mean time *Leander*'s Servant began his Story after the following manner, treating his Maſter all the while like his Friend. After I had left you, quoth he, addreſſing himſelf to Leander, I purſued the Raviſhers of *Angelica*, according as you had deſired me, till Sun ſet, when, and not before, I loſt ſight of them. Next Morning I was not a little ſurpriz'd to find the Lady I look'd after at the Entrance of a Wood alone, on foot, and all diſſolv'd in Tears. Here-

upon having acquainted her that I was your Friend, and that it was at your Requeſt that I had gone in queſt of her, ſhe ſeem'd to be ſomewhat comforted, and beg'd of me to conduct her to *Mans* or at leaſt to carry her to *Leander* if I knew where to find him. Now Madam, continued he, turning to Angelica, it muſt be your part to relate the reſt; for you know you were ſo afflicted on the Road that I did not care to ask you any queſtions. Thoſe that were leaſt curious of all the Company, had yet a mind to learn from *Angelica*'s own Mouth the account of ſo ſtrange an Adventure; for ſtrange it might well ſeem to them, that a young Lady ſhould be carried away with ſuch Violence, and be afterwards ſurrender'd, or rather abandon'd without the leaſt force. In order to this Relation, *Angelica* firſt deſired they would help her to a Bed; but which they not being able to do, by Reaſon the Inn was at that time full, the honeſt Curate oblig'd her with a Chamber in his Siſter's Houſe, which was next Door. Now *Angelica* had not ſo great occaſion for a Bed to ſleep on, as to reſt her ſelf upon; therefore *Deſtiny* and *Leander*, with the reſt of the Company, were admitted to her Bed-ſide as ſoon as ſhe was laid. Altho' ſhe would have been glad that *Leander* ſhould have had an Opinion of her Conſtancy, yet could not ſhe well look upon him without bluſhing. The obſerving of this made him to pity her Confuſion extremely, and in order to divert her from doing her ſelf any Diskindneſs, he immediately put her upon relateing that part of the adventure which his Servant could not. This Requeſt of his ſhe forthwith proceeded to gratifie, as follows. You may imagine, quoth ſhe, my Mother and I were not a little ſurpriz'd, when while we were walking together in the Garden that adjoins to our Houſe, we ſaw all of a ſudden a little Door open, which looks toward the Country, and five or ſix Men enter thereat, who immediately ſeiz'd upon me, without regarding my Mother, and carried me away half dead with Fear to their Horſes. My Mother, whom ye all know to be one of the moſt reſolute Women in the World, fell furiouſly upon the firſt of thoſe ſhe overtook, and reduced him to that Condition, that he could not poſſibly get out of her Hands till he had

called

called one of his Companions to his Aſſiſtance. The perſon that reſcued him, who was ſo baſe as to beat my Mother, as I heard him afterwards brag on the Road, was it ſeems the Author of this Enterprize. He nevertheleſs came not near me all that Night, during which we marched like Perſons perſued by an Enemy, and that thro' the moſt By-roads; for otherwiſe the Noiſe I made might have been ſufficient to have allarm'd ſome body to my Relief. They ſo manag'd the Matter, that we met with but one little Village in our way; the Inhabitants thereof I ſoon raiſed with my ſhrill Notes, who nevertheleſs were not numerous enough to reſcue me. The Morning came, and then my Raviſher approach'd me; but had no ſooner ſeen me than he flew from me in great paſſion, and afterwards aſſembled a Council of his Companions, which laſted about half an Hour. My Raviſher after that ſeem'd to be enrag'd as much as I was griev'd, and often ſwore to make the Devil to do among his Companions. Their tumultuous aſſembly being at an end, I could by no means come to know what Reſolves they had agreed on. We were put on our March again; and from that time forward I had leſs reſpect paid me than before. They quarrel'd with me as often as they ſaw me uneaſie, and curs'd me as if I had been ſome great Offender. They carried me away, as you might perceive, ſpeaking to *Leander*, with a Player's Habit on, which they hid by throwing one of their Cloaks over me. They met a Man upon the Road, of whom they endeavour'd to inform themſelves of ſome Matters. I was ſurpriz'd to ſee it was *Leander*, and I believe he was no leſs aſtoniſh'd to ſee me; for he knew me as ſoon as ever I diſcovered my Habit, as well as by my Face. He may inform you if he pleaſes what he did. For my part, ſeeing ſo many Swords drawn upon him, I fainted away in the Arms of him that held me upon the Horſe, and when I came to my ſelf, found we were again upon our March, but ſaw *Leander* no more till now. Hereupon I began to redouble my Cries, but my Raviſhers, whereof there was one wounded, little regarding me, took their way croſs the Country, and laſt night ſtopp'd at a little Village, where they lay and paſſed for Soldiers. This Morning at the Entrance of a Wood

They met a Man with a young Gentlewoman on Horſe-back; her they immediately unmask'd, and having ſo done, it ſeems, knew her, when taking her from her Guardian, and beſtowing on him a few Blows of a Cudgel, they rid away with her, as they had done with me; ſhe making as great, if not greater Lamentations than I had done. When I heard her Voice, I fancied I knew her, but could not be poſitive. After we had got about fifty Paces into the Wood, the Man that ſeem'd to have the Command of the reſt, rid up to the perſon that carried me, and cried to him, *Set down that ſlabbering Milkſop you have behind you, and let her ſhift for her ſelf.* Herein he was immediately obey'd, and I was all of a ſudden left alone upon the Ground. The Dread I had to be thus alone would have certainly been the end of me, had not this Gentleman here, (meaning *Leander's* Servant) who brought me hither, follow'd at a Diſtance, and found me in that Condition. The reſt he has acquainted you with: But, continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to *Deſtiny*, I believe that ſame Lady which was preferr'd to me might be your Siſter, my Companion; and the Reaſon I have for it is not only the reſemblance of her Voice with that I heard, but likewiſe the Man that carried her, I dare be poſſitive, was the Servant you took laſt. What's that you tell me, quoth *Deſtiny* ſomewhat diſturb'd I tell you my Thoughts, reply'd *Angelica*, but I may be deceived, one perſon may be like another; yet ſtill I fear it was ſhe. I fear ſo too, reply'd *Deſtiny*, with his Countenance much chang'd, for I have ſome reaſon to apprehend a certain perſon in this Province for an Enemy, that would do me ſuch a good turn. But how came ſhe at the Entrance of a wood, continued he, when *Ragotin* left her Yeſterday at *Mans*? I'll go ſend away one of my Friends thither preſently, purſu'd he, to know the Truth, while I ſtay behind to determine a Reſolution ſuitable to the News he brings. As he had done ſpeaking, he heard ſome body call him out of the Street, and ſtepping to the Window, perceived it was Monſieur *la Garouſſiere*, who was juſt then return'd from his Viſit, and who told him, he had ſomething of Importance to communicate to him. He went down to wait on him, and thereby left *Leander* and *Angelica* together, to enjoy each

each other after ſo tedious an Abſence, and to pour out their Sighs and Vows into one another's Boſom. I fancy 'twould have been no ſmall Pleaſure either to have ſeen or heard them; but ſtill their greateſt Happineſs was to have been alone. During this, *Deſtiny* demanded of *la Garouffiere* what he had to ſay to him. Do you know a certain Gentleman called *Verville*, quoth *Garouffiere*, and is he one of your Friends? He is the only perſon that I have been oblig'd to in the World, repli'd *Deſtiny*, and whom I honour moſt, and who I believe has the like Kindneſs and Reſpect for me. I believe the ſame, anſwer'd *Garouffiere*, for I met him to Day at the Gentleman's where I dined, and all his Diſcourſe was of you. He asked me a hundred Queſtions concerning you, without my being able to ſatisfie him any; and if I had not promiſed to ſend you to him, he would certainly have come hither himſelf to wait on you before now, altho' he has a great deal of Buſineſs upon his Hands where he is. *Deſtiny* thanked him heartily for his kind Information, and having learnt farther from him, where his Friend *Verville* was, reſolv'd to go to him that very Minute, hoping to learn from him ſome News of his Enemy *Saldagne*, whom he knew very well to be the Author of the carrying away of *Angelica*, and, provided ſhe were not miſtaken in the Voice ſhe heard, of the raviſhing of his dear *Star* likewiſe. He deſired his Companions to return immediately to *Mans*, and to congratulate Mrs. *Cave* in his Name, upon the News of her Daughter's being found; and moreover deſired of them either to ſend a Man on purpoſe, or elſe ſome one of them to come ſpeedily back, and bring him word how his dear Madam *Star* did, provided he could but hear any News of her there. He inform'd himſelf farther of *Garouffiere*, which was the way to the Town where *Verville* was to be found. After which, having made the Curate to promiſe that his Siſter ſhould take care of *Angelica*, till ſuch time as he ſent for her from *Mans*, he took *Leander*'s Horſe, and got about Night to the Town where *Verville* was. He did not think proper to go to look after *Verville* himſelf, for fear he might meet *Saldagne* at his firſt coming, whom he knew to be thereabouts, and therefore ſtepping in at a little Hedg

Cabaret hard by, he ſent the Boy to *Verville*, to let him know that the Gentleman whom he had deſir'd to ſee, was there waiting for him. *Verville* came, and throwing his Arms about *Deſtiny*'s Neck, continued for ſome time embracing him, being ſcarce able to ſhew the Love and Tenderneſs he had for him.

Chap. XII.

Which perhaps will entertain its Reader as little as the foregoing.

Verville and *Deſtiny* gave an Account to each other of all Matters concerning them, which they were ſeparately ignorant of. *Verville* tells *Deſtiny* of the wondrous Brutality of his Brother St. *Far*, and of the great patience of his Wife in bearing with him. Thence he takes an occaſion to extol his own Happineſs, in having ſo good a Woman to his Wife, and afterwards tells him News of the Baron *D'Arques* his Father, and of Monſieur *de St. Saveur*. *Deſtiny*, on his part, relates all his Adventures, not concealing the leaſt; and *Verville* farther acquaints him, that *Saldagne* ſtill continued to live thereabouts, as ill a Life as ever, promiſing withal, that if Madam *Star* were to be found in his Cuſtody, he would do all that lay in his power to recover her out of his Hands, at the hazard both of his own Life, and thoſe of his Friends, which he could command. He farther tells him, that he had no Place to retire to, but his Father's, and another Gentleman's in the Country, who was as bad as he, and beſides, who had little or no Eſtate to maintain himſelf, and therefore could not be able to entertain another long. He muſt therefore, continued he, come to our Houſe ſpeedily, if he will remain in our Province. My Father bears with him, 'tis true, on account of ſome Relation; but my Brother St. *Far* cares no more for him, whatever Friendſhip has been formerly between them. I would adviſe you therefore, proceeded he, to come along with me to my Father's to Morrow, and I will place you ſo that you ſhall obſerve all he does, and notwithſtanding be ſeen by no Body but thoſe you have a mind to ſee. *Deſtiny* lik'd this Advice of his Friend *Verville*'s very

very well, and resolved to follow it; but *Verville* being to sup that Night with the Lord of the Town, an old Man his Relation, who had design'd him for his Heir, it could not be put in execution till the next Morning. *Destiny* for his part supp'd only on what he could find in the *Cabaret*, and went to Bed betimes, that he might not make his Friend wait for him the next Day, for they had design'd to be on their Journey by Sun-rising. At the Hour appointed they set forth, and as they rid along, for three Leagues together, entertained each other with those Particulars they had not time to speak of before. As soon as they were got to their Journeys end, *Verville* plac'd *Destiny* in the House of a Servant of his, whom he had married not long before to a Woman in that Town, and who lived very prettily, not far off from the Baron *D' Arques* his Father. He gave particular Orders that he should be kept private, and promised he would return to him in a very short Time. It was not above two Hours before he did return accordingly; but acquainted *Destiny* at first dash, that he had bad News to tell him. Hereupon *Destiny* began to grow pale and to tremble, but *Verville* soon removed the Cause thereof, by the following Relation. I was no sooner alighted, quoth he to *Destiny*, but I saw your Friend *Saldagne* carried between four Men into a Ground Chamber, and that by reason of a Fall he had got from his Horse, which had so bruis'd him, that he was not able to walk. At first sight of me he told me he had occasion to speak with me, and desired me to come to his Chamber after the Surgeon, who was then present, had done dressing his Leg, which had been extremely shatter'd by his Fall. I came accordingly, and as soon as we were alone, he began thus. I must, says he, confess all my Faults to you, tho' you are the least indulgent of any of my Censurers, your Prudence being a continual Terror to my Folly. He afterwards owned he had carried away a Woman Player, for whom he said he had had a kindness all his Life long, and would tell me the Particulars thereof, which he believed I would be surpriz'd at. He told me consequently that the Gentleman I was speaking of before, who had been us'd to entertain him, having been obliged

to leave the Province on account of ſiding with a Brother of his, who had been found to have made bad Salt, he was forc'd to bring his Booty to my Father's Houſe, and that he had deſired of his Siſter, my Wife, that ſhe would conceal her in her Apartment, for fear this Action of his ſhould come to his Father's Knowledge, which he ſaid, he dreaded. He afterwards conjured me to lend him one of my Servants, by reaſon his own were great Blockheads, that might conduct her ſafe to an Houſe of his in *Britany*, whither he ſaid he would follow as ſoon as ever he could well mount his Horſe. He ask'd me farther, If I could not procure him a Man or two more to accompany my Servant, for well he knew how difficult a thing it would be for three Men to carry off a Woman ſo far without her conſent. I made him believe 'twas an eaſy matter, the better to ſerve you. Now, continued *Verville* to *Deſtiny*, his Servants are altogether Strangers to you, and mine is a very cunning Fellow, and faithful to me, therefore I will cauſe him to tell *Saldagne* that he will take along with him a ſtout Fellow, an Acquaintance of his to his Aſſiſtance; and this ſame Fellow I deſign ſhall be you. Therefore, purſu'd he, your Miſtreſs muſt be acquainted with this, and this very Night that they think to get a great way by the help of the Moon, ſhe muſt feign her ſelf ſick in the firſt Village; then will they be oblig'd to ſtop; my Servant ſhall make *Saldagne*'s Men drunk. She ſhall afterwards ſeem to recover, and then proceeding on in their Journey, it will be an eaſie matter for my Man to impoſe on the Drunkards, and to make them believe that you come behind with their Charge, when it ſhall be contriv'd that you ſhall go a quite contrary way, and ſo carry your dear *Star* quite off. *Deſtiny* found a great deal of maſterly contrivance in this Propoſal of *Verville*'s, and whoſe Man, whom they had juſt then ſent for, entred the Chamber much at the ſame time. They conſulted together what they had to do, and agreed on all Points. Afterwards *Verville* retired with *Deſtiny* the reſt of the Day, being unwilling to part with him ſo quickly after ſo long an abſence, tho' he nevertheleſs hop'd to ſee him again at *Bourbon*, whither he was to go. At Length Night came

and

and *Deſtiny* went with *Verville*'s Servant to the Place appointed *Saldagne*'s two Men fail'd not to be there likewiſe, when *Verville* by *Saldagne*'s Order conſign'd into their Hands the Charge of Madam *Star*. You cannot imagine what Joy enflam'd theſe two Lovers Hearts at this enterview, but ſpeak they muſt not, and look languiſhingly they dare not, ſo that their paſſion might be well term'd inexpreſſible. They had not gone above half a League before Madam *Star* began to compla'n. Her Attendants exhorted her to take Courage till ſhe came to a Town about two Leagues off, where they gave her hopes ſhe ſhould reſt. Her Malady encreaſed at every ſtep, and *Verville*'s Man and *Deſtiny* did all that in them lay to prevent *Saldagne*'s Servants from miſtruſting the reality of her Sickneſs, ſo near to the Place they ſet out from. At laſt they arrived at the Town, and immediately went to the Inn (whereof there was but one in all the Place) which they happily found full of Gueſts and Drunkards. Madam *Star* continued to grunt, and feign'd Sickneſs better by Candlelight than ſhe had done by Day light. She called for a Bed, and lay down in her Clothes, requiring her Guards but to leave her for an Hour only, and ſhe did not queſtion but by that time ſhe ſhould be fit to get on Horſeback again. They left her, and *Saldagne*'s Servants left all other Matters to the management of *Verville*'s Man, who had had their Maſters Orders. For their parts, they thought they had no more to do than to make much of themſelves, and therefore ſtruck in with a jolly Company of roaring Boys, who were placed round a Table, pelting one another with *Healths* as thick as Hail-ſhot from the Mouth of a Demi-Culverin. *Verville*'s Man would ſometimes ſtep in and take his Glaſs to renew the Fight, when there was like to be any Ceſſation of Arms; the reaſon he gave for his often flinching, was his having the Care of the Lady, but the Truth was, he had a mind to get an opportunity to mount her and *Deſtiny*, and ſend them away, which he ſoon after did by By-roads; but therein varied from the Stratagem his Maſter had laid, as you may have obſerv'd before. After he had ſo done, he returned to his Drunkards, amuſing them with flim flam Stories, and telling

ing them the Lady was for the preſent gone to ſleep, but that ſhe would ſoon awake, and then they would be jogging onwards of their Journey. He told them likewiſe, that *Deſtiny* was gone into the Stable to look after the Horſes, but would return preſently. He then put about the Glaſs, and *toaſted* ſeveral Healths, all which *Saldagne*'s Men took in Bumpers, till at laſt their Heads grew ſo heavy, that they could not poſſibly lift them from the Table. It was therefore they were forc'd to be carried out and thrown upon a Lump of Straw in a Barn, for Beds they were not ſuffer'd to lie upon, for fear they ſhould have ſpoil'd the Sheets. *Verville's* Man feign'd himſelf drunk likewiſe, but which he really was not, by reaſon he had often baulk'd his Glaſs. In the Morning he waked betimes, and going ſorrowfully to his Companions in the Barn, told them that their Charge was flown, but that he had ſent his Friend *Deſtiny* after her, who he hop'd would overtake and bring her back. However, he thought it both theirs and his Duty to mount immediately, and aſſiſt in the purſuit, and therefore bid them riſe inſtantly and prepare to be gone. It was at laſt an Hour before he could make them comprehend what he ſaid, and I'll aſſure you 'twas near eight Days after, before they were wholly ſober. As all the Inn was drunk that Night, even from the Hoſteſs to the Scullion-wench, ſo no Body took the leaſt notice when *Deſtiny* and his dear *Star* went off, and I believe they ſcarce remembred next Day whether they had ſeen any ſuch Peop'e there or not. Whilſt Matters paſs thus, and *Verville's* Man preſſed his ſluggiſh Companions to be gone, *Deſtiny* had gained Ground apace with his dear Fellow-Traveller, not doubting in the leaſt but that his Friend behind had taken care, whenever they got out, to lead his purſuers a contrary way. The Moon ſhone out very bright, and the Road they had to go was extremely good, which led them to a Town whither we will bring them in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

A bad Action committed by the Sieur la Rappiniere, *and a farther Account of Madam* Star's *and* Deſtiny's *Travels.*

Deſtiny as he rode along, had a great deſire to know from his dear *Star*, how ſhe came to the Wood where *Saldagne* had ſeiz'd her; but this, tho' he would have willingly been ſatisfied in, yet ſtill had he more regard to their Safeties, and therefore ſpent all his Time in ſpurring and ſwitching his own, and his Miſtreſſes Beaſt forwards. At length the two Lovers had leiſure to entertain each other, which they did, with all the Expreſſions and Demonſtrations of Love and Affection imaginable. Then proceeded Madam *Star*, to tell *Deſtiny* how many good Turns ſhe had done her Mother, Mrs. *Cave*, and how extremely ſhe believed ſhe would be afflicted at her Abſence. As for my part, continued ſhe, you may well imagine I had as great a need of Conſolation as ſhe, for as ſoon as your Valet had brought me a Horſe from you, and withal, acquainted me that you had found the Raviſhers of *Angelica*, but were wounded. I--, I wounded! quoth *Deſtiny*, interrupting her, I never was yet, no, nor in the leaſt Danger of being ſo, neither did I ever ſend you any Horſe. There muſt be ſome Myſtery in this, continued he, which I have not comprehended yet. I wonder'd indeed what made you ask me ſo often how I did, and whether the going ſo faſt did not incommode me; but now all's out. You rejoice and torment me at once, anſwer'd Madam *Star*, with this Relation. Your Wounds cauſed me a great deal of Diſquiet, 'tis true, and now what you tell me inclines me to believe, that your Servant has been gain'd over to our Enemies, out of ſome ill Deſign they have projected againſt us. He has rather been debauch'd, replied *Deſtiny*, by ſome that are too much our Friends. I have no profeſs'd Enemy, continued he, but *Saldagne*, and it is unlikely that he ſhould have ſeduced my Servant, becauſe I know he beat him at that time that he met with you. How came you to know that, ſaid

ſaid *Star*, for I don't remember I ever told it you? You ſhall know, replied *Deſtiny*, as ſoon as ever you have made me acquainted with the manner of your coming from *Mans*. I can acquaint you with no more, quoth *Star*, than what I have told you already. The Day after, proceeded ſhe, that my Mother, Mrs. *Cave*, and I, came to *Mans*, your Servant brought me a Horſe from you, and told me with Tears in his Eyes, that you had been wounded by the Raviſhers of *Angelica*, and that therefore you deſired I would make all the haſte I could to you. I got on Horſeback preſently for that purpoſe, altho' it was very late. I lay about five Leagues from *Mans*, at a Place whoſe Name I have forgot, and next Day, at the Entrance of a Wood, we were ſtopt by Perſons I did not know. I ſaw your Servant beaten, and was extremely concerned at it, but could not hinder it. I ſaw likewiſe a Woman ſuddenly thrown off a Horſe, and whom I afterwards knew to be my Companion, but the great Fright I was then in, joined with the extraordinary Concern I had for your Safety, made me to take little notice of it. They mounted me in the Place of her they had pulled off. We travelled till Night, and afterwards having gone a great deal more Ground, for the moſt part croſs the Country, we arriv'd at a ſort of Gentleman's Houſe, where I obſerv'd they would not receive us. It was there that I firſt knew *Saldagne*, the Sight of whom cauſed me immediately to deſpair. We travelled after that a great way farther, and at length I was ſecretly convey'd into the Houſe where your Friend found me. As Madam *Star* had juſt ended the Relation of her Adventures, the Day began to appear, whereby they perceiv'd they were in the High-Road that leads to *Mans*. They forthwith whipt their Horſes forward more vigorouſly than they had hitherto done, to reach a Town they ſaw before them. *Deſtiny* deſired earneſtly to catch his Servant, and thereby to diſcover what other Enemy he had in that Country beſides his profeſt one, *Saldagne*; but there was no likelihood that he would ſuffer himſelf to light into his Clutches, after the ill Trick he had plaid him. He learnt from his dear *Star*, all that ſhe knew concerning her Companion *Angelica*;

Angelica; but while they were thus amuſing each other with Queſtions and Anſwers, their Horſes ſtarted all of a ſudden, at the Sight of a Man that lay at his full length under a Hedge. *Deſtiny*'s Horſe almoſt leap'd from under him, and Madam *Star*'s was ſo frighted, that it quite threw her off, violently upon the Ground. After *Deſtiny* had recover'd himſelf, he went to ſee how his *Love* far'd, but could ſcarce alight to aſſiſt her, his Horſe ſo ſnuff'd, pranc'd, and tripp'd. At laſt he made ſhift to leap off his Back, and found to his great Joy that his dear *Star* had got no hurt. After this, the Horſes being ſomewhat come to themſelves, he went up to obſerve the cauſe of their Fright, and found it was a Man, whom he took either to be dead or aſleep. Upon a nearer View he ſaw he was both, for he was dead drunk; altho' his ſnoring ſhew'd him to be alive, yet *Deſtiny* had no ſmall trouble to awake him. At length by often pulling and tearing about, he open'd his Eyes, and thereby diſcovered himſelf to his Maſter to be his Servant, whom he had longed ſo much to find. The Rogue, as drunk as he was, nevertheleſs knew his Maſter, and by the Fear he ſeem'd to have of him, betray'd his being Author of what he had before doubted of. *Deſtiny* immediately ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions ſucceſſively, without waiting for Anſwers, as firſt, *Why he told Madam* Star *that he was wounded? Why he carried her away from* Mans? *And whither he deſign'd to have carried her? By whoſe Order he had the Horſe*, and the like. To all which nevertheleſs, he could not get a Word in Anſwer, either becauſe the Raſcal his Man was too drunk to have the uſe of his Tongue, or elſe by reaſon he feign'd himſelf to be ſo. This made *Deſtiny* to fly into a great Paſſion, inſomuch that having ſtruck him two or three Blows with the Flat of his Sword, he took a Halter and tied his Hands faſt behind him and faſtned the other end to the Crupper of his Horſe, intending to make him march in that manner to his Journey's end. After which he mounted *Star* upon her Horſe again, and having ſnatch'd a good Cudgel out of the Hedge, got up himſelf to proceed on his Journey, his Man walking all the way by his Side, like a Grey-hound in a *ſlip*. The Town which *Deſtiny*

ſtiny ſaw before him, happen'd to be the ſame that he had parted from two Days before, where he had met Monſieur *la Garouſſiere*, and where his Company ſtill remained, by reaſon of a grievous *Colera Morbus* that Madam *Bouvillon* had had ever ſince. When *Deſtiny* arriv'd, he found neither *Rancour*, *Olive* nor *Ragotin*, they having all return'd to *Mans* the Day before. As for *Leander* he had never quitted in the leaſt his dear *Angelica*, I need not tell you after what manner ſhe receiv'd Madam *Star*; it may be eaſily gueſt what Careſſes two ſuch Lovers would laviſh away upon each other, after ſo many Dangers eſcap'd on either Side. *Deſtiny* immediately inform'd Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* of the Succeſs of his Expedition, and a little after, his Man being brought in, who was not yet unbound, he proceeds to ask him the ſame Queſtions as before; to which nevertheleſs the Raſcal ſtood mute, as he had formerly done. This Obſtinacy of his cauſed his Maſter to order a Hand Vice to be fetch'd from a Gun-ſmith's, wherewith to ſqueeze his Thumbs, and make him confeſs by thoſe means. At the Sight of the Engine, the Rogue immediately fell a trembling, and falling down on his Knees, begg'd heartily for Pardon; confeſſing at the ſame time, that *la Rappiniere* had ſet him on to do what he had done, and that he had moreover promiſed him for Recompence to take him into his Service. He farther own'd that *la Rappiniere* was then at a Houſe about two Leagues off, which he had uſurpt upon a poor Widdow. *Deſtiny* continued talking in private for ſome time with Monſieur *la Garouſſiere*, who ſoon after ſent a Footman to let *la Rappiniere* know that he would ſpeak with him about an Affair of Conſequence. This Counſellor of *Rennes* had it ſeems a great Influence over the *Provoſt* of *Mans*. He had formerly prevented his being broke on the Wheel in *Brittany*, and had likewiſe always made it his Buſineſs to protect him whenever he came to be accuſed of any Crime, and that not becauſe he thought him innocent, being ſatisfied that he had been guilty of various Offences, but by reaſon that he had married a Relation of his. The Servant that was ſent to *la Rappiniere*, found him juſt then getting on Horſeback to go to *Mans*, but no ſooner had

had he heard that *la Garouffiere* had ſent for him, but he put off that Journey to go wait on him. In the mean time *la Garouffiere*, who had ſome pretence to Wit, drew out of a Scrutore ſeveral Copies of Verſes of divers kinds, all which he read to *Deſtiny*, and afterwards ſhew'd him, to paſs away the time, the following Novel tranſlated from the *Spaniſh*.

Chap. XIV.

The Judge in her own Cauſe. A Novel.

IT was in *Africa*, among the Rocks by the Sea-ſide, and not diſtant from the famous City of *Fez*, above half an Hour's Journey, that prince *Muley*, Son to the King of *Morocco*, after having ſtray'd from his Companions while he was hunting, happen'd to be left alone. The Sky was without the leaſt Cloud, the Sea calm, and the Moon and Stars ſhone out ſo bright, that they in a manner riv'al'd the Sun: In a word, all theſe agreeable Accidents met together, made one of thoſe Nights, which in hot Countries, like this, are far more pleaſant than what we call the fineſt Days in our *Northern* Regions. The *Mooriſh* prince galloping along the Shore, diverted himſelf with beholding the exceeding Brightneſs of the Moon and Stars, and which communicated their Splendor to the Water, wherein they were alſo to be ſeen as in a Mirror. As he was thus amuſing himſelf, he heard ſeveral doleful Shrieks hard by, which his Curioſity enclining him to know the Occaſion of, he ſpur'd forwards his Horſe, which, if you pleaſe, ſhall be a *Barbary* Courſer, and rid to the place whence he thought the Noiſe came. He there diſcovered a Woman defending her ſelf with all her might, againſt a Man that endeavour'd to bind her Hands, whilſt another Woman at the ſame time was ſtruggling with her to ſtop her Mouth with a piece of Linnen. The coming of the young Prince prevented all farther Violence from being offer'd her, and occaſion'd an involuntary Truce on the Aſſaulter's Side. *Muley* at his firſt Arrival demanded of the aſſaulted Woman, *What made her to cry out?* And of the others, *What they were going to do to her?* But inſtead of an Anſwer,

ſwer, the Man that was the Aggreſſor ſtept up to him with his drawn Scymeter, and launch'd at him ſuch a terrible Stroke, as would have undoubtedly wounded him very dangerouſly, had he not dexterouſly avoided it by the Swiftneſs of his Horſe. *Villain*, cry'd *Muley* to him, turning his Horſe's Head, *How durſt you aſſault the Prince of* Fez? *I did not well know you to be he*, reply'd the *Moor*; *but ſince you happen to be ſo, it is becauſe you are my Prince, that I will either have your Life, or loſe my own.* With that he immediately ſet upon him with ſo great Fury, that the Prince, as valiant as he was, thought leſs of chaſtizing his Subject's Inſolence, than defending his own Life. The two Women at the ſame time were at Fiſticuffs, and ſhe that a Moment before had been almoſt over-power'd, was now become couragious, and kept her Adverſary from flying, hoping that her Champion would get the Victory. Deſpair ever augments Courage, and oftentimes gives it to thoſe whoſe natural Timidity made them incapable of it before. Altho the Valour and conduct of this Prince were incomparably greater than thoſe of his Adverſary, yet did the Self Conviction of this *Moor*, together with the Dread of Puniſhment, ſo animate his Spirits, and direct his Arm, that the Combat remained for ſome time doubtful: But at laſt Heaven, that always is ready to protect thoſe it raiſes above others, cauſed the Prince's Attendants to come near that way, who being allarm'd at the Noiſe of the Combatants, and the Cries of the Women, immediately rid Poſt to ſee what was the matter, and arrived juſt at the nick when their Maſter by a lucky Blow had brought his Enemy to the Ground, They preſently knew their Lord, and therefore ran with great Fury to have diſpatch his vanquiſh'd Adverſary; but the Prince calling out to them, bid them to forbear killing him, and ordered them only to tie him to a Horſe's Tail, it being his Intentions to have him reſerv'd for a more exemplary Puniſhment. Two of the Horſemen took up the two Women behind them, and with this Equipage *Muley* and his Company return'd to *Fez* much about Day break. This young Prince commanded in *Fez* as abſolutely as if he had been already King. Soon after his Arrival, he commanded the *Moor*, whoſe Name was

Amet,

Amet, and Son to one of the richeſt Merchants in that City, to be brought before him; the two Women were order'd to be brought likewiſe; but they were known to no Body, by reaſon of the Cuſtom of concealing that Sex, which is obſerv'd here ſtricter than in any other Parts. She of the two whom the Prince had reliev'd, ſurpriz'd both him and the whole Court with her Beauty; it being ſo great, that all *Africa* had not the like to boaſt of, and withal ſo majeſtick, that even a Slave's Habit, which ſhe wore, could not obſcure it. The other Woman was cloath'd like to thoſe of this Country, who are of ſome Quality, and who likewiſe had Beauty, but which could not ſtand in Competition with that of her Antagoniſt; and had it been poſſible, the paleneſs of her Cheeks alone, occaſion'd by her Fear, would have loſt her the Victory, when the other would have rather received Additions from a guiltleſs Bluſh than a Diſadvantage. The *Moor* appear'd before *Muley* with Guilt in his Countenance, keeping his Eyes all the while fixt upon the Ground. The Prince commanded him to confeſs his Crime, if he would not reſolve to die in Torments. I know thoſe that are prepared for me, anſwer'd the *Moor* boldly, all which, and greater, I have deſerved; yet ſtill, had I thought it would have been for my advantage, even the greateſt could be inflicted on me, would not have been able to have extorted the leaſt Confeſſion from me. But ſince I'm ſatisfy'd nothing can avail to ſave my Life, ſeeing I would have been the Inſtrument of your Death, know, great Prince, that the Anger I have conceived againſt my ſelf, for not killing you, torments me yet more than the utmoſt of your Tortures can do. As for theſe two *Spaniſh* Women here, added he, they have both been my Slaves; whereof one who knew beſt how to play her Cards, has married my Brother *Zaide*, whereas the other being more obſtinate, would never yet change her Religion, nor accept the frequent Proffers of Love which I have made her. Here he ſtopt, and would give no farther account, either of them or himſelf, notwithſtanding the great Menaces made him. This cauſed *Muley* to have him immediately thrown into a Dungeon, loaden with Irons; the *Renegado*, Wife of *Zaide*, was order'd to another priſon. But the

fair

fair Slave, the Prince commanded to be conducted to a *Moor*'s Houſe, nam'd *Zulema*, a Man of Quality, and by Birth a *Spaniard*, but who had left that Country, becauſe he would not be forced to turn Chriſtian. He was of the illuſtrious Family of *Zegrys*, heretofore ſo renown'd in *Granada*, and his Wife *Zoraide*, likewiſe of the ſame Lineage, was reputed to be the fineſt Woman, whether for Beauty or Wit, in all *Fez*. She was at firſt charm'd with the Beauty and Converſation of this fair Chriſtian Slave, and therefore, if ſhe had been capable of being comforted, ſhe might have found ſufficient conſolation in her Careſſes; but on the contrary, as if ſhe had forſworn all manner of Comforts, ſhe always deſired to be alone, thereby to give the better vent to her Grief; for when ſhe was in *Zoraide's* Company, ſhe underwent no ſmall Torture by retaining her Sighs and her Tears. All this while Prince *Muley* was very deſirous of having an account of her Adventures. He had made his Mind already known to *Zulema*, who being a perſon from whom he could conceal nothing, he had likewiſe acquainted him that he had a ſort of Love for this fair Chriſtian, and which he would before have let her known, had not he apprehended from her great Afflictions ſome unknown Rival in *Spain*, who might be too luckily prepoſſeſs'd of her Favour. *Zulema* having receiv'd this hint from his Lord, immediately gave Orders to his Wife to get what particulars ſhe could out of this fair Chriſtian, concerning her Life, but eſpecially how ſhe came to be Slave to *Amet*. *Zoraide* was as deſirous as the Prince of knowing theſe particulars, and therefore was not long before ſhe ſet about it; ſhe had little reaſon to think ſhe ſhould be refus'd; becauſe ſhe had been ſo wonderfully civil to her. Agreeable to her Wiſhes the fair *Spaniard* anſwered her, that ſhe would ſatisfie her Curioſity whenever ſhe pleaſed; but having nothing but Misfortunes to acquaint her with, ſhe feared ſhe would find her Relation ſomewhat tireſom. You will be convinc'd, replied *Zoraide*, that it cannot be ſo, when you ſhall ſee the attention I give to it; and by the concern I ſhall infallibly ſhew for your bad Fortune, I dare ſay you will be apt to believe you could entruſt your Secrets to no truer Friend. This ſaid, they

threw

threw their Arms over each others Necks, and embraced so heartily, as if they had never designed to quit that posture. Afterwards the fair Slave wiping her Eyes, which shed Tears abundantly at the remembrance of her Misfortunes, began her Story in the following manner. 'I am, said she, 'a *Spaniard* by Birth, was born at *Valencia*, and 'my Name is *Sophia*. I was educated with that care and 'charge as would become a rich Father and Mother to 'bestow on the first Fruits of their Marriage. I had a 'Brother younger than my self by a year; he was lovely 'as could be, and loved me as dearly as I did him; our 'mutual Friendship was so great, that we were never easy 'when asunder, and therefore our Parents took care we 'should seldom be so. We learnt together all those Exer'cises that are usually taught Youth of either Sex; and 'thence it came to pass, to the surprize of every Body, 'that I was equally skilful with him in the *Manege*, as 'he was with me in the Arts of the Needle. This ex'traordinary sort of Education caused a Gentleman our 'Neighbour to desire of my Father that his Children might 'be bred along with us. His Request was granted, and 'having only a Son and Daughter, about the Age of us, 'it gave occasion to the Town of *Valencia* to think that 'there would one Day be a Counter Marriage between 'us. *Don Carlos* and *Lucy*, were the Names of those two 'young Companions of ours. The former was handsome, 'and loved me dearly, which I reciprocally returned. Our 'parents observ'd it, but were so far from either disliking 'or opposing it, that they rather encouraged and approved 'it, and I believe would certainly have soon married us 'together, had not they thought us too young. At length 'our delusive Happiness was stifled by the Death of my 'Brother; a violent Fever carried him off in eight Days, 'and from his Death sprang the first cause of my Mis'fortunes. *Lucy* was so affected at it, that she obsti'nately resolv'd to turn Nun, I had brought my self even to 'Death's Door with Grief, and *Don Carlos* likewise had 'so great a Share in our Concern, that he gave his Parents 'little hopes he would survive it, so much the Loss of 'my Brother, the Danger I was in, and the Resolutions

of

'of his Sister had wrought upon him. At last, thanks 'to our Youth, we all recover'd and time in some mea- 'sure moderated our Afflictions. The Father of *Don Carlos* 'died not long after, and left him both rich and out of 'Debt. His Riches furnish'd him with Ability to grati- 'fie his gallant Humour, and his Gallantry flatter'd my 'Vanity, expos'd his Love to publick Knowledge, and 'augmented mine. *Don Carlos* was often found at my 'parents Feet, conjuring them not to defer his Happiness 'any longer, and my Father was inclinable to hearken to 'his Requeſt, leſt his profuſe Courtſhip might in time 'diminiſh his Fortune; he gave him therefore Hopes that 'he ſhould ſpeedily be his Son-in-Law. This raiſed *Don* 'Carlos to ſo high a pitch, that he laviſht out his Love at 'an extraordinary rate, and which would have been alone 'ſufficient to have convinced me of his Sincerity, had not 'I had ſo many preceding Proofs of his Paſſion. To add 'to his other Profuſeneſs, he preſented me with a Ball, 'and invited all the Town of *Valencia* to it; but to his 'Misfortune as well as mine, thither came among the reſt 'a *Neapolitan* Count, whom ſome Affairs of Importance 'had brought into *Spain*. This Count it ſeems took ſo 'great a fancy to me, that he muſt needs be in Love with 'me, and in order to gratifie his Paſſion, was not long 'before he demanded me in Marriage, after having been 'inform'd of the Quality of my Father, in the Kingdom 'of *Valencia*. My Father was ſo dazled with the Title of 'this Stranger, that he immediately conſented to all he 'ask'd, and from that very Hour forbid *Don Carlos* to 'pretend any farther to me. He likewiſe ſtrictly enjoyn- 'ed me to receive no more of his Viſits, and moreover 'commanded me for the future to look upon the *Italian* 'Count as a Perſon that was to marry me at his Return 'from *Madrid*, whither he was then going, and would 'come back in a ſhort time. I diſſembled my Diſlike for 'the preſent to my Father's Propoſals, but when I was 'alone *Don Carlos* would ſincerely come into my Mind, 'whom I thought the moſt amiable Man in the World, 'while I could not find with my utmoſt Endeavours the 'leaſt thing agreeable, nay, ſcarce tolerable in his Rival;

'ſo

'ſo that it was equally impoſſible for me to love the one
'or to forget the other. I had recourſe upon this occa-
'ſion to Tears, but found thoſe a feeble Remedy againſt
'ſo great a Malady as mine. While I was in this Con-
'dition *Don Carlos* entred the Room, but that without
'his uſual Cuſtom of asking leave. He found me all
'in Tears, which made him to loſe the Power of
'withholding his own, however great had been his Re-
'ſolutions not to betray the Sentiments of his heart till
'he had dived into the utmoſt of mine. He threw him-
'ſelf at my Feet, and taking me by the Hand, which he
'all bathed with his Tears, *Sophy*, ſaid he to me, What
'muſt I loſe you then? Muſt a Stranger who has hardly
'the Honour to be known to you, be notwithſtanding
'preferr'd to me? Shall he profeſs you, *Sophy*, and will
'you conſent to it? You whom I have loved ſo dearly,
'and who have always endeavoured to make me believe
'that you loved me likewiſe? Shall your Father pretend
'to diſpoſe of you, when he has already given you me?
'Your Father, the moſt unjuſt Man breathing! If you
'were a Perſon, continued he, whoſe Merit could be va-
'lued, my Fidelity alone would be able to purchaſe you.
'But, purſued he, ſince you are ineſtimable, I beg you
'to believe that if I have had the Ambition to aſpire to
'you, I ſhall not want the Courage to revenge my ſelf
'on him whom you conſcleſly prefer to me. But how-
'ever, added he ſighing, if it be your Pleaſure that my
'Rival ſhould live happy in your Favour, I will forego
'all Attempts upon him, and only revenge your Unkind-
'neſs upon my ſelf by ſome cruel and ſudden Death.
'*Don Carlos*, anſwer'd I, will you join with an unjuſt
'Father, and a hated Lover to torment me, and do you
'impute that to me for a Crime, which is only a Mis-
'fortune common to us both? Pity me, added I, inſtead
'of accuſing of me, and bethink of means to preſerve me
'yours, rather than reproach me with a Fault I am no
'ways guilty of. I believe I may have better reaſon to
'reflect on you for not having ſufficiently loved me,
'ſince I find you have not ſufficiently known me. But
'we have no time to loſe in vain Words, continued I,

carry

'carry me whither you pleaſe, for you ſhall always find 'me diſpoſed to follow you. At theſe Words *Don Car-* 'los was more tranſported with Joy than he had been be- 'fore depreſſed with Grief: and therefore having beg'd 'my Pardon a thouſand times for the Injuſtice he had 'done me, he propoſed to fetch me away the Night fol- 'lowing. For this purpoſe he ſpent all that Day in or- 'dering his affairs. He got together a good ſum of Mo- 'ney and hired a *Barcelona* Veſſel which would be ready 'to put to Sea at what time he deſired: For my part, 'young as I was, I had Wit enough to manage the Se- 'cret ſo well, that no body ever ſo much as miſtruſted 'us. I got all my Mother's Jewels and ſcrap'd up what 'Money I could get. At the Hour appointed, *Carlos*'s 'Page *Claudio* waited for me at the Gate. He told me 'his Maſter had ſent him to conduct me on Board, and 'that he could not come himſelf, for Reaſons he would 'ſatisfie me in when he ſaw me. At the ſame time came 'a Slave that belong'd to *Don Carlos*, and who was like- 'wiſe very well known to me, to accompany me. We 'got eaſily out of the City, by means of the good Contri- 'vance we had laid, and were not gone far before we ſaw 'a Veſſel riding in the Harbour, whoſe Boat waited for 'us on the Shore. The Seamen told me my dear *Don* '*Carlos* would come immediately, and that I had no more 'to do, than to go into the Boat. I was carried in by 'the Slave, but had no ſooner been ſet down, than I per- 'ceived the Seamen forcing in *Claudio*, whom I obſerved 'to be unwilling to enter. This encreaſed my Concern 'for the Abſence of *Carlos*, and thereupon I immediately 'demanded of the Slave where he was: He ſurlily an- 'ſwer'd, that wherever he was, he was no more for me. 'Having ſaid thus much he left me, and in a little while 'after, I heard *Claudio* above upbraiding the Slave after 'this manner. Is it thus, Traitor *Amet*, that you per- 'form your promiſe, to rid me of a Rival, and leave me 'with my Love? To which the Slave reply'd, Impru- 'dent *Claudio*! am I oblig'd to keep my Word with 'you, when you have not ſcrupled to betray your Ma- 'ſter, and how could I expect you would be true to me,

'and

'and not ſend the Guards out after me to take my dear *Sophy* 'from me, whom I love more than my Life, when I have 'obſerv'd how villainouſly you ſerved both him and her? 'Theſe Words ſpoken to a Woman whom I took always 'for a Man, and concerning Matters which I knew nothing 'of, raiſed ſo fierce a Diſorder in me, that I fell dead for 'the preſent, in the Arms of the perfidious *Moor*. By that 'time my Fit was over, our Veſſel had got a good way to 'Sea. You can't imagine when I came to my ſelf, what 'a Confuſion I was in, for then I plainly perceiv'd I was 'in the Hands of *Moors*, and Enemies to our Faith. I then 'knew the Slave *Amet* had all ſort of Authority, and that 'his Brother *Zaide* was Captain of the Veſſel. *Amet* no 'ſooner ſaw me in a condition to hear him, but he made 'me a ſhort Declaration of his Love, profeſſing he had had 'a Kindneſs for me a long time, and that his Paſſion was 'the cauſe of his carrying me away. Moreover that he 'deſign'd to carry me to *Fez*, where it ſhould be my 'own fault if I were not as happy, if not happier, than 'I could have been in *Spain*. And laſtly, he had the Im-'pudence to urge to me, that he did not doubt but in a 'ſhort time I would have no reaſon to regret the Loſs of '*Don Carlos*. I had ſcarce patience to hear him out, be-'fore I flew upon him with all the Vigour and Courage 'that my Fit had left me, and by an Addreſs which I 'told you before I had learnt from my Education, ſnatch-'ing his Scymeter out of the Scabbard, was going to 'puniſh his Perjury with the Loſs of his Life, had not 'his Brother *Zaide* timely ſtept in and prevented me. I 'was preſently diſarm'd, for having once miſt my Blow, 'I could not poſſibly defend my ſelf againſt ſo great a 'number of Enemies. *Amet*, whom my unexpected At-'tempt had frightned, commanded all but me to go out 'of the Room, and afterwards followed himſelf. He left 'me in ſuch a Condition as you may imagine after ſo 'cruel a Reverſe had happen'd to my Fortune. I ſpent 'all that Night in Tears, and the Day following I nothing 'but grieved and took on. Time that generally alleviates 'other Peoples Misfortunes, did but increaſe mine. The 'ſecond Day was as uncomfortable to me as the firſt, or

'rather more tormenting, for when I reflected upon the 'never seeing *Don Carlos* more, how could I propose to 'my self any future Consolation? *Amet* always found me 'so terrible whenever he offer'd to accost me, that he 'came no more near me. From time to time they brought 'me Victuals to eat, but which I refused with that Ob-'stinacy, as made the *Moor* to fear that he had brought 'me away to no purpose. In the mean time the Ship 'had pass'd the *Streights*, and was not far off the Coast 'of *Fez*; when *Claudio* entring the Room, I no sooner 'perceiv'd him, than I began with him after this manner: 'Villain, said I, you have betray'd me, and what could 'induce you to so base an Action after you had been so 'well used both by me and *Don Carlos*? You were too 'well beloved, answer'd he, and since I lov'd *Don Carlos* 'likewise, what Ill have I done in endeavouring to rid 'my self of a Rival? But if I have betray'd you, added 'he, *Amet* has also betray'd me, and I shall have as great 'reason to lament as you, if I do not think of some Ex-'pedient not to remain alone miserable. Explain these 'Riddles, reply'd I, and learn me who you are, that I 'may know of what Sex I have you for my Enemy? '*Sophy*, then continued he, I am of the same Sex with 'you, and like you have been in Love with *Don Carlos*, 'but if our Love has been equal, its Success has been dif-'ferent; he always lov'd you, and was ever inclinable to 'believe that you return'd his Passion, whilst me he nei-'ther lov'd nor could think I loved him so dearly as I 'did, by reason he never knew who I was. I am of '*Valencia* like you, proceeded she, and was not born so 'low but *Don Carlos* might have married me without 'Disparagement; yet his Mind was all set upon you, and 'you were the only Object of his Vows and Wishes. It 'was not but I endeavoured to make my Eyes save the 'Labour of my Tongue, and take the shameful Confessi-'on of my Love upon them. I always laid my self in 'his way, and used all those little Artifices that he would 'have done to captivate me had it been his own Case. I 'might have often disposed of my self in Marriage to Ad-'vantage, had not the hopes I had of one Day winning

'him

'him over, always prevented my Fortune; inſomuch that, 'inſtead of being diſcourag'd at his Repulſe, I found it a 'means to love him the more. At length, being reſolv'd 'to neglect nothing that might ſerve to bring him about, 'I put my ſelf into Man's Apparel, cut off my Hair, and 'ſo diſguis'd caus'd my ſelf to be preſented to him for a 'Page by an old Woman, who told him that my Father 'was a poor Gentleman, that liv'd upon the Mountains 'of *Toledo*. My Face and Mien pleas'd, it ſeems, your 'Lover ſo well, that he preſently reſolv'd to take me. 'He was as well ſatisfied with my Wit as delighted with 'my Voice and manner of Singing, as likewiſe with my 'Skill in playing on all ſorts of Inſtruments that Perſons 'of Quality are wont to divert themſelves with. He 'believed he had met with Qualifications in me that were 'not to be commonly found in Pages; and I gave him 'ſo many Proofs of my Fidelity and Diſcretion, that he 'treated me more like his Friend and Confident than Ser-'vant. This you are able to teſtify better than any Per-'ſon breathing; and you know beſides, how often you 'have commended me to *Carlos*, both behind my Back 'and to my Face, and likewiſe done me ſeveral other 'good Offices with him; but I was mad to think that 'I muſt be indebted for all theſe to a Rival, and that at 'the ſame time that they render'd me more agreeable to my 'Lover, they made you more hateful to the unfortunate '*Claudia*, (for ſo is my true Name.) In the mean time 'your Marriage advanc'd, and my Hopes went back; but 'as ſoon as it was concluded they were utterly loſt. The '*Italian* Count who became about that time in Love with 'you, and whoſe Quality and Eſtate gain'd as much up-'on your Father, as his bad Mien and conditions loſt him 'in your Eſteem, gave me nevertheleſs the Pleaſure of 'ſeeing you diſturb'd, and which cauſed me to flatter 'my ſelf with thoſe fooliſh Hopes which Change always 'offers to the unhappy. At laſt your Father prefer'd the 'Stranger whom you loved not, to *Don Carlos*, whom 'you loved; and I had then the Satisfaction to ſee one 'that made me unfortunate, unfortunate himſelf, and my 'Rival that I hated, yet more unhappy. My Pleaſure was

' augmented, tho' I conſider'd I loſt nothing in him, be-
' cauſe he never was mine, yet in that you were depriv'd
' of all in loſing him, by reaſon he was all yours. But
' this imaginary Happineſs, or to call it better, unfiniſh'd
' Hope, laſted not long: I learnt from *Don Carlos*, that
' you were reſolved to go away with him, and I was
' employ'd for that purpoſe to hire a Ship to carry you
' to *Barcelona*, from whence you were to go either to
' *France* or *Italy*, I can't tell which. All the Force I had
' hitherto made uſe of to ſupport me in my Misfortunes,
' forſook me at this moment; I could now bear up a-
' gainſt the Torment of my unhappy Fate no longer, and
' therefore was forced to yield to it. My Griefs upon
' this occaſion were ſo great that they made me down-
' right ſick, and cauſed me to keep my Bed One Day
' as I was lamenting my hard Uſage to my ſelf, and ſpeak-
' ing louder than ordinary, out of a Confidence that I was
' not over-hear'd, the Moor *Amet* appear'd before me,
' who after he had ſuffer'd me to recover out of the Sur-
' prize he had occaſion'd in me, addreſs'd himſelf to me
' in theſe Words: I have known you, *Claudia*, even be-
' fore the time you diſguis'd your Sex to become Page
' to *Don Carlos*, and if I have all this while conceal'd that
' Knowledge from you, it was becauſe I had a Deſign to
' bring about as well as you. I have over-heard you en-
' ter into Reſolutions of Deſpair. You have a mind to
' diſcover your ſelf to your Maſter to be a young Woman
' that dies for Love of him, and afterwards to kill your
' ſelf in his Preſence, whereby you think to incline him
' Pity, whereas you cannot otherwiſe engage his Heart.
' Poor Girl! What other Advantage wilt thou get by kil-
' ling thy ſelf, but aſſuring the Poſſeſſion of *Carlos* the
' firmer to thy Rival? I have better Advice to give thee,
' if thou haſt Courage enough to take it. Deprive thy
' Lover of *Sophia*; the means of accompliſhing it are eaſie;
' and tho' it requires a great deal of Reſolution, yet has
' occaſion for no more than thou haſt already had to ha-
' bit thy ſelf like a Man, and thereby to hazard thy Ho-
' nour to content thy Love. Hearken to me then with
' Attention, continued the *Moor*, and I will reveal to thee a

' Secret

' Secret which I have never yet diſclos'd to any Perſon;
' and if the Propoſal I am about to make thee be diſapprov'd,
' thou art at Liberty either to receive or reject it. I am
' of *Fez*, purſued he, and a Man of Quality in my own
' Country; my Misfortunes made me a Slave to *Don Car-*
' *los*, and the Beauty of *Sophia* made me the like to her.
' I have told you a great deal of matter, in few Words.
' Conſider your own Unhappineſs without Remedy if
' you ſuffer your Lover to carry off your Miſtreſs to
' *Barcelona*. It is both your and my Intereſt to prevent
' it, therefore let us lay hold on the occaſion that offers.
' I have bargain'd for my Ranſom, and have paid it. A
' Galliot from *Africa* waits for me in the Road, not far
' off that which *Don Carlos* has provided for the Execu-
' tion of his Deſign. He has put it off for a Day longer
' therefore let us interpoſe our Project to carry her away
' before him, in the foreſaid Galliot. In order to accom-
' pliſh this, do you go immediately to *Sophia*, as from
' your Maſter, and let her know that he requires ſhe
' ſhould depart this Night: For this purpoſe bring her a-
' way forthwith to my Veſſel, and I will carry her to
' *Africa*; whereby you will remain behind alone to poſ-
' ſeſs your Lover, and who 'tis very likely will be in-
' clin'd to favour your Paſſion, when he underſtands what
' you are, how well you love him, and moreover, that
' the recovery of his *Sophia* is impracticable. At theſe
' laſt Words of *Claudia's*, continued *Sophia*, I became all
' of a Suddden ſo oppreſt with Grief, that I fainted away
' and had ſcarce the leaſt ſign of Life left in me. The
' Cries that *Claudia* made for help, who it may be now
' repented of what ſhe had told me, brought *Amet* and
' his Brother into the Room. They made uſe of all the
' means that were proper to recover me, when coming
' at length to my ſelf, I heard *Claudia* ſtill perſiſting in re-
' proaching *Amet* with his Treachery. Infidel, *ſaid ſhe*
' *to him*, how could you have the Baſeneſs both to betray
' me, and to bring this Lady to the deplorable Condition
' you ſee her in? Or, how could you have the Heart to
' make me guilty of Treachery to the Man I love ſo
' dearly? How dare you report your ſelf to be nobly

'born, when you are one of the very worſt of Men? 'Peace Fool, reply'd *Amet*, and do not accuſe me of a 'Crime to which you your ſelf were acceſſary. I have told 'you before, that one that could betray a Maſter like yours, 'well deſerves to be betray'd her ſelf, I have propoſed to 'carry you along with me, both to ſecure my own Life, 'and prolong that of my dear *Sophia*; for I could eaſily 'gueſs what Tortures ſhe muſt neceſſarily have undergone 'had you remained behind with her Lover diſcover'd. 'The Noiſe the Seamen made at their Entrance into the 'Port of *Sally*, and the thundring of the Cannon as well 'from the Veſſel as the Caſtle, interrupted any farther 'Reproaches between *Amet* and *Claudia*, and at the ſame 'time delivered me from the Sight of thoſe two odious 'Objects. We landed, *Claudia* and I having our Faces 'all cover'd with Vails, and were lodg'd in the Houſe of a 'Friend of the perfidious *Amet*'s. The next Day we were 'put into a cloſe Chariot, and carried in that manner to 'Fez, where if *Amet* was overjoy'd at the ſight of his 'Relations and Friends, I was no leſs afflicted and torment-'ed at my Fate. As for *Claudia*, ſhe was reſolv'd to make 'her ſelf eaſy, for ſhe quickly turn'd *Mahometan*, and was 'married in little time after to *Zaide*, Brother of the 'faithleſs *Amet*. This wicked Woman employ'd all her 'cunning to perſwade me to change my Religion likewiſe, 'and to marry with *Amet*, as ſhe had done with *Zade*; 'but I thank Heaven, I ſtill perſever'd in my Conſtancy, 'both to my firſt Faith, and my firſt Love. This cauſed '*Amet* and his Friends to uſe me with all manner of ill 'treatment; but at laſt I was inclinable to believe that '*Claudia* was not quite ſo bad as ſhe ſeem'd. In publick 'ſhe perſecuted me indeed as much or rather more than the 'reſt, but in private ſhe would ever now and then do me 'a good turn. One Day when all the other Women were 'gone to the publick Baths, which you know 'tis a Cuſ-'tom amongſt you *Mahometans* to do ſo many times a 'Week, *Claudia* came to me in my Chamber, and with a 'ſorrowful Countenance accoſted me in the following man-'ner. Fair *Sophia*, ſaid ſhe, whatever occaſion I have hi-'therto had to bear you ill will, it is now at an end, by rea-

'ſon

'ſon of my deſpair ever to poſſeſs him who loved me too
'little, becauſe he loved you too much. I condemn my ſelf
'inceſſantly for having been the means of making you mi-
'ſerable; but more eſpecially for having abandon'd my God,
'out of the fear of Man, the leaſt of which Remorſes is
'ſufficient to make me undertake ſomething unuſual to my
'Sex. I can no longer live ſo remote from *Spain*, and that
'eſpecially among Infidels, with whom I can neither ex-
'pect Health while I live, nor Salvation when I come to
'die. You may judge of my ſincere Repentance by the
'Secret I am going to truſt you with, which makes you
'Miſtreſs of my Life, by putting it in your Power to re-
'revenge the ill Offices I have been forc'd to do you, when-
'ever you pleaſe. The Secret is this, having procured
'about fifty Chriſtian Slaves for the moſt part *Spaniards*,
'and engag'd them to Secrecy, I have furniſh'd them with
'Money ſufficient to hire a Bark, wherewith to tranſport
'us to *Spain*. Now you have nothing to do but to fol-
'low my Fortune, either to ſave your ſelf, if the Fates
'ſo permit, or elſe to periſh with me rather than live
'thus miſerably among *Infidels*. Determine therefore quick-
'ly, *Sophia*, continued ſhe, what you mean to do, and
'ſince we are alone, let us preſently enter upon deli-
'berating on the moſt important Action of our Lives.
'Hearing this propoſal of *Claudia*'s, I immediately threw
'my ſelf at her Feet, and judging of her Sincerity by
'my own, made her all manner of Acknowledgements
'both in Words and Actions. Purſuant to our Project,
'we ſet a time and place for our intended Flight, and
'which at laſt, was to be behind ſome Rocks by the
'Sea-ſide, where ſhe told me the Veſſel lay waiting for
'us. On the Day appointed we ſet out, happily as I
'thought, becauſe we got ſo eaſily out of the Houſe and
'City. I admir'd the goodneſs of Heaven in favouring
'our Eſcape with ſuch facility, and more than once offer'd
'up my Thanks in the acknowledgement; however, the
'end of my Misfortunes was not ſo near as I thought.
'What *Claudia* acted was only by order of the perfidious
'*Amet*, than whom ſhe yet more perfidiouſly led me to
'this abandon'd Place, for no other reaſon than to expoſe

'me to the Luſt of that wicked *Moor*, who durſt not at-
'tempt any Violence on me in his Father's Houſe, who
'tho' a *Mahometan*, was morally honeſt I followed in-
'nocently her that thus guided me to Ruin, and thought
'I could never make her ſufficient Acknowledgments, for
'obliging me with ſo fair a proſpect of my Liberty. We
'walked a good round pace, till we came among thoſe
'Rocks, where ſhe ſtill perſiſted to tell me, that her
'Slaves lay attending for her; when all of a ſudden, hear-
'ing a Noiſe, and looking behind me, I perceiv'd the
'treacherous *Amet* coming towards us full drive, with a
'drawn Scymeter in his Hand. Infamous Slaves, cry'd he
'aloud, is it thus ye convey away your ſelves from your
'Maſter's Service? I was juſt going to anſwer him when
'*Claudia* ſeizing my Arms behind, and *Amet* throwing
'away his Scymeter, and joining with her, to do the like
'to me before, they both endeavour'd jointly to bind me
'with Cords, which they had provided for that Purpoſe.
'Having more Art and Strength than Women uſually have,
'I reſiſted, for ſome time, the Attempts of theſe two
'barbarous People; but at length finding my Efforts o'er-
'power'd, I had no other remedy to have recourſe to,
'than Cries, which I hop'd would induce ſome charitable
'Traveller to come to my Relief. I was juſt upon the
'brink of Deſpair, as Prince *Muley* arriv'd. You have heard
'how he ſaved my Honour, and I might ſay, my Life,
'ſince I ſhould infallibly have dy'd of Grief, had *Amet*
'ſucceeded in his brutiſh Deſigns upon me. Here *Sophy*
ended the tedious Relation of her Adventures, while the
friendly *Zoraide* exhorted her to rely upon the Prince's Gene-
roſity, who ſhe doubted not would afford her ſpeedy Means
to return to *Spain*. The ſame Day *Zoraide* went and acquaint-
ed her Husband with every particular ſhe had heard from *So-
phy*, of all which, he conſequently ſoon inform'd his Maſter
Muley. Altho' what had been told him concerning the Fortune
of the Fair *Chriſtian*, did not at all flatter his Paſſion; yet was
Muley nevertheleſs pleaſed to hear ſhe was pre-engag'd in
Affection that he might thereby avoid the baſeneſs of tempt-
ing her. He highly valued her Virtue, and was diſpos'd
by his own to encourage and aſſiſt her in the Continu-
ance

ance of it; hereupon he diſpatch'd *Zoraide* to let her know, that he would ſend her back to *Spain* as ſoon as ever ſhe pleas'd; but not caring to truſt to the Frailty of his Nature, had at the ſame time reſolv'd to keep as much out of her Sight as he could. *Scphy*, for her part, was employ'd in thinking how to make her return as ſecure as poſſible. She doubted if ſhe ſhould meet a Chriſtian Ship, which was nevertheleſs very difficult for her to do, by reaſon that few or none traded hither, whether ſhe ſhou'd not find as bad Men on Board, as ſhe had done before among the *Moors*. Sincerity is ſeldom obſerv'd on Board Veſſels, and good Faith minded as little among Seamen as among Soldiers. Wherever Innocence and Beauty are met, Impudence will always take occaſion to invade them. Whilſt ſhe was thus debating with her ſelf, *Zoraide* advis'd her to take upon her the Habit of a Man, and the rather, becauſe her Shape was proper for that purpoſe: She told her alſo, that it was *Muley*'s pleaſure ſhe ſhould do ſo, and who not being able to find a Man in *Fez*, with whom he could ſafely entruſt her, had provided a Companion for her, of her own Sex, who was to be diſguis'd likewiſe, whereby they both might eaſily avoid the Inſolence of the Seamen and Paſſengers, if any were that way inclin'd. This *Mooriſh* Prince had formerly purchas'd a Prize of a *Corſair* of *Barbary*. It was a Ship that had belong'd to the Governour of *Oran*, which was carrying a *Spaniſh* Gentleman with his whole Family to *Spain*, whom the Governour had ſent thither a Priſoner out of ſome diſguſt. *Muley* had been inform'd that this Chriſtian was a great Hunter; and as that Exerciſe was one of the choiceſt of his Diverſions, he was reſolved to keep him to himſelf; but for fear of making him uneaſie, he order'd he ſhould not be ſeparated from his Wife, his Son and Daughter. In two Years time he had liv'd in *Fez*, in *Muley*'s Service, he had taught that Prince to ſhoot admirably well, and that either ſitting or flying. He had moreover inſtructed him in ſeveral other ways of Hunting unknown before to the *Moors*. By theſe means he in a ſhort time had gain'd ſo far upon the Prince's Favour, and had been ſo ſerviceable to him in all his Diverſions, that when a Ranſom was offer'd for him, he

would by no means consent to part with him, but rather made it his daily endeavour to oblige him, and make him forget *Spain*. Notwithstanding this Kindness of the Prince, the Regret he had to be out of his own Country, and the unlikelihood of ever returning thither again, had brought so deep a Melancholy upon him, that it soon ended his Days. His Wife likewise languish'd on the same account, and lived not long after her Husband. When *Muley* saw how fatal his Favours to these Strangers had been, he began to be touched with Remorse, and was exceeding sorry that he had not comply'd with their Desires; but since it was now too late, he resolv'd to reward the good Services of his Sportsman to his Children, and for that purpose immediately sent for them into his Presence. The Daughter, whose Name was *Dorothy*, was about the same Age with *Sophy*, and had both Wit and Beauty. Her Brother nam'd *Sancho*, was somewhat younger, being not above Fifteen; both were made Choice of by *Muley* to accompany *Sophia* to *Spain*. The Affair was for some time kept secret; three *Spanish* Habits for Men were order'd in the mean time to be got ready. At length *Muley* display'd his Magnificence in a great Quantity of precious Stones which he presented *Sophia* with. To *Dorothy* and *Sancho* he gave likewise several noble Presents, which together with what their Father had left them, and which had been all obtain'd from the Liberality of this Prince, made them to be considerably rich. About the same time *Charles* V. made War upon *Africa*, and besieg'd the City of *Tunis*. He had sent an Ambassador to *Muley*, to treat about the Ransom of certain *Spaniards* of Quality, who had been shipwrack'd on the Coast of *Morocco*. It was to this Ambassador that *Muley* recommended *Sophia* under the Name of a Man of Quality, called *Don Hernando*, *Dorothy* and her Brother were said to be his Attendants, one passing for his Gentleman, and the other for his Page. *Sophia* and *Zoraide* cou'd not part without the greatest Reluctance. They shed abundance of Tears, and gave each other unquestionable Proofs of a reciprocal Affection. *Zoraide* as a farther token of her Love and Esteem, presented the fair Christian with a Necklace of Pearl, of that great

Value

Value that she would by no means have accepted it, had not *Zulema*, who lov'd her no less than his Wife, acquainted her that they should take it very unkindly if she refus'd what they tender'd only as a Pledge of their Friendship. *Zoraide* made *Sophia* promise to let them know from time to time how she did, either by the way of *Tanzier*, *Oran*, or the other places which the Emperor then possessed in *Africa*. The Christian Ambassador embark'd at *Sally*, carrying along with him *Sophy*, whom from henceforward we must call *Don Hernando*. Before he proceeded on his Voyage to *Spain*, he was to go wait on the Emperor at his Camp before *Tunis*. Our *Spanish* Lady in Masquerade was to be presented to him for a Gentleman of *Andalousia*, who had been a long time a Slave to the Prince of *Morocco*. She had no such great Reason to be in Love with Life, as to fear the hazard of it in the Wars, and therefore since she had took upon her the Character of a *Cavalier*, she was oblig'd to go upon all Actions that Honour called her to. For this purpose she placed her self among the *Volunteers*, resolving to lose no occasion to signalize her self, and which she often did, to that degree, that her Valour came at length to the Emperor's Ear. She happen'd to be in one Action, above the rest, wherein the Emperor was unhorsed, and the Christians like to be beaten. This our valiant *Amazon* perceiving, by a Performance scarce to be believed, she immediately remounted the Emperor, and laid about her with that Conduct and Vigour, that she almost opposed the whole Force of the Enemy, till such time as the routed Army had rallied, and were come up to her Relief. This wonderful Action of hers, did not go without its Reward. The Emperor in Recompence, presented to the unknown *Don Hernando*, a *Commandery* of great Revenue, as likewise a Regiment of Horse, which had belong'd to a *Spanish* Colonel, killed in the late Fight; he also gave him the Equipage of a Man of Quality, and from that very time, no Body was so much esteem'd in the Army, as that valiant Heroine. All the Actions of a Man were natural to her: Her Countenance was so good, and made her appear to be so young, her Courage and Conduct were so far beyond her Years, her Wit was so charming and enter-

entertaining, that there was not one Man of Quality, or Officer in the whole Army, but who either ſought her Friendſhip and Acquaintance, or humbly declin'd aſpiring to it, as being unworthy. It muſt not be wondred at then, ſince all the World ſpoke ſo much of her, and yet more her renown'd Actions, if ſhe came to be ſo greatly in Favour with her Prince. About this time divers Recruits of Men and Amunition arriv'd from *Spain*. The Emperor wou'd have them all drawn up by themſelves, that he might have a View of them, with the principal Officers of the Army, amongſt whom was our Female Warriour. Among theſe new come Soldiers, ſhe fancied ſhe had eſpy'd *Don Carlos*, and as it happen'd, ſhe was not deceiv'd. This made her to be uneaſie all the remainder of that Day. She ſent out often to look after him, but could not find him, by reaſon he had changed his Name. When Night came, ſhe could not ſleep a wink, and therefore roſe by Daybreak, to go in ſearch of her dear Lover, who had coſt her ſo many Tears. At length ſhe found him, but was not known by him, by reaſon ſhe was grown taller, and had beſides her Complexion much alter'd by the ſcorching Heats of *Africa*. She made him believe ſhe took him for another of her Acquaintance, and began to ask him News from *Sevil*, as likewiſe concerning an imaginary Perſon that came firſt into her Head. He told her he knew no ſuch Perſon, was never at *Sevil*, and that he was born and liv'd in *Valencia*. You are nevertheleſs much like a Perſon that I knew, and had a great Eſteem for, reply'd *Sophy*, and therefore you muſt give me leave to be ranked among the Number of your Friends. With all my Heart, anſwered *Don Carlos*, and for the ſame reaſon you urge, I muſt beg the like Liberty from you, for you no leſs reſemble a Perſon I loved long ſince, and do ſtill love; you have the ſame Viſage and Voice, but are not of the ſame Sex, and certainly cannot be of the ſame Humour, added he ſighing. At theſe laſt Words of *Carlos*, *Sophy* could not forbear bluſhing, which he nevertheleſs took no notice of, by reaſon he then had his Eyes overcharg'd with Tears, which hindred his obſerving her change of Countenance. This extraordinary Tenderneſs of *Don Carlos* mov'd her ſo extremely,

ly, that ſhe was ready to diſcover her ſelf; to prevent which at that time, ſhe deſired him to come viſit her in her Tent, and bid him enquire for *Don Hernando*. At the hearing of this Name *Don Carlos* began immediately to be afraid, well knowing what Honours the Emperor had conferr'd on that Perſon, and therefore fear'd he might not have ſhew'd him ſufficient Reſpect. He met with little difficulty in finding the Tent, for it was but what every body could direct him to. He was there received with all the Civility that a private Gentleman could expect from a General Officer. He again diſcover'd the Countenance of *Sophy* in that of *Don Hernando*, but was more amazingly ſurpriz'd at the reſemblance of their Voices, which immediately ſunk into his Soul, and brought to his Remembrance the Idea of the perſon in the World that he lov'd beſt. *Sophy* yet unknown to her Lover, made him to dine with her, and after Dinner commanding her Domeſticks to retire, and giving Orders that ſhe would be ſeen by no more Viſiters, caus'd him to tell her over again that he was of *Valencia*, and afterwards occaſion'd him to relate all the Adventures that had happen'd between him and her, which to be ſure ſhe knew as well as he, from their firſt Acquaintance to the time of his Contrivance for carrying her away. Would you believe, quoth *Don Carlos*, that a Woman of her Quality, who had received ſo many Proofs of my Love, and return'd me reciprocally as many of hers, could yet be ſo void of Senſe or Honour to prefer a young Page, who had little or nothing to boaſt of, to his Maſter! But are you ſure of what you ſay, reply'd *Sophy?* Chance often controuls our Deſigns, and oftner takes Pleaſure to confound our reaſoning with Events the leaſt expected. Your Miſtreſs may have been forc'd to leave you, continu'd ſhe, and is, it may be, more unfortunate than blameable. Would to God, anſwer'd *Don Carlos*, I could in the leaſt doubt of her Guilt! All the Misfortunes which I have hitherto undergone on her account, would be eaſie to me, could I but believe her ſtill faithful. But alas! ſhe is only ſo to the Traitor *Claudio*, and pretended an Affection to *Don Carlos* but to ruin him. It ſeems to me, reply'd *Sophy*, you could have but little Kindneſs for her, ſince you can thus condemn her unheard. Can I have greater proof of her Baſeneſs,

neſs, cry'd *Don Carlos*, than appears by a Letter ſhe ſent her Father the very Night ſhe went off; whereby, I ſuppoſe, ſhe thought to take away all Suſpicion of her going away with the Page. But to the end you may be a better Judge of it, added he, I have the Letter to ſhow; then he read the Letter, which was in the following Words:

YOU ought not, Sir, to forbid my loving Don Carlos, *ſince you had once commanded me to do it. A Deſert ſo great as he has to pretend to, muſt needs captivate the warieſt Heart; and where ſo much Worth and Merit reigns, Intereſt muſt not think to get place. I fly then away with him whom you have thought fit I ſhould love from my Youth upwards, and without whom it is as impoſſible for me to live, as it would be not to grieve my ſelf to Death in the Arms of a Stranger I hate, altho' he were yet richer than he boaſts himſelf to be. Our Crime therefore, if any, deſerves at leaſt your Pardon, which if you are diſpos'd to afford us, we will return as willingly to receive, as we have ſhewn Diſpoſition to retreat from the unjuſt Violence you would do us.*

SOPHIA.

'You may imagine, proceeded *Carlos*, what a Hurri-
'cane this raiſed in the old Peoples Breaſts. They hop'd
'I was either yet in *Valencia* conceal'd with their Daughter,
'or elſe that I was not far off. They kept their Loſs a Se-
'cret to every Body but the *Vice-roy*, who was their Relati-
'on. I was ſurpriz'd to find the Conſtable and his Mirmi-
'dons enter my Chamber, at Day-break, rudely asking me
'for *Sophy*, and whom I having demanded the ſame Queſ-
'tion of, they immediately hurried me in a violent manner
'to Priſon. I was queſtion'd, and yet could ſay nothing in
'my Defence concerning *Sophy*'s Letter; it thereby ap-
'pear'd I was to carry her away, but it was manifeſt that
'my Page diſappear'd alſo. *Sophy*'s Relations made all ima-
'ginable Search after her, and my Friends did what they
'could to find whither the Page had carried her, which they
'were certain he muſt have done ſomewhither. At length
'it being found impoſſible to meet with either or th'other,
'which was the only thing that could have clear'd my Inno-
'cence, I was accus'd by my Ememies of murthering both.

Here-

'Hereupon I had notice given me that I muſt ſoon come to 'my Trial, and that if I eſcap'd it was more than any body 'expected. I knew the Home-proofs they had againſt me, 'and hop'd only for a Miracle from Heaven to acquit me; 'but at laſt Deſpair got the upper-hand, and my Hopes con-'ſequently vaniſh'd. I reſolv'd therefore, not caring to truſt 'my Deliverance to the Courſe of Juſtice, to join with 'ſome Highway-men, my fellow Priſoners, in the Execu-'tion of a Deſign they had laid to procure it for us all. Ac-'cordingly we one Night forc'd the Gates of our Priſon, 'and by the Aſſiſtance of our Friends, got to the Mountains 'that were neareſt *Valencia*, before the *Vice-Roy* could poſ-'ſibly be inform'd of our Eſcapes. We here continued a 'long time Maſters of the Roads. My *Sophy*'s Infidelity, 'and her Parents mercileſs Proſecution, together with the 'Loſs of my Eſtate and Reputation, made me ſo deſperate, 'that I car'd not at what rate I hazarded my Life, and there-'fore in all caſes of Reſiſtance behav'd my ſelf with ſo great 'Reſolution, that my Companions thought fit to chuſe me 'for their Captain. I continued in this Poſt ſo ſucceſsful 'for ſome time, that our Troop became formidable even to 'the Kingdoms of *Arragon* and *Valencia*, which Countries 'we were ſo bold as to put under Contribution. I herein 'make you acquainted, continu'd *Carlos* to *Sophy*, with a 'Secret that concerns my Life, but the Honour you have 'done me of your Friendſhip, and the Opinion I have of 'your Integrity, make me not to doubt in the leaſt of my 'Security. At length, proceeded he, I was weary of this 'wicked Courſe of Life, and forſook my Companions 'at a time when they leaſt expected it. I made my way for '*Barcelona*, where I liſted my ſelf a private Trooper in the 'Recruits that were juſt then raiſing for *Africa*. I had hi-'therto had no great Reaſon to be in love with Life, and 'therefore having made ſo ill uſe of it as to infeſt my Coun-'try, thought I could not do better than employ the Remain-'der of my Days in its Service, and more eſpecially ſeeing 'the Kindneſs I have receiv'd at your Hands, has been the 'only Comfort I have had ſince I have been made the moſt 'miſerable of Men, by the moſt ungrateful of Women.

The unknown *Sophia* here upon took the part of *Sophy* unjuſtly

juſtly accus'd, and omitted nothing to perſwade her Lover againſt paſſing raſh Judgments on his Miſtreſs, before he was throughly inform'd of her Crime. She told the unfortunate Gentleman moreover, that ſhe was very ſenſible of his Misfortunes, and would do all that lay in her Power to alleviate them; and to give him a better Proof of her good Will, than what lay in bare Words, ſhe deſired him to come and be with her, and that as ſoon as occaſion ſerv'd, ſhe would employ all her own and her Friends Intereſts with the Emperor, to get him deliver'd from the Proſecution of *Sophy*'s Parents, as likewiſe from that of the *Vice-Roy* of *Valencia*. *Don Carlos* was not at all mov'd with what the counterfeit *Don Hernando* could ſay to him concerning the Juſtification of *Sophy*, but to accept of the Offers of his Table and Houſe he was. The ſame Day this faithful Lover ſpoke to *Don Carlos*'s Captain to permit him to come and ſerve under him, I ſhould have ſaid, her. Now was our Lover under the Command of his Miſtreſs, whom he took to be either dead or faithleſs. He was very eaſy from the beginning under this new Commander, and would often wonder how he came to be ſo much in her Favour in ſo ſhort a time. He was at once her Intendant, Secretary, Gentleman and Confident. The other Domeſticks paid not a greater Reſpect even to *Don Hernando* himſelf than they did to him, and he would no doubt have been exceeding happy had not the *loſt Sophy*, the *treacherous Sophy*, come ſo often into his Mind. Whatever Kindneſs *Sophy* had for him, ſhe always took a great deal of Pleaſure to ſee him griev'd not doubting but it was upon her account. At laſt ſhe had juſtified *Sophy* ſo often, and ſometimes with that Heat, that *Don Carlos* came to ſuſpect that ſhe had either been formerly her Lover, or was ſo ſtill. Theſe Wars in *Africa* ended as you may read in the Hiſtory. The Emperor afterwards made them in *Germany*, *Italy*, *Flanders*, and other Places. Our experienc'd She-Warriour, under the Name of *Hernando*, ſtill kept up, or rather encreas'd her Reputation for Courage and Conduct, tho' the laſt of theſe Qualities is ſeldom to be met with in a Perſon ſo young as this valiant Lady's Sex made her to appear. The Emperor was oblig'd to go into *Flanders*, and for that purpoſe demanded Leave of the King of *France* to

paſs

paſs through his Dominions. The great King that then reign'd in that Country, had a mind to excel in Generoſity a mortal Enemy, who had always ſurmounted him in Fortune, tho' he had not made the beſt uſe of it. *Charles* V. was received in *Paris* with as great Magnificence as if he had been King of *France* himſelf. The brave *Don Hernando* was one of the ſmall number of Perſons of Quality that attended him, and 'tis more than likely, if he had continued long at that Court, this fair *Spaniſh* Lady, being taken for a Man, would have enamour'd all the *French* Ladies, and raiſed Jealouſie in the moſt accompliſh'd of Courtiers. While this happen'd, the *Vice-Roy* of *Valencia* died in *Spain*. *Don Hernando*, thro' his great Merit and Intereſt with the Emperor, doubted not but he ſhould quickly obtain that Charge; and as he wiſh'd, ſo it ſoon after fell out, for he had no ſooner ask'd than he had it given him, without the leaſt Oppoſition from any Competitor. This his good Succeſs he immediately thought fitting to acquaint *Don Carlos* with, and at the ſame time gave him reaſon to hope, that as ſoon as he was gotten into Poſſeſſion of his new Employment, he would not only reconcile him with *Sophy*'s Relations, and procure him Pardon of the Emperor, for having been chief of the *Vandolero*'s, (Highway-men) but likewiſe undertake to reſtore him to his Lands and Eſtate. *Don Carlos* might very well have receiv'd Comfort from theſe Promiſes of his Friend, had not his Love made him uncapable of it. The Emperor ſoon after arrived in *Spain*, and went directly to *Madrid*, while *Don Hernando* made what haſte he could to his new Government. From the very Day of his Arrival in *Valencia*, *Sophy*'s Friends continually peſter'd him with Petitions againſt *Don Carlos*, who at the ſame time was both his Steward and Secretary. The *Vice-Roy* promis'd to do them ſpeedy Juſtice, but at the ſame time let *Carlos* privately know that he would not fail to protect his Innocence. The Cauſe was quickly prepar'd for Hearing, and in five or ſix Days time both Parties were ready to go to Trial. The Proſecutor demanded of the *Vice-Roy* that the ſuppoſed Criminal might be ſent to Priſon, which *Don Hernando* would not nevertheleſs conſent to, giving inſtead thereof, his Word, that he ſhould not ſtir out of his Houſe till the Day aſſign'd for

for the Trial. The Night before that fatal Day, which kept the whole City of *Valencia* in ſuſpence, *Don Carlos* deſir'd a private Audience of the *Vice-Roy*, which being granted, he threw himſelf at his Feet, and broke out into the following Words. 'To morrow, my Lord, you will be able to 'let the World know that I am innocent; and altho' 'ſome of the Witneſſes you have already heard in my De- 'fence, clear me abſolutely of the Crime; yet do I here pre- 'ſume to ſwear once more to your Highneſs, as religiouſly 'as I would do before God at the ſacred Altar, That I not 'only have not carry'd away *Sophy*, as my Adverſaries mali- 'ciouſly alledge againſt me, but likewiſe did not lay Eyes 'on her from the Day before ſhe was ſo carried away, and 'have never heard the leaſt news of her ſince. I own I 'was to have carried her away, continued he, had not a 'Misfortune too obſcure for me to unriddle prevented me 'in that deſign. Enough, *Don Carlos*, reply'd the *Vice-Roy*, go to bed and take your reſt; I am both your Maſter and Friend, and perhaps am better inform'd of your Innocence than you can imagine. You are come along with me from *Africa* under my Protection, and I will not fail to defend and clear you againſt all your Enemies in this matter. *Don Carlos* after having return'd his moſt hearty thanks to ſo obliging a Maſter, went to Bed, but could not ſleep for thinking on what was to enſue. He got up by Day-break, and dreſſing himſelf more gallant than ordinary, went to wait on the *Vice-Roy* at the *Levée*; but I ſhould miſtake if I told you he enter'd the Chamber before ſhe was dreſt. The before mention'd *Dorothy* that came with her diſguis'd from *Fez*, ſtil continued to be her *Confident*, and Companion, and did thoſe Offices for her, which if another had done, ſhe muſt have quickly been diſcover'd. *Don Carlos* therefore gained not admittance till *Dorothy* had ſet open the Door, as well to him as every Body elſe. The *Vice-Roy* no ſooner perceiv'd him than he began to reproach him with riſing ſo early, alledging that his not ſleeping was no great token of his Innocence. To which *Don Carlos*, being a little diſturb'd, reply'd, that the Fear of being convicted did not ſo much hinder him from ſleeping, as the Hopes he had of ſoon ſeeing himſelf deliver'd by the Juſtice his *Highneſs*

neſs would do him. 'But you are mighty Spruce and 'Gallant, quoth the *Vice-Roy*; nay, ſeem indifferent even 'on the Day you are to be try'd for your Life. I know 'not what to think of the Crime you are accus'd of. As 'often as we diſcourſe of *Sophy*, you ſeem more negligent 'and unconcern'd than I, who am no party, nor ever have 'been ſuſpected to have been belov'd by her, nor to have 'made away with her, and poſſibly the young *Claudio* 'likewiſe, as you have been. You ſay you have lov'd her, 'continued the *Vice-Roy*, and yet you ſurvive the loſs of 'her, and endeavour nothing ſo much as to get your ſelf 'acquitted, that you may forget her, and live at eaſe; you 'that ought rather to hate Life, and deſtroy thoſe very 'Charms that have render'd you ſo amiable to her. Ah! 'inconſtant *Don Carlos*, proceeded he, It may well be ſuſ-'pected you have ſome other Love to ſupply the place of '*Sophy* you have been ſo much oblig'd to. At theſe Words '*Don Carlos* in a great Agony was going to anſwer, but which the *Vice-Roy* not thinking fit to hear, interrupted him in, and with a ſevere Countenance ſaid to him. 'Hold your 'Peace, and reſerve that Eloquence you are about to make 'uſe of here, for your Judges. As for my part I ſhall give 'little ear to it, and will not for the ſake of one of my Ser-'vants, let the Emperor have reaſon to entertain an ill Opini-'on of my Juſtice. In the mean time, continued he, 'turning towards his Guards, ſome one of you ſecure his 'Perſon. I ſhould indeed be very imprudent, added he, to 'believe that one who had once broke Priſon would not a-'gain ſeek to avoid Juſtice by flight. This ſaid, *Don Car-los*'s Sword was immediately ſeiz'd, which rais'd a great deal of Pity in the ſtanders by, to obſerve what a ſudden change of Fortune he had undergone. While the poor Gen-tleman was repenting of confiding too much in great Mens Favours, his Judges entred the Chamber, and took their pla-ces after the *Vice-Roy* had ſeated himſelf. The *Italian* Count, who yet continued at *Valencia*, together with *So-phy*'s Father and Mother, appear'd againſt him, and pro-duc'd their Witneſſes; whilſt *Carlos* was almoſt ready to deſpair of his Cauſe, and had ſcarce the Courage to anſwer. They alledg'd the Letters he had formerly writ to *Sophy* and

and prov'd his Hand; they confronted the Neighbours and *Sophy*'s Servants with him, and laſtly produc'd againſt him the Letter ſhe had written to her Father the Night before they pretended he had carried her away. *Carlos* caus'd his Servants to be heard likewiſe, who ſwore they ſaw their Maſter go to bed; but then he might have riſen again afterwards, which they could give no account of. In his defence he ſaid, it was not likely he ſhould carry her away to live ſeparate from her, and much leſs that he would murther one whom he had always lov'd ſo dearly. But all this avail'd him not, for Sentence was juſt going to be pronounc'd againſt him, when the *Vice-Roy* commanding him to be brought nearer, ſaid to him, 'Unfortunate *Don Carlos*! you may well think from all 'the tokens of Friendſhip I have ſhew'd you, that if I 'had in the leaſt ſuſpected you had been guilty of the 'Crime you are accus'd of, I would never have brought 'you to *Valencia*. But now after what has been ſo plainly prov'd againſt you, I am more than oblig'd to con'demn you if I would not begin the Execution of my 'Office by Injuſtice. You may eaſily be convinc'd of my 'concern for you, by the Tears that unavoidably come 'into my Eyes. If your Proſecutors were not of that 'Quality they are of, I might be inclinable to think they 'were byaſſed by Malice; but as they are, there are no 'exceptions to be made to them, and therefore if *Sophia* 'does not appear ſuddenly her ſelf to releaſe you, I am 'to give you Notice, you muſt prepare for Death. *Carlos* deſpairing at theſe Words to be ſaved, threw himſelf at the *Vice-Roy*'s Feet, and after ſome time, ſaid to him, You may remember, *my Lord*, that all the while I had the Honour to ſerve your *Highneſs*, both in *Africa* and here, as often as you have engag'd me in a tedious recital of my Misfortunes, I have always told them after the ſame manner; and you may likewiſe be aſſur'd that what I have told you, that have been ſo good a Maſter to me, I would ſcorn to deny afterwards, before any Judge I have all along told your *Highneſs* the Truth, as I would have done to my God, and therefore ſhall not ſtick to repeat what I have ſo often profeſs'd, that I not only ever have, but alſo ever

ver ſhall to my Lives end love and adore *Sophy*. 'What 'ſay you? (interrupted the *Vice-Roy*, with concern in his 'Countenance) do you pretend to adore her? I do, re-ply'd *Don Carlos*, not a little ſurpriz'd at the manner of the Queſtion, and have not only promis'd to marry her, but likewiſe to carry her off to *Barcelona*. But if I have carried her away, or know where ſhe is at preſent, may I be put to the cruelleſt of Deaths. As for dying, continued he, I know it is impoſſible for me now to eſcape it, but I ſhall neverthleſs dye innocent, if it be not a Crime to have lov'd ſo faithfully, ſo perfidious and inconſtant a Woman. 'But, cry'd the *Vice-Roy*, with a ſtern 'Countenance, What is become of this Woman and your 'Page? Are they mounted up to Heaven? Are they con-'ceal'd in the Earth? Or whether are they gone? The Page, anſwer'd *Don Carlos*, was a ſpruce Gallant, and ſhe a fine Lady; he was a Man and ſhe a Woman. 'Ah Tra-'tor! reply'd the *Vice Roy*, now you diſcover your baſe 'Suſpicions, and the ſmall eſteem you entertain'd for the 'unfortunate *Sophy*. Curs'd be that Woman, continued 'he, that confides in the Promiſes of Men, and ſuffers 'her ſelf to be abus'd by two eaſy a Belief. Neither was '*Sophy* a Woman of a common Vertue, added he, nor 'your Page *Claudio* a Man. *Sophy* was a conſtant Maid, 'and your Page a ruin'd Woman that had been in Love 'with you, and conſequently ſtole away and betray'd her 'as a Rival to her. I am *Sophy*, unjuſt and ungrateful 'Lover! proceeded he, I am *Sophy* who have undergone 'incredible Hazards and Hardſhips on the account of a 'Man that deſerves not to be ſo well belov'd, ſince he 'could think me guilty of the very worſt of Treacheries. *Sophy* found it not in her Power to ſay any more: her Father immediately knew her, and catch'd her up in his Arms, her Mother ſwoon'd away on one ſide, and [redacted] Lover *Don Carlos* on the other. She ſoon diſengag'd her-ſelf from her Father's embraces, to run to the two that where fainted away, and who coming quickly to them-ſelves, ſhe was in doubt which to embrace firſt; her Mo-ther all bedew'd her Cheeks with Tears, and ſhe return'd the like. She embrac'd her Dear, Dear *Don Carlos*, with

all

all the Paſſion imaginable, and who was like to have ſwoon'd away again with the exceſs of the Delight. He nevertheleſs held her faſt, and not yet daring to approach her Lips, endeavour'd to ſatisfie himſelf on her Hands, both which he kiſſed above a thouſand and a thouſand times. *Sophy* was ſcarce able to withſtand all the Kindneſſes and Complements made her. The *Italian* Count on his part going to profer his, ſtill inſiſted on his former Pretenſions to her, as being promis'd him both by her Father and Mother; this *Don Carlos* hearing, and having at the ſame time one of her Hands, greedily kiſſing at his Mouth, he inſtantly quitted it, and laying his Hand to his Sword, which had been juſt then brought him, he put himſelf into a poſture enough to have frighted an Army, and ſwore that rather than ſuffer himſelf to be depriv'd of his dear *Sophy*, provided ſhe would but ſtill continue to love him, he would hew down the City of *Valencia*, and bury its Inhabitants in its Ruins. She on her part declared ſhe would have no other Husband than her dear *Carlos*, and therefore conjur'd both her Father and Mother either to reſolve to approve of him, or to expect to ſee their only Daughter ſpeedily cloyſter'd up in a *Convent*. Her Parents hereupon gave her liberty to make choice of what Husband ſhe pleas'd, which the *Italian* Count perceiving, he immediately took Poſt and rid away for *Italy*. *Sophy* afterwards gave an account of her Adventures, which being ſo very extraordinary, were admir'd by every body. A Courrier was ſoon after diſpatch'd to carry the News of this wonderful diſcovery to the Emperor, who thereupon ſent orders that *Don Carlos*, after he had married *Sophy*, ſhould be inveſted with the *Vice-Royſhip* of *Valencia*; and moreover as a Recompence for all the great Services his Lady had perform'd under the name of *Don Hernando*, he gave to this happy Lover a Principality, which his Heirs enjoy to this very Day. The City of *Valencia* was at the charge of the Wedding, which was perform'd with all the Magnificence and Splendor imaginable, and *Dorothy* who had reſum'd her Female Habit much about the ſame time with *Sophy*, was married not long after her to a near Relation of *Don Carlos*.

CHAP.

Chap. XIV.

A matchleſs piece of Impudence in the Sieur la Rappiniere.

THE Counſellor of *Rennes* had juſt done reading his Novel, when *la Rappiniere* arriv'd at the Inn. He entred the Room boldly, where he had been told Monſieur *la Garouffiere* was, but as ſoon as he perceiv'd *Deſtiny* ſtanding in a Corner, both he and his Man that came along with him began viſibly to change Countenances. *La Garouffiere* after having ſhut the Door, demanded of the bold *la Rappiniere* if he could not gueſs upon what account he had been ſent for. Is it not upon the account of a Comedian, reply'd the Villain laughing, whom I had a mind to have my Share of: How do you mean your Share, anſwer'd *la Garouffiere* with a ſerious Countenance, Does it become a Judge as you are to talk after that rate? And did you ever yet condemn a Perſon that deſerv'd hanging more than your ſelf? *La Rappiniere* continu'd to turn the thing to Ridicule, and would needs make it paſs for the Act of a good Companion. But the Senator urg'd it ſo home, and after ſo ſevere a manner, that he had at laſt made him to confeſs that it was an ill Action, and for which he immediately made ſome trifling Excuſes to *Deſtiny*, who notwithſtanding could ſcarce forbear calling him to an account for offending him ſo baſely, after he had been oblig'd to him for his Life, as you may find he had been in the beginning of theſe Comical Adventures. But *Deſtiny* had another Quarrel to debate with this wicked *Provoſt* of greater Conſequence, which he had communicated to Monſieur *la Garouffiere*, and who had promis'd to make him give him Satisfaction. Whatever Pains I have taken to dive into *la Rappiniere*, I could never yet diſcover whether he were more wicked towards God, or towards Man; more unjuſt to his Neighbour, or more vicious in himſelf. I know only this to be true, that never any Man had more Vices heap'd up together, nor in a more eminent Degree than he. He confeſt he had a Deſign to carry away Madam *Star*, as boldly as if he had reaſon

reaſon to boaſt of it as a good Action; and farther, impudently told the Counſellor and the Comedian, that he never in the leaſt doubted of the Succeſs of that Enterprize: For, continued he addreſſing himſelf to *Deſtiny*, I had gained over your Man; and your Siſter, thinking you were wounded, was ſo conveniently caught in the Trap, in expectation to find you not above two Leagues from the place where I waited for her, that I had certainly had her, had not the Sot that conducted her ſuffer'd ſome Devil or other to take her from him, whereby I loſt a good Horſe, and he got a good beating. *Deſtiny* at the hearing this, firſt grew pale with Anger, but then preſently bluſhed with Shame to hear a Villain tell him that with Indifferency, which he ought to have told with the greateſt Reluctancy and Regret. *La Garouſſiere* was greatly offended likewiſe, and not leſs angry with ſo dangerous a Man. I can't imagine, ſaid he to him, how you could have the Impudence to tell us the Particulars of ſo baſe an Action with ſo much unconcern; for which Monſieur *Deſtiny* would have nevertheleſs rewarded you, had not I interpos'd and hindred him. But I would adviſe you, continued he, to reſtore to him the Box of Diamonds you ſtole from him at *Paris* when you were a Pick-pocket Raſcal, or he may yet do it. *Doguin*, who was at that time your Accomplice, and ſince your Servant, confeſt to him on his Death-Bed that you had it; and I declare to you, added he, that if you do not ſpeedily let him have it again, I will for the future prove as dangerous an Enemy to you, as I have hitherto been a ſerviceable Friend. *La Rappiniere* at theſe Words ſtood as if he had been Thunder-ſtruck, and had not Power to deny any longer, according to his uſual Cuſtom, what he had done. He own'd therefore, ſtammering like one that was confounded, that he had the Box at *Mans*, and ſwore horribly to return it upon Demand. The uſe he made of Oaths was out of Policy to conceal the Truth, for tho' it was true he had the Box, yet had he not it at *Mans*, but carried it always about him, with deſign to have preſented it to Madam *Star*, in caſe ſhe rejected his Amour. This he afterwards confeſt in private to Monſieur *la Garouſſiere*, thinking

thinking thereby to regain his Favour, and into whoſe Hands he put the Box and Picture to diſpoſe as he thought fit. The Picture was that of Madam *Star*'s Father, ſet round with Diamonds, whoſe Face it ſeems ſo much reſembled hers that ſhe might be eaſily known to her Father by it. *Deſtiny* at the Receipt of the Picture knew not how to thank Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* ſufficiently for it. When this Box was taken away from *Deſtiny*, he was not ſo much concern'd on his own account, as on that of Madam *Star*'s Mother, who had a long time kept it as a Pledge of her Husband's Love. You may eaſily gueſs then what an Exceſs of Joy the Recovery of it raiſed in them both. He for his part went immediately to acquaint his dear *Star* with the News, whom he found where he had left her in the Curate of the Town's Siſter's Houſe, and in Company with *Angelica* and *Leander*. They conſulted together about their return to *Mans*, and reſolv'd upon it for the next Day, Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* proffer'd them a Coach, which they would however by no means accept. The Men and Women-Players ſupped with Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* and his Company that Night. They afterwards went to Bed betimes, and next Morning by break of Day *Deſtiny* and *Leander* took each of them their Miſtreſſes behind them, and poſted away to *Mans*, whither *Ragotin*, *Rancour*, and *Olive*, had been gone before. Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* proffer'd a great deal of Service to *Deſtiny*, on account of Madam *Bouvillon* who had feign'd herſelf ſicker than ſhe was, on purpoſe that ſhe might not be oblig'd to take leave of that Comedian, whom ſhe for the preſent was not at all pleas'd with.

Chap. XVI.

Ragotin's *Misfortune.*

THE two Comedians that return'd to *Mans* with *Ragotin*, were led out of their way by that little Raſcal, who would needs treat them at a ſmall Country Houſe of his, which had been built proportionable to his Size. Altho' an exact Hiſtorian would now think himſelf oblig'd

they ſhould have been fit for Sleep by Sunriſing; but it ſo happen'd that the ſame Wine that made them good Friends the Night before, had now inſpir'd them with a Spirit of Separation. They reſolv'd to part therefore, and the Gypſies packing up their Awls, not forgetting to nim ſomething here and there from their Hoſt the Tenant, went one way, while the *jolly* Landlord mounting his Mule rod another, and who being now as ſerious as he had been before tranſported, took his Journey directly towards *Mans*, not minding in the leaſt whether *Rancour* or *Olive* followed him or not, being wholly taken up with blowing a Pipe of Tobacco, which had nevertheleſs been ſmoak'd out above an Hour before. He had not been gone above half a League, ſtill ſucking his empty Pipe, which afforded him not one Whiff of Smoak, before the Fumes of the Wine began to ſeize his Crown-office, and conſequently ſoon cauſed him to tumble out of his Saddle. As ſoon as the Maſter was off, the Mule thought ſhe had nothing left to do but to return from whence ſhe came, and therefore inſtantly poſted back to her Stable, while the poor *Ragotin*, after having indifferently unburthen'd his ſurcharg'd Stomach, fell into a profound Sleep in the middle of the Highway. He had not ſlept long, ſnoring however like a crakt Organ-pipe, before a naked Man, ſomewhat reſembling the Picture of our firſt Parent, but extremely hairy, dirty, and naſty, came up to him, and began preſently to ſtrip off his Clothes. This wild Man took more than ordinary Pains in drawing off *Ragotin*'s new Boots, which I have told you ſomewhere before, in this true Hiſtory, his Friend *Rancour* claim'd as his; which one would have thought might have been ſufficient to have awak'd him, had not he, as the Saying is, been dead drunk; but as he was, all this Force had no other effect upon him than to drag him bare-breech'd two or three Rods from the place where he firſt lay. Being thus unmercifully us'd, a Knife by chance fell out of the *Sleeper*'s Pocket, which the wild Fellow immediately ſeizing, as if he would have flead the ſtarce animate Carcaſs, fell to ripping up his Clothes, Shirt, Boots and Stockings, with whatever elſe he could not eaſily get off, and packing them upon his

Back

Back, fled away with them as ſwiftly as a Wolf would have done with a Lamb. Leave we this Man to run away with his Spoil, he being the ſame that had formerly ſo terribly frighted *Deſtiny*, while he was in Purſuit of *Angelica*; and let us return to aſſiſt *Ragotin*, who yet continued aſleep, tho' he ought by all means to be waked. Altho' his naked Body had been for ſome time expoſed to the ſcorching Sun, and endured the ſtinging Aſſaults of ſeveral ſorts of Inſects, yet was it not poſſible to wake him, till ſome Peaſants came by ratling with a Cart. They no ſooner perceiv'd him, but they all cry'd out, *There he is*, and afterwards coming up ſoftly, as if they had been unwilling to diſturb him, made ſure of his Legs and Arms, and binding them faſt with good ſtrong Cords, took him up, ſo hamper'd, and canted him into their Cart, which they immediately drove away with as much Expedition as a Lover would have done a Coach with a ſtollen Heireſs in it. *Ragotin* was as yet ſo damnably drunk, that neither the Violence offer'd to him, nor the exceſſive Jolting of his Carevan could poſſibly awake him, when the Peaſants driving on heedleſly, with a great deal of Precipitation, overthrew at length both him and the Cart in a huge Slough of Mud and Water. The ſudden Cold he there felt, together with his bruiſing againſt the Stones, or ſome ſuch like thing, at his Fall, ſoon forc'd him to be ſenſible of what a condition he was in, and the being in that Condition almoſt made him to run mad. He found himſelf bound both Hand and Foot, and wallowing like *David's* Sow in the Mire; he felt his Head ake, as well upon account of his Drunkenneſs as Fall: And laſtly, could not but extremely wonder to ſee four Country Fellows lifting him up out of the Water, while as many were employ'd in dragging the Cart out of the Dirt. This Adventure ſo exceedingly ſcar'd him, that he ſpoke not one Word, tho' he was naturally a great Talker, and had never ſo much occaſion as now; and a Moment after he could not poſſibly have been heard had he ſpoke never ſo much, for the Carters untying his Legs only without giving any reaſon or obſerving any farther Civility to him, immediately began to drive their Cart back to the Place from whence they came as violently as they had done it hither. The diſ-

creet Reader may perhaps have a deſire to know what theſe Fellows would have had with *Ragotin*, and how they came to do nothing to him, but which I could not pretend to ſatisfie him in, had it not come to my Knowledge by chance. A Prieſt of the Lower-*Mayne*, a little melancholy-mad, having been brought up to *Paris* by a Suit of Law, during the time his Cauſe was preparing for a hearing, would needs ſpend his time in printing ſome whimſical Fancies of his on the Revelations. He was ſo exceeding fertile in *Chimeras*, and always ſo fond of his laſt Productions, that he ſtill blotted out the former; whereby his Printers were forc'd to correct the ſame Sheet at leaſt twenty times over. This made them ſo mad, that for every Sheet he was oblig'd to look out for a new Printer, till at laſt he happen'd on the Perſon that printed this preſent *Romance*, wherein he chanced to light upon ſome Leaves which mention'd this ſame Adventure I have told you. This Prieſt knew more of the Story than I who writ it, having it ſeems been inform'd from the Peaſants own Mouths who had carried away *Ragotin*, what had been the occaſion of their ſo doing, which I could not poſſibly have come to the Knowledge of. He ſaw at firſt daſh wherein my Relation was defective, and acquainted my Printer therewith, who was extremely ſurpriz'd at the Information, thinking with the reſt of the World, that my *Romance* had only been a fabulous Story of my own Invention. Suppoſing it might be of ſome Service to me to put me in the right, my Printer deſired he would come and give me a Viſit, which he readily conſented to. Then did I learn from this faithful *Manſeau* that the Peaſants who had bound *Ragotin* while aſleep, were ſome of the neareſt Relations to the poor Mad-man that run about the Country, who had frighted *Deſtiny* in the Night, and ſtript *Ragotin* in the Day-time. They had, it ſeems, reſolv'd among themſelves to coop up their Kinſman whenever they met him, and had made ſeveral Attempts for that purpoſe, but he ſtill beat them off, and got clear of them, being a ſtout rugged Fellow. Some Perſons therefore of a neighbouring Village having eſpy'd *Ragotin* lying naked in the Sun, took him for a mad Fellow aſleep, but daring not to come near him for fear of a beating, they gave Notice

of

of the matter to the Country-Fellows his Relations: who venturing to ſeize him, tho' with all the Caution before mention'd, took him without knowing who he was; but diſcovering afterwards their Miſtake, ſet his Feet at liberty, but not his Hands, for fear he might attempt ſomething againſt them. Theſe *Memoirs* I had from this Prieſt pleaſed me extremely, and I muſt own, did me no ordinary Service; in return I thought I made him ſufficient Recompence by adviſing him not to proceed any farther in the publiſhing of his *Ridiculous Viſionary Comment.* Some Readers perhaps will now condemn me for having inſerted this needleſs Circumſtance, and others, it may be, at the ſame time, commend me for my *Sincerity.* Return we now to *Ragotin*, with his Body all beſmear'd and bruis'd, his Mouth dry and gaping like to the parch'd Earth, his Head heavy and dull, and his Arms pinion'd behind his Back. He got up as well as he could, and having caſt his Eyes round him as far as he could ſee, and perceiving neither Houſe nor Man near him, beat it on the Hoof, taking to the neareſt Road he could find, and all the way racking his Brains to find out the Cauſe of this Diſaſter. Having his Hands tied behind him, he was not a little incommoded by ſeveral obſtinate Flies, that choſe to fix on thoſe Parts of his Body, which by reaſon of his being bound, he could not poſſibly reach, therefore he found himſelf frequently oblig'd to lie all along upon the Ground, either to rub off or cruſh the troubleſom Vermine. At laſt he came to a hollow Way, having a thick Quick-ſet Hedge on either ſide, and wherein a little purling Stream ran down to a neighbouring River. This gave him occaſion to rejoice, hoping thereby to get clear of his Mud and Dirt, which hung plentifully about him. Coming near the Ford, he ſaw a Coach which had been juſt then overturn'd, and out of which the Coachman and another Fellow were hawling by five or ſix Nuns, that had been well drench'd in the Water. This piece of Charity he perceiv'd to be perform'd at the earneſt Exhortations of a venerable Prelate, who ſtood hard by looking on. Among theſe Nuns was the old *Abbeſs* of *Eſtival* who was coming from *Mans*, whither an Affair of Importance had called her. The *Abbeſs* and *Nuns* were no ſooner drawn out of

the Coach, but they perceiv'd at a diſtance *Ragotin's* naked Figure marching towards them, whereat they were extremely affrighted, and much more Father *Giſlot* the diſcreet Director of the Abby. He caus'd the devout Siſters to turn their Faces another way, that they might not defile their Eyes with ſo great Impurities, and at the ſame time calling out as loud as he could bawl to *Ragotin*, commanded him not to approach any nearer at his Peril. *Ragotin* nevertheleſs kept onwards on his way, till at laſt coming to a long Plank that had been laid a-croſs the River for People to walk over, he was met in the middle thereof by Father *Giſlot*, follow'd by the Coachman and Peaſant, who all doubted at firſt whether they were not beſt to exorciſe him. His Figure ſeem'd to them diabolical. At length the Father took Courage, and demanded of him, Who he was? Whence he came? How he came to be naked? And laſtly, What made him to have his Hands tied behind him? All which Queſtions he asked with a great deal of Gravity and Decorum; which notwithſtanding *Ragotin* anſwer'd very ſaucily, requiring of the Prieſt, What he had to do to ask him ſo many Queſtions? and afterwards preſſing to go forwards upon the Plank, he puſh'd the reverend Father ſo rudely, that he tumbled him over Head and Ears into the Water; the good Prieſt drew in after him the Coachman, and he in like manner the Countryman; all which *Ragotin* perceiving, and being pleaſed at the ſight, immediately ſet up a great Laughter. He afterwards held his way on towards the *Nuns*, who cover'd their Faces with their Veils, and would by no means be ſeen by him. *Ragotin* for his part was indifferent whether he ſaw their Faces or not, and conſequently went onward of his way, thinking ſpeedily to get quit of his Adventure, which nevertheleſs Father *Giſlot* did not intend he ſhould. He purſued him therefore cloſe with the Countryman and Coachman for his Seconds, which laſt being naturally the moſt Cholerick of the three, and beſides put out of Humour by the *Abeſſes* ſcolding at him, detach'd his Body from the reſt, and coming up to *Ragotin*, reveng'd himſelf with his Whip on his Hide, for the Water he had beſtow'd on his. *Ragotin* durſt not abide a ſecond Charge, and therefore immediately put himſelf into

into a posture to fly. He fled then like a Dog with a Bottle to his Tail, while the incens'd Coachman, not satisfied with a lash or two, gave him half a score more to encrease his Speed, leaving at every Stroak the Characters of his Wrath, imprinted in Blood upon his Breech. *Giflot*, tho' almost out of Breath with running so fast, had yet still enough left to cry out *Whip him, whip him soundly*; which animated the Coachman to redouble his Stripes, and poor *Ragotin* to encrease his Speed, till at last a Mill presented itself in his way as an *Asylum* to save him. He ran in there, with the Executioner close at his Heels, and finding the Door of a little Back-yard open, he entred it in great haste, but which he had no sooner done, than he was caught by the Buttocks by a Mastiff Dog. Thereupon he began to shriek out most dolefully, and flying to an adjoining Garden with great Precipitation, happen'd to tumble down five or six Hives of Bees that stood just at his Entrance. This prov'd much the worst of all his Misfortunes, for these little wing'd Enemies with their pointed Stings assailing a naked Body that had no Arms to defend it, tormented and blister'd him most cruelly. He thereupon bawl'd out so loud that the Dog that had bitten him was scar'd away for fear. The same cause drove away the Coachman and Father *Giflot*; which last having given his Revenge too great a loose, and kept his Charity too strait lac'd, began to repent of his Cruelty, and hasten'd immediately to call the Master and his Man to the Assistance of the poor Fellow, who was thus miserably handled in the Garden. The Miller made no great haste, nevertheless came at last; when snatching up *Ragotin* from among his venomous Enemies, tho' he might be a little displeased at the overthrow of his Hives, yet had he nevertheless more Charity than the Priest, and began at first light to pity him. He then proceeded to demand of him, What the Devil made him to thrust himself while naked, and with his Hands tied, among his Stocks of Bees? But tho' *Ragotin* was going to answer him, yet could he not, by reason of the excessive Pains he felt all over his Body. A Bear's Cub but newly whelpt, and never lick'd into form, could not be so shapeless as our *Ragotin* was in his humane Figure, after

having been ſtung by theſe mercileſs Creatures, being ſwell'd exceſſively, even from Head to Foot. The Miller's Wife, as pitious as moſt good Women are, got a bed provided for him and laid him in it. Father *Giſlot*, the Coachman, and Peaſant, return'd back to the Abbeſs of *Eſtival*, who with her *Nuns* being re-embark'd in their Coach, ſet forwards on their Journey under Convoy of the reverend Father mounted on a Mare. It happen'd that the aforeſaid Mill belong'd either to *du Rignon*, or his Son-in-Law *Bagottiere*, I cannot ſay whether, this *du Rignon* it ſeems was a Relation of *Ragotin's*, which when the Miller and his Wife came to know, they took more than ordinary care of him, and caus'd a Surgeon from a neighbouring Town to come and cure him, which he happily perform'd in a ſhort time. As ſoon as he was well able to walk, he return'd, to *Mans*, where His Joy for *Rancour* and *Olive's* having found his Mule, and brought it home along with them, ſoon made him to forget his Fall out of the Cart, the the Coachman's Laſhes, his biting by the Maſtiff, and his being ſtung by the Bees.

CHAP. XVII.

Some Paſſages between the little Ragotin *and the great* Baguenodiere.

Deſtiny and *Star*, *Leander* and *Angelica*, two Brace of noble and ſincere Lovers, arriv'd at the capital City of *Mayne*, without meeting any the leaſt Misfortune by the way. *Deſtiny* ſoon re-inſtated *Angelica* in her Mother's Favour, to whom he had given ſo plauſible an Account and Character of *Leander's* Amours and Condition, that Mrs. *Cave* began now to approve the young Man's Paſſion, as much as ſhe had before oppos'd it. The poor Company of Strollers had had no great reaſon to brag of their Gettings at *Mans*, had not a Man of Quality that lov'd Plays extremely, made them amends for the Loſſes they had ſuſtain'd by the Citizens. The greateſt part of this perſon's Eſtate lying in *Mayne*, he had taken a Houſe at *Mans*, whither he often invited many as well Courtiers as Country Gentry, among whom were ſometimes the greateſt

eſt Wits, and oftentimes Poets of the firſt Rank, to all which he approved himſelf a kind of modern *Mecænas*. His chiefeſt Delight was in Comedy, and therefore he not only cheriſh'd the Compoſers thereof, but likewiſe invited every Year the beſt Comedians in the Kingdom to come to *Mans*. This Nobleman happen'd to come thither much about the ſame time that theſe poor *Strollers* were going thence on account of the thinneſs of their Audiences, but he deſired them by all means to continue there a Fortnight longer; and the better to encourage them to it, preſented them with a hundred Piſtoles, promiſing to give them as many more at their Departure. He was glad of this occaſion to divert ſeveral Perſons of Quality of both Sexes, that he had brought along with him to *Mans*, and who were to make ſome ſhort ſtay there at his Requeſt. This Lord, whom I will call here the Marquis of *Orſe*, was a great Hunter, and had brought all his hunting Equipage to *Mans*, which in every reſpect was the fineſt that could be met with in *France*. The Downs and Foreſts of the Country of *Mayne* made it to be one of the beſt places for thoſe Sports in the whole Kingdom, and that either for Deer or Hares; and it being now the Seaſon for ſuch like Divertiſements, the City of *Mans* was full of Huntſmen, which the approaching Feſtival had drawn thither, moſt of them with their Wives. Theſe were extremely raviſh'd at the ſight of the Court Gallantry, thinking they ſhould now have matter ſufficient to furniſh them with Chat for the longeſt Winter's Evening. It is not the leaſt Ambition of the Country People to be able to relate ſometimes and brag, that at ſuch a time, and in ſuch and ſuch a place, they had ſeen ſuch and ſuch Courtiers, whom they ſalute only by their Sir-names, and mention without any addition of Title; for Example, one will tell you he loſt his Money to *Roquelaure*, *Crequi* won ſo much, *Coaquin* hunted a Stag in *Touraine*, and the like. But if you ſuffer them to enter either upon Politicks or War, they will never ceaſe talking till they have drain'd the Subject as dry as they were at firſt empty. But let us here put an end to our Digreſſion. *Mans* was then filled with Nobility and Gentry of all ſorts: The Inns were crouded with Gueſts, and the greateſt part of the principal Citizens who lodged

lodged ſuch Courtiers or Country Gentry as were their Friends, had in a ſhort time their beſt Linnen foul'd, and their Family Proviſions exhauſted. The Strollers quickly open'd their Shop, reſolving to let their Cuſtomers have lumping penny-worths, ſince they had been ſo well paid beforehand. The Citizens of both Sexes prepar'd for the Diverſion, and the Town and Country-Ladies were over-joy'd to behold every Day the Court-Madams from whom they learn'd to dreſs *alamode*, or at leaſt better than they were wont to do; which tho' it occaſion'd Expence to their Husbands, yet was of exceeding Benefit to their Taylors, who by theſe means had many an old Gown to alter. They had a *Ball* every Night, where ſeveral wretched Dancers mov'd awkardly in Courants, and many young Citizens trip'd it about in Holland Drawers, and wax'd Slippers. Madam *Star* and Madam *Angelica* fired the Hearts of moſt of the young Men that ſaw them, and raiſed Envy in the greateſt part of the Women. *Inezilla*, who danced a *Saraband* at the Requeſt of the Players, was admir'd, and *Roquebrune* was juſt ready to die with Love at the ſight of it. *Ragotin* likewiſe confeſs'd to *Rancour*, that if he did not quickly bring him into Favour with *Star*, *France* would ſoon have reaſon to lament the Loſs of him. *Rancour* preſently gave him hopes, and as a more particular Teſtimony of his Friendſhip, deſired him to lend him twenty or thirty *Francs*. *Ragotin* turn'd pale at this ſurprizing Requeſt, and not only repented of, but was alſo ready to renounce his Love. However, at length that domineering paſſion prevailing in him, he made up the Sum demanded, out of different kinds of Money, and out of ſeveral Pockets, and gave them with a ſorrowful Countenance to *Rancour*, who engag'd at the ſame time, that in leſs than twenty four Hours he ſhould be ſure to hear himſelf talk'd of. That Day was acted *Sir Noiſy Parrot*, a Play as merry as he that writ it had cauſe to be ſad. The Audience was numerous; the Comedy indifferently well play'd, and every body was well enough pleas'd, except the unfortunate *Ragotin*. He thro' ſome occaſion or other came to the Houſe late, and therefore muſt crow'd in where he could get a Seat. His ill Fortune had placed him juſt behind a Country Gentleman

tleman of the largeſt ſize, who had a great looſe Coat on, which not a little encreas'd his bulk. Beſides his ſpreading Haunches, Chine and Shoulders, he was of a Stature ſo much taller than other Men, that altho' he ſat down, *Ragotin* who was but one row off him, thought he ſtood a tip-toe, and therefore cry'd out inceſſantly to him *to ſit down like the reſt*, not believing that one who ſat on the ſame Bench could be ſo much taller than any of his Companions. The Gentleman whoſe Name was *la Baguenodiere*, new not for ſome time that *Ragotin* had ſpoke to him, till at length being ſtil'd by the Title of the Gentleman with the Green Feather, whereof indeed he had a very flaunting one in his Hat, but that none of the cleaneſt nor fineſt, he turned his Head about and ſaw the little *Impertinent*, who thereupon bid him ſomewhat roughly to *ſit down*. This, nevertheleſs *la Baguenodiere* was ſo little moved at, that he turned his Face again very gravely towards the Stage, as if nothing had been ſaid to him; hereat *Ragotin* began to call to him again *to ſit down*, but which he took as little notice of as before, only turning about and looking upon him, and then returning to his former Poſture. This at laſt ſo vex'd *Ragotin*, that he bawled out to him again a third time, which notwithſtanding *la Baguenodiere* regarded as little as formerly. During all the time the Play laſted, *Ragotin* ſtill treated him after the like manner in great Fury, and *la Baguenodiere* as often looked upon him with the ſame Unconcern, without ſpeaking a Word to him; which was ſufficient to have enflam'd the moſt phlegmatick Soul in the World. One might have compared *la Baguenodiere*, in this Adventure, to a large Maſtiff, and *Ragotin* to a little Cur that runs barking at him by his ſide, which provokes the great Dog ſo little, that in Contempt of him he only ſteps aſide, and lifting up his Leg, piſſes againſt the Wall. At length the whole Company began to take notice of what had paſſed between the largeſt and the leaſt Man among them, and every one preſum'd to ſmile at it, juſt at the time that *Ragotin* began to ſwear and rave thro' Impatience, while *la Baguenodiere* returned him only a cold and indifferent Glance. This *Baguenodiere* was at the ſame time the largeſt Man, and the greateſt Brute in the

the World, I ſhould have ſaid Clown. He demanded *with* his accuſtom'd Gravity of the two Gentlemen that ſat next him, *what they laughed at*; to which they inſtantly reply'd very ingenuouſly, *that it was at him and* Ragotin; whereby it ſeems they thought rather to have tickled *than* diſpleas'd him. However it ſo happen'd that it diſguſted him, and made him to reply in a great rage, *then you are a couple of Sotts:* Which Affront he caſt in their Teeth with ſo great Indignation, and ſuch a ſowre Look, that they preſently perceiv'd he was *piqu'd*, and therefore thought themſelves obliged in requital of his Complement to give him, each of them, a good ſound Box o'th' Ear. *La Baguenodiere* having his Arms hamper'd in his Coat, could do nothing to them again at firſt, but hunch them to and fro with his Elbows, which the two Gentlemen that were Brothers, and naturally very briſk, taking the advantage of, before he could well diſengage himſelf, gave him half a dozen more ſwinging Cuffs on the Chaps, which they happen'd to deliver with ſuch an equal Meaſure of Time, that thoſe who heard the ſound, without ſeeing the Blows given, thought verily they had been ſo many ſingle Claps. At laſt *Baguenodiere* got his Arms free from under his cumberſom Coat, but being ſo cloſe preſs'd by the two active Brothers, who box'd him moſt unmercifully all the while, he had not Room to move thoſe carnal Weapons. He found himſelf therefore oblig'd to retreat, which going to do forwards, Pardon the Incongruity of the Expreſſion, his Enemies having ſecured him behind and on either ſide, chanc'd to fall on a Man below him, and by the weight of his Body, tumbled both him and his Seat down upon the unfortunate *Ragotin*; who I ſhould have told you, not finding himſelf able to prevail with the Country Gentleman to let him ſee over him, had got a Seat a little under him; who was thereby forced down upon another, that beat him backwads upon another, and ſo onwards to the laſt Man or Woman, no matter which, that ſat below; whereby all theſe Tumblers in this Condition look'd juſt like ſo many Ninepins that had been dextrouſly tip'd by a skilful touch of one. The noiſe of the Perſons tumbling, the the cruſh'd Legs, the frighted Maids, the crying Children,

the

the babling Women, and in a word, of thoſe that laughed, of others that lamented, and laſtly of ſuch as either clap'd or hiſſed, made ſuch a confus'd din, as one would have thought could have happen'd no where but in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat* at the laſt Day. Never did ſuch a trifling cauſe occaſion ſo many great Accidents; but that in my opinion, which was the moſt wonderful, was that there happen'd not to be one Sword drawn, tho' the Scuffle firſt began among thoſe that wore them, and whereof there were above a Hundred in the Company. I was equally ſurpriz'd at *Baguenodiere*'s Stupidneſs, who could Cuff and be Cuffed, and receive Aſſaults and make them, as if he had been about the moſt indifferent thing in Nature. It was farther obſerved as another inſtance of his Dulneſs or Sullenneſs, call it which you pleaſe, that he had not once opened his Mouth all that Afternoon, except when he uttered thoſe unmannerly Words, which brought ſuch a ſhower of Cuffs about his Ears; neither did he afterwards ſpeak one more all that Night, ſo well was this huge Man's Flegm and Taciturnity proportion'd to his Bulk. This grand confuſion of Seats and Perſons huddled together, was no ſmall time putting in order; which while ſome were buſy about, and others charitably interpoſing between the three Combatants, who by this time were got to Fiſticuffs again, a ſudden howling was heard as proceeding from under Ground. Who could this now be but *Ragotin*? For Fortune when ſhe has once begun to perſecute any poor Wretch, ſeldom leaves tormenting him till ſhe has undone him. It ſeems the Seat which this little Imp ſat upon was plac'd on a Plank that lay over a Drain belonging to the Tennis-Court, which Drain is commonly in the middle, juſt under the Line. It was an ordinary receptacle for the Rain-water, or any Filth that was ſwept away, and this Plank ſerved as a Lid to cover it. But as time conſumes all things, ſo had it rotted this to that degree, that *Ragotin*'s weight being greatly encreaſed by thoſe that fell upon him in the late hurly-burly, it preſently gave way under him, and he immediately falling in had the Misfortune to have another Man of a conſiderble bulk fall upon him; whoſe Leg, which by the way, was both booted and

and ſpurr'd, ſlipped into the Hole where *Ragotin*'s whole Body lay; the Spur ſo pricked this poor Creature's Throat, that it oblig'd him to howl after a moſt frightful manner. A Stander-by obſerving the Accident, and giving the Man his Hand to lift him out, *Ragotin* perceiving the Foot leaving him, gave it ſo terrible a nip with his Teeth, even through the Boat, that the Man letting go his hold dropt down again, thinking verily he had been bit by a Serpent. He likewiſe gave ſo frightful a ſhriek at the ſame time, that the Fellow who was helping him out ran away for fear. The ſame perſon recovering himſelf ſoon after, lent him his Hand again, and then at one luſty pull he brought both him and *Ragotin* out at once, who it ſeems had the Wit to hold by the Man's Coat. The little Man no ſooner ſaw the Light again, than he began to threaten every Body with his Nods and Looks, but more eſpecially thoſe whom he obſerv'd to laugh at him. He afterwards thruſt himſelf among the Crowd that were now going out, meditating all along upon ſomething that ſhould prove as honourable for him to perform, as fatal to his Adverſary *Baguenodiere*. I never came to know whether this laſt Perſon and the two Brothers ever accomodated their Difference or not, however they happen'd to fall out, but this I heard, that they never afterwards aſſaulted each other. This was what diſturbed the firſt Play that our Comedians acted before the illuſtrious Company then aſſembled at *Mans*.

Chap. XVIII.

Which has no occaſion for a Title.

Next was repreſented *Nicomedes*, a Play written by the incomparable Monſieur *Corneille*. This Comedy is admirable in my Judgment, being the only one of his that has moſt of its Author's own in it. In it he has ſufficiently diſplay'd the richneſs of his *Genius*, and given all its Perſons bold and ſhining Characters, but that quite different from each other. While this was playing there happen'd to be no diſturbance, and which it may be, fell out by reaſon that *Ragotin* was abſent. Scarce a Day paſſed wherein

wherein he did not meet with ſome Broil or other, to which his peeviſh Pride and raſh Preſumption expoſed him as much as his ill Fortune; which ſcarce till now had given him the leaſt reſpite. The little Man had ſpent his Afternoon with *Inexilla*'s Husband, the Operator *Ferdinando* a *Norman* by Birth, tho' he called himſelf a *Venetian*, and who, as I have already told you, profeſt Chymiſtry; tho to ſpeak freely, he was a great Quack, or rather a great Cheat. *Rancour* to rid himſelf of the tedious Importunities of *Ragotin*, to whom he ſtood engag'd to make Madam *Star* love him, had it ſeems enclin'd this little Fellow to believe that this Operator was a great Magician, and could by his Art force the wiſeſt Woman in the World to run after a Man in her Smock, but that he did not care to practiſe much that way, except for a particular Friend, whoſe diſcretion he was well ſatisfied of, by reaſon he had formerly undergone ſome trouble by being overperſuaded by ſome great Lords at Court. He counſel'd *Ragotin* therefore to do his utmoſt to gain his Friendſhip, which he nevertheleſs told him was no eaſy matter to do, the Operator being a Man of Parts, and would conſequently eſteem only ſuch as were ſo likewiſe, but then where he once took a fancy to a Man he kept nothing ſecret from him. One need only to praiſe or commend a Proud fellow to get what one will out of him; when it is quite otherwiſe with the Meek and Humble, for they are not ſo eaſily impoſed upon. *Rancour* then perſuaded *Ragotin* to what he pleaſed, and he went immediately and perſuaded the Operator that he was a great Magician. I ſhall not need to repeat all he ſaid to him; it ſuffices that the *Operator* being prepared by *Rancour* beforehand, acted his part ſo well, that he denied his Profeſſion, only that his Bubble might be the more enclinable to believe it. *Ragotin* then as I have ſaid before, ſtaid the whole Afternoon with him; but by reaſon the *Operator* had then a Chymical Preparation in Hand, he would by no means ſatisfie him in any thing that Day, and which occaſion'd our impertinent *Manſean* to have but an ill Night of it after he went from him. Next morning betimes he got to the Operator's Chamber before he was up, which *Inexilla* took

took very ill, ſhe not being then ſo youthful as to come out of her Bed as freſh as a Roſe, and for that reaſon always required ſome Hours in private, before ſhe could be ready for a publick View. She therefore immediately ſlipt into her Cloſet, her She-Blackmore following her with Love's Amunition, and left her Husband and *Ragotin* to diſcourſe the matter at Liberty. *Ferdinando* then began to open his Magazine of Miracles and Performances, but would nevertheleſs promiſe to perform nothing for him. *Ragotin* would therefore needs encline him to it by Demonſtrations of his Bounty, and conſequently invited both him and his Wife to Dinner. The Men and Women-Players were invited likewiſe. I ſhall not give you any particulars of their Entertainment, I would only have you to take notice that they were very merry and fed heartily. After Dinner *Inezilla* was deſired by *Deſtiny* and the other Comedians to read ſome little *Spaniſh* Novel or other to them, which ſhe had either compoſed herſelf, or tranſlated by help of the divine *Roquebrune*; who had ſworn by *Apollo* and the Nine *Muſes*, that in ſix Months time he would teach her all the Graces and Perfections of the *French* Tongue. *Inezilla* was ſo obliging that ſhe did not require much entreaty, and therefore while *Ragotin* was taken up with conſulting the Magician *Ferdinando*, ſhe read the following *Novel*, with a moſt Charming Voice, and Judicious Accent.

Chap. XIX.

The two Rival Brothers, a Novel.

Dorothea and *Feliciana de Montſalva* were two the moſt amiable Ladies in all *Sevil*, but tho' they had not been ſuch, yet their Fortunes and Quality were ſo very conſiderable, that thoſe alone had been ſufficient to have engag'd any Gentleman to court them, that had Inclinations to be well Married. *Don Manuel* their Father had not yet declar'd himſelf in favour of any Perſon, and *Dorothea*, who as his eldeſt Daughter ought to have been firſt married, had, like her Siſter, ſo well manag'd her Looks and Actions,

Actions, that the moſt confident Pretenders to her had yet reaſon ſufficient to doubt whether their Addreſſes would be well or ill received. However theſe fair Siſters never went to Maſs without a great Croud of Lovers after them, exceeding ſparkiſhly trick'd up, and they never came near the *Holy-Water* but there were hands of all ſorts and ſizes ready to dip with them, out of a peculiar kind of Devotion. Whenever they happen'd but to lift off their Eyes from their Prayer-Books, they immediately became the Center of I know not how many wiſhful Glances; and they could not make the leaſt ſtep in the Church but they had preſently abundance of Courtiſies to return to the great number of *Beaux* that bow'd to them on all ſides. But however troubleſome were the Civilities paid to them in publick, the frequent Serenades under their Windows made them conſiderable amends, and rendred that reſtraint ſupportable which they were oblig'd to undergo by the cuſtom of their Country. Hardly a Night paſſed but they were regal'd with ſome Muſick or other and often in the Day time there was running at the Ring, and Tilting juſt under their Windows, which look'd towards the Market-place, moſt proper for thoſe Exerciſes. One Day amongſt the reſt, a Stranger begot the admiration of the Spectators by his wonderful Addreſs, beyond the ability of any of the Gentry of the City, who was likewiſe obſerv'd by the two Siſters to be a very complete *Cavalier*. Divers Perſons of *Sevil*, who had been formerly his Acquaintance in *Flanders*, where he had commanded a Regiment of Horſe, invited him to run at the Ring with them, which he accordingly perform'd in a Soldier's Habit. Some Days after, there happen'd the Conſecration of a Biſhop at *Sevil*. The Stranger, who went by the Name of *Don Sancho de Sylva*, would needs be at the Ceremony, and conſequently appeared in the Church, together with the greateſt Gallants of the City. The fair Siſters came thither likewiſe, with many other Ladies diſguis'd, after the Mode of the Place, with Mantles of thick Stuff, and Hats with Plumes of Feathers in them. *Don Sancho* had by chance plac'd himſelf between the two Siſters and another Lady whom he accoſted; but ſhe deſiring

him

him civilly to deſiſt, and leave a place next her for a Friend ſhe expected, he obey'd her, and turned towards *Dorothea de Montſalva*, who ſat nearer him than her Siſter, and who had obſerved all that paſſed betwixt him and the Lady. 'I was in hopes, Madam, quoth he, addreſſing himſelf to 'Dorothea, that the Lady there, to whom I have juſt 'made my Applications, would not have refuſed me her 'Converſation, upon the account of my being a Stranger, 'but ſhe has juſtly rewarded my preſumption in thinking 'I had any thing tolerable to offer. I nevertheleſs beſeech 'you, Madam, continued he, to ſhew more Pity and Ge-'neroſity to a Gentleman who has a mind to experience 'the Bounty of the Ladies of *Sevil*. You give me much greater Cauſe to treat you ill than you have done this La-dy, reply'd *Dorothea*, ſince you offer me only what ſhe had before refus'd; but that you may have no real reaſon to complain of our Ladies of this Country, I conſent to converſe with you as long as this Ceremony laſts, to con-vince you I have no Aſſignation to attend. 'That is 'what does not a little ſurprize me, reply'd *Don Sancho*, 'being ſo wonderfully beauteous as you are, and which 'makes me inclinable to believe, that either you are very 'formidable, the Gallants of this Town very faint-hearted, 'or elſe, that the Perſon, whoſe place I now uſurp, is 'abſent. And do you believe then, Sir, quoth *Dorothea*, that I am ſo little skil'd in the Art of Love, that I could not refrain from appearing in publick without my Gallant, if I had any? For the future you would do well not to entertain ſuch unbecoming Opinions of thoſe you are wholly unacquainted with. 'You may be convinc'd, 'Madam, reply'd *Don Sancho*, that I have a better Opi-'nion of you than you imagine, if you would but allow 'me to adore you ſuitably to my Inclinations. Our firſt Motions are always fallacious, anſwered *Dorothea*, and be-ſides there are no ſmall Difficulties to be encountred in the performing of what you propound. 'There are none 'ſo great, reply'd *Don Sancho*, but I would endeavour to 'ſurmount them all, to gain the Honour of your Eſteem. That is not the Work of a few Days, repartee'd *Dorothea*, you don't conſider perhaps, Sir, that you do but travel thro'

thro' *Sevil*, and it may be, are ignorant that I ſhould not well like to be belov'd only *en paſſant*. 'But grant me, 'Madam, what I humbly requeſt, reply'd *Don Sancho*, and 'I will be bound to continue in *Sevil* as long as I live. Now you ſpeak like your ſelf, reply'd *Dorothea*; and I cannot but wonder, continued ſhe, that a Perſon that was able to ſay ſo many fine things, ſhould not before this have provided himſelf with a Miſtreſs to exhauſt his Gallantry upon. Is it, added ſhe, that he never yet thought any of them worth his trouble? 'It is rather, reply'd 'Don Sancho, out of a diſtruſt he has of his Abilities. Anſwer me preciſely, Sir, continued *Dorothea*, to what I ſhall now demand of you, which is this; Which among all your Ladies is it that would be ſooneſt able to keep you in *Sevil*, were it her requeſt? 'I have told you al-'ready, Madam, reply'd *Don Sancho*, that you might, if 'you ſo pleaſed, the ſooneſt of any. You never ſaw me before, Sir, quoth *Dorothea*, therefore pray let ſome other happy Lady be the Perſon. 'I muſt acknowledge then, 'anſwer'd *Don Sancho*, ſince you command it of me, 'that had *Dorothea de Monſalva* as great a ſtock of Wit 'as I have diſcover'd in you, I ſhould think that Man 'happy whoſe Merit and Services ſhe could ſmile upon. There are many Ladies in *Sevil*, reply'd *Dorothea*, that not only equal but excel her. But, added ſhe, have you ever yet heard that among all the Crowd of her Admirers ſhe ever favour'd one more than another? 'As I found my ſelf 'very far from deſerving her Favour, anſwer'd *Don San-'cho*, I never troubled my ſelf to enquire into the good 'Fortune of others. Why ſhould you not think your ſelf as deſerving as another, demanded *Dorothea*? Womens Humours are for the moſt part unaccountable, added ſhe, and it often happens that the firſt Aſſault of a Stranger has better Succeſs with them than the continued Siege of a conſtant Votary. 'You have got a very pretty way to 'get rid of me, quoth *Don Sancho*; for notwithſtanding 'what you've ſaid, I plainly perceive that the Services 'of a new Comer will not at all be acceptable to you, in 'prejudice of ſome more happy Perſons you have before 'been engag'd to. Don't let that enter into your Head, reply'd

reply'd *Dorothea*, but believe rather, that I am not ſo eaſy as to be cajolled with the bare Pretence of a Paſſion from one that never ſaw me in his Life. 'If that be only wanting, 'Madam, to compleat my Happineſs, reply'd *Don Sancho*, 'conceal your ſelf no longer from a Stranger that has 'been already ſo charmed with your Wit. You would not be ſo much with my Face, anſwer'd *Dorothea*, if you ſaw it. 'Ah! you cannot chuſe but be moſt lovely, 'reply'd *Don Sancho*, ſince you ſo freely confeſs you are not 'ſo; nay, now I have greater Cauſe than ever to believe 'you are weary of my Company, ſince that I either ſeem 'troubleſome, or becauſe every Corner of your Heart has 'been already taken up by others. It were unjuſt there-'fore, continued he, that your Goodneſs ſhould be any 'longer treſpaſſed upon by my Boldneſs, and which I 'had diſcontinu'd before, had not I had a mind to con-'vince you that I had more honourable Deſigns, when I 'made you the faithful Tenders of my Life and Freedom, 'than to make you my Paſtime and Diverſion. And to ſhew you, reply'd *Dorothea*, that I do not think that time loſt which I have ſpent in hearing you, I will be contented to continue with you ſo much longer as may ſuffice to let me know who you are. 'It cannot be my Crime then to 'ſatisfy you, anſwer'd *Don Sancho*, and therefore I ſhall 'proceed to do it. Know then moſt amiable and unknown 'Lady, added he, that my Name is *Sylva*, which I had 'from my Mother; that my Father is Governour of *Quitto* 'in *Peru*: that I am travelling this Way by his Orders; 'and that I have before ſpent ſome part of my Life in '*Flanders*, where I have by Services attained to the chief-'eſt Commands in the Army; and laſtly, had confirm'd 'upon me a Commandery of the Order of St. *Jago*. This, 'in few Words, continued he, is a faithful account of what 'I am, but what I would be all my Life long reſts only in 'your Power to give me leave to expreſs in a place leſs 'publick than this. That ſhall be as ſoon as poſſible, reply'd *Dorothea:* but in the mean time to prevent your Deſires of knowing more of me at preſent, unleſs you mean to run the Hazard of not knowing me at all, know that I am of Quality, and that my Face is not ſo homely as to frighten you.

you. This ſaid, *Don Sancho* took his leave with a moſt profound Bow, and went up to a Company of Gentlemen that were then diſcourſing together in a Knot. Some ſullen Ladies now, who are ever cenſuring others Conducts, and magnifying their own; who take upon themſelves the Arbitration of what is good or ill, tho one might lay odds in a Wager on their Vertues, as not eaſy to be made appear, and who fancy that for a little brutiſh Coyneſs, and pretended religious Squeamiſhneſs, they have a Title to Supererogation in point of Honour, tho' the wantonneſs of their paſt Youth hath left more Scandal than ever their crabbed Wrinkles will be able to give good Examples. Theſe mumping *Madams*, I ſay, ſo ſhort ſighted as to their own Faults, will perhaps be apt to affirm, that Madam *Dorothea* had too indiſcreetly manag'd herſelf in the late Rencounter, and that not only in receiving Addreſſes ſo kindly from a Perſon ſhe never ſaw before, but likewiſe in ſuffering him to make Love to her at all; and farther, that if any young Lady, whom they had the Government of, ſhould have done as much, ſhe ſhould not have long continued above Ground. But let theſe Novice-Ladies learn from me, that every Country has its peculiar Cuſtoms and Manners, and that tho' in *England* and *France*, where the Women and Maids walk about at liberty, they are or ought to be offended at the leaſt Declaration of Love made them by a Stranger; yet in *Spain* it is quite otherwiſe, for there the Women being all cloyſter'd up like *Nuns*, are glad of every occaſion of having Love tendred them, altho' it were from one that had not the leaſt thing worthy about him. Nay, the Women there go farther, for they commonly make the firſt Overtures, and are firſt taken, by reaſon they are laſt to be ſeen, having only an opportunity to ſee the Men through their Veils, and that but at Church, in the Walks, from their Balconies, or thro their Grates. *Dorothea* made her Sifter *Feliciana* acquainted with the Converſation ſhe had with *Don Sancho*, and moreover frankly own'd to her as her *Confidente*, that ſhe thought him the moſt agreeable *Cavalier* in all *Sevil*. Her Siſter very much approved her Deſign upon his Liberty. The two fair Ladies entertain'd each other for ſome time on the Advantages and Privileges

vileges that Men had above Women. They urged that Women were never to be married but at the pleasure of their Parents, which did not alway suit with their Inclinations, when Men are at liberty to pick and chuse where they pleased, and marry when they pleased. 'As 'for my part, said *Dorothea* to her Sister, Love shall 'never make me do any thing contrary to my Duty; 'and I am resolv'd, continued she, never to marry any 'Man but who shall singly possess all those good Qualities 'which are only to be found dispers'd among divers others; 'and, added she farther, I would rather chuse to be shut 'up in a *Convent*, than to marry a Man I could not like. *Feliciana* told her that was her Resolution too, and they both together confirm'd each other in their Opinions with all the reasoning their Ingenuity could furnish them with. *Dorothea* found it a little difficult to perform her Promise to *Don Sancho*, which she had given him to make herself known to him, and consequently acquainted her Sister with the Perplexity she was in. *Feliciana*, who was happy in finding out Expedients, put her Sister in mind of a Lady that was a Relation of theirs, and more than that, an intimate Friend, for all Relations are not so, who she was certain would serve her faithfully in any Affair that concern'd her Happiness so much as this did. 'You know, says this good Sister to her, that *Mariana* 'who has been a long while serviceable to us, is married 'to a Surgeon, and lives in a House belonging to our 'Kinswoman, and adjoining to hers, which two Houses 'have a Door of Communication betwixt them. Now, 'continued she, these two Houses stand in a By-part of 'the Town, and tho' it may be observ'd we go oftner to 'visit our Relation than ordinary, yet will it not be taken 'notice of that *Don Sancho* goes to a Surgeon's; besides 'he may take the opportunity of the Night, or else go 'disguis'd to avoid Discovery. Whilst *Dorothea* was contriving this Intrigue, by the help of her Sister, and instructing her Kinswoman and *Mariana* in what they had to do, *Don Sancho*'s Thoughts were wholly taken up about his unknown Lady. He could not satisfy himself whether she had made those Promises of farther Discov-

ry to abuſe him or not, or whether he did not ſee her every Day, tho' diſguis'd, either at Church, in her Window, or elſewhere receiving the Adoration of her Gallants. Whilſt he was thus in doubt, and one Morning dreſſing himſelf in order to look after her, a veil'd Lady came to the Door to ask for him. Being admitted, ſhe delivered him the following *Billet.*

SIR,

I Should ſooner have let you heard from me had it been in my Power. But if the Deſires you have ſhewn to be acquainted with me be not yet wholly vaniſh'd; be pleaſed to accompany the Bearer, about the dusk of the Evening, to a place where ſhe ſhall conduct you, and where it is probable you may find

Your humble Servant.

You may better imagine, than I expreſs, the Joy that *Don Sancho* conceiv'd at this News. He embrac'd the Ambaſſadreſs with all poſſible Acknowledgments, and moreover preſented her with a Gold Chain, which ſhe after a modeſt refuſal accepted. She appointed him a remote place to meet her in without Attendants in the Evening, and ſo departed, leaving him the beſt ſatisfied, tho' at the ſame time the moſt impatient Man in the World. At length Night came, and ſhe fail'd not to be at the place of Aſſignation richly habited and perfum'd. He was conducted by her firſt into an ill-favour'd little Houſe, and afterwards into a very fair Apartment, where he found three Ladies veil'd. He preſently diſtinguiſh'd his unknown Miſtreſs from the reſt by her Shape and Stature, and therefore immediately addreſs'd himſelf to her entreating her to pull off her Veil. She made no great difficulty to comply with his Requeſt, and therefore both ſhe and her Siſter forthwith diſcover'd themſelves to the happy *Don Sancho*, to be the two beautiful Ladies *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monſalva*. 'You may now perceive I told you true, ſaid 'Dorothea to him, throwing off her Veil, when I aſſur'd 'you that a Stranger might ſometimes obtain more Kind-

'neſs from us Women in a Minute, than the moſt im-'portunate of our Lovers could do by many Years Court-'ſhip. And, continu'd ſhe, you would be the moſt un-'grateful Perſon of your Sex, did you either not highly 'eſteem the Favour I have done you, or miſinterpret it to 'my Diſadvantage. I ſhall ever value what I receive from you, reply'd *Don Sancho* paſſionately, as if it came from Heaven, and you may be able to gueſs by the Care I ſhall take to preſerve to my ſelf the Favour you have done me, that if I ever am ſo unhappy as to let it be known, it will rather be the effect of my Misfortune than Crime.

They ſaid, in ſhort, without controul,
All what ſuch Lovers uſe to ſay,
When Love is Maſter of the Soul.

The Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and *Feliciana*, who had been before inſtructed what they had to do, were retir'd to a convenient diſtance from the two Lovers, whereby they gave them an opportunity to exchange their mutual Affections with greater Ardency than they had time to do at their firſt meeting, as likewiſe to appoint another Aſſignation to enflame them yet more if poſſible. *Dorothea* promiſed *Don Sancho* to give him as many Meetings as ſhe could conveniently, for which he returned her all the Acknowledgments he was capable of making. The two other Ladies entertain'd each other apart for ſome time; but at length *Mariana* thought her ſelf oblig'd to acquaint the Lovers that it was time to ſeparate; at which *Dorothea* was preſently concern'd, and *Don Sancho* viſibly chang'd Countenance; however part they muſt. The gallant *Cavalier* wrote the next Day to his fair Miſtreſs, and had an Anſwer ſuitable to his Wiſhes; but I cannot pretend to give you a ſight of their Letters, by reaſon that none of them ever came to my Hands. What I can ſatisfie you in is, that they met often in the ſame place, and after the ſame manner, and at length arrived to that fervency of Affection, that without murthering themſelves like *Pyramis* and *Thisbe*, they might well have been ſaid to be as paſſionate Lovers. It is a common ſaying, That Love, Fire, and Money cannot lie long conceal'd. *Dorothea*, who had

had the gallant Stranger continually in her Mind, could not forbear talking of him frequently, taking all occasions to set him so much above all other Gentlemen of *Sevil*, that at last some Ladies, who had conceal'd Affections as well as she, and who observ'd her continually crying up *Don Sancho*, not only took notice of, but were *pique'd* at it. Her Sister *Feliciana* had often advis'd her to be more cautious, and above a hundred times in Company, when she was even transported in his Praise, would tread upon her Toes, till she had almost crippled her, to desist. At last thro' her Indiscretion, her Intrigue came to one of her Admirer's Knowledge, by means of a Lady a Friend of his. He had reason enough to believe her in Love with *Don Sancho*, since from the time that Stranger first appeared in the City, neither he nor any of her other humble Servants could obtain the least favourable Look from her. This Rival of *Don Sancho*'s was rich, of a good Family, and very well received by *Don Manuel*, who nevertheless had not yet prest his Daughter to marry him, because as often as he talked of any such thing to her, she had always conjur'd him not to marry her so young. This Gentleman, I beg'n to recollect his Name, was *Don Diego*, had a mind to be fully assur'd of what he had yet but suspected. He had one of those *Valets de Chambre* which we call *spruce Fellows*, who wear as good Linen as their Masters, and sometimes that of their Masters, who bring up Fashions among the inferior Servants, and are as much, or rather more envy'd by the Waiting-women than belov'd by them. This Fellow's Name was *Gusman*, who having a small Tincture of Poetry, compos'd those sorts of Sonnets at *Madrid*, which in *London* and *Paris* we call *Ballads*. He was accustom'd to sing them to his Guittar, but that never plain and downright, but always attended with the ridiculous Gestures of his Head and Body. He moreover danc'd the *Sarabande*, was never without *Castagnets*, would more than once have got to be a Player, had he not been as often refused; and to make up the Composition of his Character, was somewhat inclin'd to the Bully; tho' to tell you the Truth, 'twas that of the most sneaking kind. All these noble Ta-

lents, added to a little Eloquence his Memory had furniſh'd him with from his Maſter's Table-talk, made him to be the Idol, if I may ſo ſpeak, of all thoſe Servant Maids that had beſt Opinions of themſelves. *Don Diego* commanded him to caſt an Ogle or two upon *Iſabella*, a young Wench that waited on the two Ladies *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Montſalva*. He forthwith obey'd his Maſter's Commands, and *Iſabella* was almoſt as ſoon caught in the Trap as it was ſet for her, believing her ſelf not a little happy to be belov'd by *Guſman*, whom ſhe in a ſhort time lov'd again, as he in a little while after did her really, tho' his firſt Intentions were only to impoſe on her by his Maſter's Orders, and for his Ends. As the Love of *Guſman* was a thing much coveted amongſt the Servant Maids of that City, ſo was *Iſabella*'s Fortune as great as the moſt ambitious *Valet de Chambre* could expect to be raiſed to. She was very well beloved by her Miſtreſſes, from whom ſhe received many Favours, and was beſides in expectation of a Fortune from her Father an honeſt Tradeſman. *Guſman* then thinking ſeriouſly on the matter, reſolv'd to be her Husband, as ſhe on her part did to be his Wife; and therefore having only taken one another's Words, they lived together as ſuch. *Iſabella* was not a little diſpleaſed to obſerve that *Mariana* the Surgeon's Wife, at whoſe Houſe *Dorothea* and *Don Sancho* had their private Meetings, ſtill continued to be their *Confidante*, in a Buſineſs whence ſhe knew muſt come a great deal of Profit to her. She had found out the Gold Chain which *Sancho* had given her, and beſides, diſcover'd many other Preſents he had made her, and moreover imagin'd that there might have been ſeveral more which ſhe knew nothing of. This cauſed her to hate *Mariane* to Death, and which inclines me to believe that this young Laſs was not a little mercenary. It is no wonder then if at the firſt Requeſt her dear *Guſman* made her to tell him truly, whether her Miſtreſs *Dorothea* were in Love or not; ſhe confeſt the whole Secret to him, on whom ſhe had beſtow'd her Heart. She inform'd him therefore of as much as ſhe knew of the Intrigue between the two Lovers, and concluded all with railing at *Mariane* for depriving her of her Vails, which

ſhe

ſhe ſaid were due to her as a Servant of the Houſe. *Guſman* deſired of her father to let him know the Day and Hour when the Lovers were next to meet, which ſhe ſoon after ſatisfy'd him in, and he conſequently acquainted his Maſter with not only that, but likewiſe all the reſt he had learned from the treacherous *Iſabella*. *Don Diego* hereupon habited himſelf like a Beggar, and taking his Poſt juſt at *Mariana*'s Door the Night that his Man had inform'd him the Rendezvous was to be, he ſaw his Rival enter there, and ſome time after a Coach ſtopping before *Dorothea*'s Couſin's Houſe, obſerv'd both his Miſtreſs and her Siſter to come out thereof and go in there, which you may imagine left him in no ſmall Rage, well knowing what a ſecret Communication there was between the two Houſes. He plotted therefore from that very Minute to rid himſelf of ſo formidable a Rival as *Don Sancho* might prove. The ſureſt way to take him off he thought was by Aſſaſſins, and conſequently forthwith hir'd two for that end. With theſe he watched for him divers Nights together, and at laſt meeting him, ſet on him with the Aſſiſtance of his two Bullies, both like himſelf well arm'd. *Don Sancho* no ſooner perceiv'd their Intentions than he put himſelf in a poſture of Defence, being alſo indifferently well provided for that purpoſe; for over and above his Sword and Pon-yard, he had two Piſtols ready charg'd ſtuck in his Girdle. *Don Diego* was more forward to engage than his Companions, who were only led on by the hopes of Gain. *Don Sancho* at firſt gave Ground out of Policy; till he had drawn his Aſſailants to a convenient diſtance from the Houſe where *Dorothea* was. But at length fearing he might receive Prejudice if he ſtill continued on the defenſive, and perceiving *Don Diego* to preſs more vigorouſly than ordinary upon him, he let fly one of his Piſtols at him, and brought him to the Ground half dead, but nevertheleſs crying out and bawling for a Prieſt as if he were mad. At the bare hearing the Report of a Piſtol the Bullies immediately troop'd off. *Don Sancho* retired to his Lodgings, and the Neighbours coming out of their Houſes to ſee what was the matter, found the wounded Man juſt expiring, who nevertheleſs had ſo much Life left as to accuſe *Don Sancho*

of his Murther. This our *Cavalier* had ſoon notice of, by means of his Friends, who told him moreover, that altho' the Law could not reach him, yet would not *Don Diego's* Relations let his Death be unreveng'd, but rather ſeek all Opportunities to murther him wherever they could meet him to Advantage. *Don Sancho* hearing this, thought it his beſt way to retire to a *Convent*, where he knew he might be ſafe, which he immediately did, and from thence ſent his dear *Dorothea* an Account of his Safety, ordering his Affairs ſo in the mean time, that he might be ready to leave *Sevil* at the ſhorteſt warning. Whilſt Matters paſs'd thus, the Magiſtrates of the City were doing their beſt to find *Don Sancho* out, but all to no purpoſe. After the heat of the Search was a little over, and every body was of opinion he was clear got off, *Dorothea* and her Siſter, under pretence of Devotion, were carried by their Couſin to the ſame Monaſtery whither *Sancho* had retir'd. There the two Lovers had another meeting in the Chapel, where they mutually promiſed eternal Conſtancy and Fidelity to each other; and at parting utter'd ſo many moving Expreſſions, that *Feliciana*, her Kinſwoman, and the good Monk that attended wept exceedingly, and which they were always afterwards inclinable to do whenever the remembrance of this Interview came into their Minds. *Don Sancho* ſoon after got from *Sevil* in Diſguiſe, leaving Letters behind him with his Father's *Factor* to be tranſmitted to the *Indies* by the firſt Opportunity. By theſe Letters he gave his Father an Account of what had befallen him, and which had oblig'd him to leave *Sevil* to retire to *Naples* for the Safety of his Life. He arrived there in a little time, and was very kindly received by the then *Vice-Roy*, to whom he had the Honour to have formerly belong'd. Notwithſtanding the great Favours ſhew'd him, he nevertheleſs led but an uneaſie Life in *Naples* for above a Year or more, and that by reaſon he had heard no News all that while of his dear *Dorothea*. Some ſmall time after the *Vice-Roy* equipped ſix Gallies to go out a cruizing after the *Algerines*. *Don Sancho's* Courage would not ſuffer him to neglect ſo fair an occaſion of ſhewing it, and therefore he was reſolved to engage in this Enterprize. The Admiral that com-

commanded received him on Board his Gally, and lodged him in his own Cabbin, being not a little proud that he had a perſon of his Quality and Merit to accompany him. Theſe ſix *Neopolitan* Gallies met eight *Algerines* almoſt within ſight of *Meſſina*, and were not long before they engaged them. After a dubious Fight the *Chriſtians* took three of the *Turks* and ſunk two. The *Neopolitan* Admiral happen'd to be grappled with the *Turkiſh* Admiral, which being better mann'd than the reſt, had a much greater Reſiſtance. The Sea in the mean time grew rugged, and the Storm increaſed ſo faſt, that at length both *Chriſtians* and *Turks* had more regard to their own Safeties than to endeavour each other's Ruin. They as it were conſented then mutually to withdraw their Grappling-Irons, and diſingage themſelves from each other, and which happen'd much about the time that *Don Sancho* being over-bold, had thrown himſelf into the *Turkiſh* Admiral, without being ſo happy as to have any body to follow him. Seeing himſelf thus alone, and more than that in the Power of his Enemies, he preferred Death to Slavery, and immediately flung himſelf into the Sea, hoping only to eſcape drowning by his excellent ſwimming. But the bad Weather proving ſo extraordinary, it hindred him from being diſcover'd by the *Chriſtian* Gallies, altho' the Admiral having been an Eye-witneſs of his Action, and being extremely concern'd at the loſs of him, which he look'd upon as unavoidable, had tacked about towards the Place where he ſaw him leap in. *Don Sancho* in the mean time cut the Waves with his skilful Arms, and after having ſwam a while to the Leeward, whither both the Wind and the Tide carried him, he by luck met with a Plank which had been torn from the Sides of one of the *Turkiſh* Gallies by the Cannon, this he looked upon as a Preſent ſent him from Heaven, and which he immediately made uſe of with that Succeſs, that in a ſhort time he got a Shore on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, which was not above a League and half from the place where the Battel had been fought. He landed without any Prejudice done him by the Rocks; and after having returned Thanks to Heaven for his Preſervation, walked forward as faſt as his Weakneſs would ſuffer him. At laſt

making ſhift to get up a little Hill, he from the top perceiv'd a neighbouring Hovel, whither he immediately went and found it inhabited by Fiſhermen, who nevertheleſs approved themſelves to him the moſt charitable People in the World. The over-heating himſelf in the Fight, and afterwards drenching himſelf in the Water, together with the wet Cloaths he was forced to wear, brought ſo violent a Fever upon him, that he was oblig'd for ſome time to keep his Bed, but whereof he in a ſhort time recovered, without doing any thing more to himſelf than living regularly. During his Illneſs, he did all that in him lay to make the World believe he was dead, thereby as well to abate *Don Diego's* Relations Malice, as to make Trial of his *Dorothea's* Conſtancy. Whilſt he was in *Flanders* he had contracted an extraordinary Friendſhip with a *Sicilian* Marquiſs of the Family of *Montalto*, whoſe Name was *Fabio*. He deſired one of the Fiſhermen to make Enquiry whether he was then at *Meſſina*, where he knew he liv'd. Being inform'd he was, he went immediately thither in a Fiſher's Habit, and arrived at thé Marquiſs's Houſe about Night. The Marquiſs was extremely over-joy'd at the ſight of a Friend whom he had given over for loſt. *Don Sancho* gave him an account how he came to be ſaved, and moreover told him his Adventure at *Sevil*, without concealing from him the violent paſſion he had for *Dorothea*. The Marquiſs proffer'd his Service to go for him into *Spain*, and to carry off *Dorothea*, and bring her to *Sicily*, provided ſhe would but conſent to the doing of it. *Don Sancho* would by no means put his Friend upon ſo dangerous a Trial of his Friendſhip, and therefore propoſed to go along with him. *Sanchez, Don Sancho's* Man, had been ſo afflicted for the loſs of his Maſter, that when the Gallies came into the port of *Meſſina* to refreſh themſelves, he entred into a *Convent*, reſolving to paſs there the Remainder of his Days. *Fabio*, who had been the cauſe of his being admitted, ſent to the *Superior* to releaſe him again, and which was the readier comply'd with, by reaſon he had not yet receiv'd the Habit of the *Order*. *Sanchez* was over-joy'd at the ſight of his dear Maſter, and as ſoon ſhook off all Thoughts of returning to the Monaſtery again.

His

His Master not long after sent him into *Spain* to prepare his way for him, and in the mean time charged him to send him News of his dear *Dorothea*, who like others had been possessed with the belief of his Death. This Report had spread it self even to the *Indies*, and which had caused his Father to die with Regret, leaving four hundred thousand Crowns to another Son, on condition, that if his Brother *Sancho* appeared again, he should refund to him a Moiety. *Don Sancho*'s Brother's Name was *Don Juan de Peralta*, the same with his Father's. His Father being dead he embark'd for *Spain*, and arriv'd at *Sevil* about a Year after the before-mention'd Misfortune had befel his Brother. Having a quite different Name, it was easie for him to conceal they were Brothers, and which he thought very necessary for him to do, since he was oblig'd to reside for some time in that City where *Sancho* had left so many Enemies. He happen'd soon after to have a sight of the fair *Dorothea*, and like his Brother, became quickly enamour'd of her, tho' not with the same Success. This fair afflicted Lady could love nothing after her dear *Sancho*. All that *Don Juan de Peralta* could do to please her, prov'd only tiresom; and she moreover utterly refused the best Matches in *Sevil*, which her Father *Don Manuel* had proposed to her. About this time *Sanchez* came to *Sevil*, and observing his Master's Orders, immediately set himself about enquiring into *Dorothea*'s Behaviour. He learnt from a common Report about the City, that a very wealthy Person lately come from the *Indies*, had fallen desperately in Love with her, and who omitted nothing to set forth his Gallantry and Affection. This he soon inform'd his Master of, but made the Story much worse than it had been told him, and his Master believed it to be yet worse than he related it. The Marquis *Fabio* and *Don Sancho* embarked not long after at *Messina*, on Board the Gallies that were then returning to *Spain*, and arrived safe in a short time at St. *Lucar*, where they immediately took Post for *Sevil*. It was Night before they got thither, when they went forthwith to the Lodgings which *Sanchez* had provided for them. They kept all the next Day close in their Chambers, and at Night took a Walk towards *Don Manuel*'s House. They there heard Instruments of several kind

kinds tuning under *Dorothea*'s Window, and afterwards an excellent Conſort; when that was over a ſingle Voice, accompanied only by a *Theorbo*, comp'a'n'd for ſome time of the Cruelties of a Tygreſs in an Angel's Form. *Don Sancho* was ſo provoked at this, that he certainly had truſs'd up the Serenaders, had not the Marquiſs *Fabio* prevented it by repreſenting to him that he could have done no more if *Dorothea* had appear'd in the Balcony to encourage his Rival; but ſince ſhe had not, he ought to believe that the Words that were ſung were rather Complaints of a diſſatisfied Lover, than Thanks for any Favours received. The Serenaders retir'd after they had perform'd their Task, and *Don Sancho* and the Marquiſs retir'd alſo to their Lodgings. *Dorothea* began to be importun'd more and more every Day by her *Indian* Lover. Her Father *Don Manuel* was extremely deſirous to have her ſpeedily married, and therefore ſhe feared that if *Don Juan de Peralta* being rich and of ſo good a Family as he really was, ſhould offer himſelf to him for his Son-in-Law, he would eaſily be prefer'd to all others, and ſhe conſequently more preſs'd by her Father to marry than ſhe had hitherto been. The Day after the Serenade *Dorothea* ſpent wholly in her Siſter's Company, often telling her, 'That ſhe could no 'longer ſuffer the Gallantries of the *Indian*; and farther, 'that ſhe could not but wonder how he could make his 'courting of her ſo publick, before he had obtained her 'Father's Leave to court her. It is a thing that extremely ſurprizes me likewiſe, reply'd *Felicina*, and if I were in your place, the firſt Opportunity that offer'd, I would treat him ſo ill, that he ſhould ever after be out of hopes either of ſaying or doing any thing to pleaſe me. For my part, continu'd ſhe, I can't diſcover any Charms in him to pleaſe a Woman. He has not that Air which is to be acquir'd only at Court, and the great Expences he is at here has nothing of the Polite, and plainly ſhews him to be a *Gavacho*. She proceeded to finiſh a very diſadvantageous Character of *Don Juan de Peralta*, not remembring that at his firſt appearing in *Seuil*, ſhe had confeſs'd to her Siſter, that ſhe liked him, and that as often as ſhe had had occaſion to ſpeak of him, ſhe had always done it with ſome ſort of concern. *Dorothea* obſerving her Siſter to alter'd, or at

leaſt

eaſt that ſhe ſeem'd to be ſo, from the Opinion ſhe had formerly entertained of this *Cavalier*, preſently ſuſpected ſhe loved him as much as ſhe pretended to diſlike him. She therefore to clear her doubts, told *Feliciana* that ſhe had no manner of Averſion for *Don Juan's* Perſon, but rather a Reſpect, by reaſon ſhe found ſo much of *Sancho's* likeneſs in his Face. Her only reaſon for ſlighting him was becauſe ſhe could love no Man after *Don Sancho*; and ſhe added farther, that ſince ſhe could not hope to be his Wife ſhe was reſolv'd never to be one to any other, but determined to ſpend the remainder of her Days in a Convent. Altho you were reſolved upon ſuch a ſtrange Undertaking, which I don't believe, reply'd *Feliciana*, yet you might ſpare me the trouble of hearing it. 'Never doubt it, dear Siſter, 'anſwer'd *Dorothea*, for it is but too true, and it is as cer-'tain that you will ſpeedily be the richeſt Fortune in *Sevil*. 'It is therefore, continued ſhe, that I would ſee *Don Ju-'an* once more, to encline him, ſince he is not like to have 'me, to have the ſame Love and reſpect for you. But, 'proceeded ſhe farther, when I do ſee him, I ſhall withal, 'deſire him to importune me no more with his Addreſſes, 'ſince I find they are ſo very diſpleaſing to you. And let 'me tell you, added ſhe farther, that I know no Perſon in '*Sevil* to whom you could be happier married than to him. If I ſaid he diſpleaſed me, reply'd *Feliciana*, I muſt own it was rather thro' Complaiſance to you, than any Averſion I had for him. 'Confeſs rather, dear Siſter, quoth *Doro-'thea*, that you love him, and apprehend me for a Rival. At theſe Words *Feliciana* began to bluſh, and was extreme-ly out of Countenance. She proceeded to defend her ſelf againſt her Siſter's Accuſation, but which ſerved rather to condemn than acquit her. At laſt ſhe found ſhe was oblig'd to confeſs that ſhe lov'd *Don Juan*, which ſhe would nevertheleſs not have done had ſhe believed it in her Power to have concealed it. *Dorothea* was ſo far from diſapproving her Siſter's Paſſion, that ſhe encouraged her in it, by promiſing to ſerve her to her Power. Soon after *Iſabella*, who had broke off all Communication with her Friend *Guſman*, ever ſince the Accident that befel *Don Sancho*, had Orders from *Dorothea* to go immediately and find out *Don Juan*, and

and to tell him that ſhe and her Siſter deſired his Company about Midnight in the Garden, when her Father would certainly be a Bed. She likewiſe bad her to carry him the Key of the Garden gate. *Iſabella*, who had been gain'd over by *Don Juan*, and conſequently had made it her Buſineſs to procure him her Miſtreſs's eſteem, tho' without ſucceſs, was extremely ſurpriz'd at this ſudden change, but at the ſame time not a little glad that ſhe was to carry him ſo good News, who had ſo often oblig'd her, tho ſhe brought him none but bad. She made what haſte ſhe could therefore to his Lodgings, but found him not inclinable to credit her Meſſage, till ſhe ſhewed him the fatal Key. At the ſame time ſhe put the Key into his Hands, he put a perfum'd Purſe with 50 Piſtols in it into hers, which ſhe received with no leſs Joy than ſhe had occaſion'd him by her coming. As ill-luck would have it the ſame Night that *Don Juan* was to have admittance into *Dorothea's* Father's Garden, *Don Sancho* and his Friend the Marquiſs happen'd to take their rounds that way. They were in the Street where *Dorothea* lived about Eleven a Clock, when all of a ſudden four Men well arm'd came up to them, and ſtar'd them full in the Face. *Don Sancho* thinking his Rival might be among them, forthwith told them ſurlily, That the Poſt they had taken up there he had an occaſion for, to diſpatch a certain Affair in, and therefore requir'd them to be gone inſtantly and give him Liberty for that purpoſe. To which they immediately reply'd, that they would do it with all their Hearts, but that the place was as proper for them to execute a Deſign they had in Hand, which he muſt give them leave to do before he could find any room there. This anſwer ſo nettled *Don Sancho* that it was only a Word and a Blow with him, for he immediately ſet upon them with that Vigour that he ſoon put them into diſorder, and his Friend the Marquiſs charging them at the ſame time, they were driven to the end of the Street before they knew where they were. There *Don Sancho* received a ſlight Wound, but in return gave his Enemy ſo home a thruſt that he was ſome time in getting his Sword out of his Body, and whom he left for dead. In the mean time the Marquiſs was purſuing thoſe that fled, which they quick-

ly

ly did as ſoon as they ſay their Comrade fall. *Don Sancho* at laſt ſaw ſeveral Lights coming towards him at a diſtance; which ſuſpecting to be the watch, as it really was, he began to think of his Eſcape. He retir'd therefore in ſome confuſion thro all the blind Allys he could find, and which at length bringing him into a large open Street, he met full-but with an old Gentleman that was then lighting along with a Lantern, and who had drawn his Sword at the hearing of *Don Sancho* running towards him. This old *Cavalier* was *Don Manuel*, who had been playing a Game at Cards at a Neighbour's Houſe, and was now returning home after his uſual Cuſtom thro a little Gate of the Garden, which was near the place where *Sancho* met him. At the firſt approach of our Adventurer *Don Manuel* cry'd out, 'Who goes there? 'A Man anſwer'd *Sancho*, whoſe buſi-'neſs 'tis to make the beſt of his way, if you do not ſtop 'him. It may be, Sir, continued *Don Manuel*, ſome Accident has oblig'd you to ſearch in ſuch haſte for a Sanctuary, if ſo, my Houſe is near at Hand, and may, if you pleaſe to accept it, be of Service to you. 'Tis true, re-'ply'd *Don Sancho*, I am in queſt of a Sanctuary to ſcreen 'me from a Purſuit which I fear is made after me, and 'ſince you have been ſo generous as to offer a Stranger the 'Protection of your Houſe, he will truſt himſelf wholly 'in your hands, and never forget both the Kindneſs and 'Honour you will do him. Hereupon *Don Manuel* immediately open'd the Door with a Key he had always about him, and put him in a Grove of Lawrels, whilſt he went into his Houſe to ſeek for a better conveniency for him. *Don Sancho* had not been long in the Grove before a Woman came to him and cry'd, come away Sir, my Miſtreſs *Dorothea* waits for you. At the hearing that dear Name, *Don Sancho* began immediately to think he was in his Miſtreſſes Garden, and that the old Gentleman who had brought him in, might be her Father. He likewiſe ſuſpected with reaſon enough, that *Dorothea* had made ſome Rival of his an Aſſignation, and that this was the time of their Rendezvous. He therefore followed *Iſabella*, but was more tormented with Jealouſie, than the fears of a Purſuit. In the interim *Don Juan* came at the Hour appointed, and with the Key which

which had been given him, open'd the Garden-door, and went and hid himſelf in the Grove of Lawrels, whence *Don Sancho* was but juſt gone. A Moment after he perceived a Man to come directly up to him, which at firſt gave him ſo much ſurprize, that he thought good to put himſelf into a poſture of Defence; but obſerving it to be *Don Manuel*, he endeavour'd only to conceal himſelf. *Don Manuel* ſoon finding him out, ſaid to him, come, come, follow me, and I will put you in a place where you ſhall not need to fear being diſcovered. *Don Juan* gueſs'd by what he had heard, that *Don Manuel* had ſaved ſome Perſon or other that fled from Juſtice; nevertheleſs thought himſelf oblig'd to follow him, tho' he was not the Man he took him for. As he went along he return'd him a thouſand Thanks for his Civility; but you may imagine was not inwardly a little diſpleaſed at him, for diſappointing him of his Amorous Intrigue. *Don Manuel* conducted him into a Chamber, where he left him while he went to prepare a Bed for him in another adjoining Room. There we muſt leave him likewiſe in no ſmall Trouble and Perplexity, and return to ſpeak of his Brother *Don Sancho de Sylva*. Him *Iſabella* had carry'd into a Ground Chamber which look'd into the Garden, and where *Dorothea* and *Feliciana* ſtaid waiting for *Don Juan de Paralta*, the one as a Lover who was ſtudying to ſay ſomething to pleaſe him, and the other as one that could not love him, and deſign'd there to tell him ſo. At *Don Sancho*'s entering the Room the fair Siſters were wonderfully ſurpriz'd, *Dorothea* immediately ſwoon'd away at the Fright, and would have certainly drop'd down on the Floor had not her Siſter held her up in her Chair. *Don Sancho* ſtood like a Statue. *Iſabella* was ready to die with fear, believing that *Sancho*'s Ghoſt was come to revenge the wrongs her Miſtreſs had done him while alive. *Feliciana*, tho' extreamly frighted likewiſe, was nevertheleſs ſo employ'd about recovering her Siſter, that ſhe did not ſo much mind it as ſhe would have otherwiſe done. At laſt *Dorothea* came to her ſelf, and then *Don Sancho* ſpoke to her after the following manner. 'If the Report 'ſpread abroad of my Death did not in ſome meaſure ex-

'cuſe

'cuſe your Inconſtancy, ungrateful *Dorothea*, quoth he, 'I ſhould not have now Breath enough left to reproach 'your Infidelity. But 'twas I that occaſion'd that Report, 'to be forgotten of my Enemies, and not by you, who 'have ſo often promiſed to love none but me, and yet, 'who have ſo ſoon, nay, ſo treacherouſly broke that Pro-'miſe. I might well revenge my ſelf now I have an op-'portunity, continued he, and complain ſo loud, that I 'might awake your Father, and he conſequently riſe and 'find your Lover, whom you have hid in his Houſe. But 'Fool that I am, I am yet afraid to diſpleaſe you, and 'torment my ſelf more with the Thoughts that I muſt 'love you no longer, than with thoſe that ſo plainly ſug-'geſt to me that you love another. Go on, faithleſs fair 'one! Go on, proceeded he, enjoy your happy Lover; 'be apprehenſive of no danger in this new Amour: be 'aſſur'd I will rid you ſpeedily of the Man that has it in 'his Power to reproach you of Treachery all your Life 'long; nay, of one you have betray'd even at a time 'that he has expoſed his Life to come to worſhip you. At theſe Words *Don Sancho* would have been gone, but *Dorothea* held him, and was going to juſtifie her ſelf juſt at the time that *Iſabella* came running into the Chamber to tell her *Don Manuel* was coming. *Don Sancho* had only time to ſtep behind the Door before the old Gentleman came in. He began immediately to reprimand his Daughters for being up ſo late, and afterwards went out of the Chamber, which he had no ſooner done but *Don Sancho* got out likewiſe, and getting into the Garden hid himſelf as before among the Lawrels, expecting an opportunity to get away. *Don Manuel*'s Buſineſs in his Daughters Chamber was to light a Candle, to go to the Garden gate, where the Conſtable and Watch were knocking like mad for Admittance, having been told, that one of the Perſons that had made the Fray in the Streets was got in there. *Don Manuel* made but little difficulty to ſuffer them to enter and ſearch his Houſe, as believing they would not open his Chamber wherein he had hid the Gentleman he protected. *Don Sancho* perceiving it impoſſible for him to eſcape, amidſt the great Number of Watchmen and

and Mob that were ſpread all over the Garden, came out of his own accord from the Lawrel-Grove, and going up to *Don Manuel*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee him, whiſper'd him in the Ear, That a *Cavalier* of Honour ſhould always keep his Word, and ought never to abandon one he had once thought fitting to take into his Protection. Hereupon *Don Manuel* deſired the Conſtable, who was one of his Friends, to leave *Don Sancho* in his Cuſtody; which Requeſt was readily granted, he being a Man of Quality, and the rather, becauſe the wounded Perſon was not yet dead. After this the Conſtable and Watch retired, and *Don Manuel* having diſcovered *Don Sancho*, and finding by his Anſwers he was really the Perſon he had admitted into his Garden, he did not doubt but the other muſt have been ſome Love-adventurer intended to have been introduced to his Daughters by *Iſabella*. To be the better convinc'd of this Truth, he deſired *Don Sancho* to go into a Chamber, and not ſtir thence till he came to him again, which *Sancho* promiſed he would not. In the mean time *Don Manuel* went to *Don Juan de Peralta*, to whom he feigned that his Servant had come into the Garden at the ſame time with the Watch, and deſired to ſpeak with him. *Don Juan* knew very well that his Servant was ſick a Bed, and therefore could not well come to him; beſides, he had had no Orders from him ſo to do, and moreover knew not where he was; all this together made him extremely concern'd at what *Don Manuel* had ſaid to him: Nevertheleſs, that he might not diſcover himſelf thro' the want of a ready Anſwer, he immediately reply'd to *Don Manuel*, at random, If you pleaſe, Sir, let him be order'd to attend me at my Lodgings. *Don Manuel* then preſently diſcovered him to be the young *Indian* Gentleman that had made ſuch a Noiſe for ſometime in *Sevil*; and having been already informed of his Quality and Eſtate, reſolv'd not to ſuffer him to go out of his Houſe till he had married one of his Daughters whom he could beſt fancy. He diſcours'd ſome time with him, to be better ſatisfied in thoſe matters, which kept him ſtill in ſuſpence. *Iſabella* ſaw them talking together from the other Door, and immediately went and told her Miſtreſs. *Don Manuel* ſoon

ſoon perceived her, and thought ſhe was coming to bring a Meſſage from one of his Daughter to *Don Juan*, and therefore left him to run after her, and intercept her Deſign. Juſt as he overtook her the Light that was in the Chamber, was burnt out. Whilſt he was groping after her, being in the dark, *Iſabella* got clear of him, and went and told *Dorothea* and *Felsciana* that *Don Sancho* was in their Father's Chamber, and that ſhe ſaw them talking together. The two Siſters immediately ran thither. *Dorothea* for her part was not afraid of meeting her dear *Don Sancho* with her Father, being reſolv'd to confeſs how much ſhe loved and was beloved by him, as likewiſe for what end ſhe had made that Aſſignation with *Don Juan*. She happen'd to come into her Father's Chamber juſt at the ſame inſtant that *Don Juan* was ſtealing out, whom ſhe taking for *Don Sancho*, caught by the Arm, and ſpoke to him thus, 'Why cruel *Don Sancho*, doſt thou thus 'fly me, and wherefore wilt thou not hear my Vindica-'tion againſt the unjuſt Aſperſions thou haſt caſt upon 'me? I confeſs you could not have reproached me ſuffi-'ciently, had I but been guilty of what you have ſome 'ſort of reaſon to believe: But you know there are ma-'ny Falſities which ſometimes have as great reſemblance 'of Truth as Truth it ſelf, which is ever beſt diſcover'd 'by Time. Allow me therefore ſo much as may ſerve 'to unravel this Confuſion, wherein yours and my Mis-'fortune, and perhaps that of divers others, has involv'd 'us. Help me to juſtifie my ſelf, and let not thy Paſ-'ſion which hurries thee on to condemn me, provoke 'thee to pronounce an unjuſt Sentence before a due Con-'viction. You may perhaps have heard, continued ſhe, 'that a certain *Cavalier* loves me, but did you ever hear 'I return'd his Love? You may likewiſe have ſeen him 'here, and it is moſt true that I have ſent for him; but 'when you ſhall alſo know for what reaſon, I am pretty 'well aſſured you will repent of your cruel Uſage to me, 'and be inclinable to own I could give you no greater 'Proof of my Fidelity. Why is he not now in thy Pre-'ſence, this Spark that importunes me ſo frequently with 'his Paſſion, that I might have an Opportunity to make

'his

'him before thee, whether I ever gave him leave to pro-
'teſs he loved me, or if he ever had any reaſon to be-
'lieve I had read his Letters? But my Misfortune is ſuch
'added ſhe ſighing, that as often as I would have ſhun'd
'him, he has appear'd before me, but now I have occa-
'ſion for him to clear my Innocence he is abſent. *Don Juan* had ſo much patience as to hear all ſhe could ſay without giving her the leaſt Interruption, and that chiefly that he might thereby diſcover what ſhe had all along before kept a Secret from him. At laſt, juſt as he was going to reproach her with Baſeneſs, *Don Sancho*, who had been groping from Room to Room to find the way into the Garden, and ſtill miſſing it, at length came ſo near as to hear *Dorothea* talking with *Don Juan*; whom he knowing by her Voice, approached them as ſoftly as he could, but was notwithſtanding ſoon diſcover'd by *Don Juan* and the two Siſters. At the ſame moment *Don Manuel* came into the Chamber with Lights carried before him by two Servants. Hereupon the two Rival Brothers preſently ſtar'd each other in the Face, looking fiercely, and laying their Hands upon their Swords. *Don Manuel* ſtept in between them to prevent any Miſchief, and immediately commanded his eldeſt Daughter to make choice of one of them, who, as her Husband, might be authoriz'd to chaſtiſe the other. *Don Juan* then began to ſpeak, and told *Don Manuel*, that for his part he reſign'd up all Pretenſions to the *Cavalier* that was before him, but that not thro' fear. *Don Sancho* ſaid the ſame thing; adding moreover, that ſince *Don Juan* had been introduced into *Don Manuel's* Houſe by his Daughter, it was probable ſhe both loved him and was belov'd by him, and therefore for his part, he would die a thouſand Deaths before he would marry one with the leaſt Scruple upon her. Then *Dorothea* throwing her ſelf at her Father's Feet, conjur'd him to hear her. She related to him all that had paſſed between *Don Sancho de Sylva* and her, to the time of his killing *Don Diego* on her account. She afterwards informed him how *Don Juan de Peralta* had made Love to her and what Deſigns ſhe had to diſabuſe him, and to propoſe her Siſter to him in Marriage; and to conclude all, ſhe told

told him that if ſhe could not perſwade *Don Sancho* to believe her innocent, ſhe was reſolv'd next Day to ſhut her ſelf up in a Nunnery, thence never to ſet Foot out again as long as ſhe lived. By this Relation the two Brothers came to the Knowledge of each other. *Don Sancho* was forthwith reconciled to *Dorothea*, whom he demanded in Marriage of her Father. *Don Juan* likewiſe begg'd *Don Manuel*'s Conſent to have his Daughter *Feliciana*, and both were accepted by him for his Sons-in-Law, with ſo great Satisfaction as is not to be expreſſed. As ſoon as Day appeared, *Don Sancho* ſent for his Friend the Marquiſs *Fabio*, who ſoon came to partake of his Joy that was then in agitation. *Don Sancho*'s Marriage was kept ſecret till ſuch time as *Don Manuel* and the Marquiſs had had an opportunity to perſuade the Couſin and Heir of *Don Diego* to forget the Cauſe of his Kinſman's Death, and to lay aſide all Enmity to *Don Sancho*. During this Negotiation the Marquiſs *Fabio* fell in Love with this Gentleman's Siſter, and conſequently deſired her of her Brother in Marriage. His Requeſt was granted with a great deal of Readineſs; the Gentleman being preſently ſenſible what Advantage ſuch a Match muſt be to his Family. The three Marriages were ſolemniz'd in one Day, and every thing ſucceeded ſo well, that there was no Diſagreement between either of the Parties for a long while after, which you muſt confeſs is not a little to be wondred at.

Chap. XX.

After what manner Ragotin's *Sleep came to be diſturb'd.*

THE agreeable *Inezilla* concluded the reading of her *Novel*, which made her Auditory ſorry it was no longer. Whilſt ſhe was reading it, *Ragotin*, who inſtead of hearing her had buſied himſelf in asking her Husband Queſtions about *Magick*, was fallen aſleep in a low Chair where he ſat, and which the Operator was likewiſe in his. *Ragotin*'s Sleep was not altogether voluntary, for if he could poſſibly have kept down the Vapours of the Meat, which he had eaten in great quantity, he would not have been ſo rude as not to have hearkned attentively to *Inezilla's Novel.*

He

He did not ſleep therefore ſoundly, but ever would now and then ſee-ſaw his Head down to his Knees, then raiſe himſelf up again half awake, afterwards ſtart, and then drop down, in like manner as drowſie Sinners are wont to do at Conventicles, when the good Man proves tedious as well as dull. There happen'd to be a Ram bred up in the Inn, which roguy Boys that went up and down the Yard had been accuſtom'd to preſent their Heads to, but holding their Hands ſtretch'd out before at the ſame time, to keep him from doing them any harm. At theſe Boys this Ram would run with all his Might, as thoſe Creatures are naturally given to do. This Animal had his free range all over the Inn, came oftentimes into the Chambers and it ſeems was in that of the *Operator* when *Inezilla* read the *Novel.* He obſerving *Ragotin* nodding to and fro, with his Hat dropt off, took him for a Champion that had purpoſely preſented himſelf to try his Courage with him, and therefore drawing back four or five Paces, as good Jumpers are wont to do, ran full ſpeed like a Horſe in his Carrier, with his horney Head againſt *Ragotin's* bald pate; which no doubt he would have ſhatter'd, as much as a Piſs-pot could have been, when thrown upon the Stones from the top of a high Tower, had it not been this little Man's peculiar Fortune that the Aſſault was made while he had his Head up, ſo that he received no other Damage than a ſuperficial Graze on the Cheek by one of the Creature's Horns. All the Company was ſo extremely ſurpriz'd at this Action, that they remained for ſome time aſtoniſh'd, which nevertheleſs could not hinder them from laughing. This gave the Ram an opportunity, having been uſed to make his courſe more than once, to have another run, which it ſeems he performed ſo inconſiderately, that he ran againſt his Knees, and therefore only wounded his Hands, which had each of them a Horn to ſtand the brunt of. *Ragotin* finding his Face bleed and ſmart, tho' he was a little ſtunn'd, yet began to recover himſelf, and having open'd his Eyes, which he did not do till the ſecond ſhock, ſoon diſcover'd the Author of his Misfortune; which he had no ſooner done, but he fell to belabouring of him about the Head, till the hardneſs of his horns made him to with-

withdraw his Hands; which finding to be all over bruis'd, as well by buffetting as ſuſtaining, he flew into a great Rage, threatning Revenge on all the Company if they did not deſiſt laughing at him. He afterwards would have gone out of the Inn in a great Fury, had not his Hoſt ſtopt him to pay the Reckoning, which you may imagine he was as unwilling to do, as he would have been willing to have put up his Damage and Affronts, could he but have got off Scot-free.

SCAR-

SCARRON's

Comical Romance.

PART III.

CHAP. I.

Which may ſerve for an Introduction to this Third Part.

IN the laſt Chapter of the Second part of this Romance, you have had little *Ragotin* all bloody with the ſeveral repeated Buttings he received from the Ram, whilſt he ſlept in a low Chair in the Comedian's Chamber, and which occaſion'd him to go out thence in a great Fury. But he had receiv'd ſo deep a Wound from Madam *Star*'s Eyes, and was withal ſo deſirous of knowing the iſſue of the *Operator*'s *Scheme*, that he could only affor'd himſelf time to waſh his Face and Hands before he returned. As he was juſt entering the Inn again, his Brain was ſo diſturb'd, what with the Blows, and what

what with the Darts, that he miſtook an Advocate then walking by to the Hall, for *Ferdinando* the Operator. He therefore accoſted him very civily, and began with him after this manner, *Sir, I am happy in meeting you ſo luckily; I have long deſired this opportunity, and I was juſt going to your Lodgings, in great haſte, to have a farther account from you of what concerns either my Life or Death. I don't doubt but you have employ'd the utmoſt of your Art, in Schemes, to ſerve me all the time you ſlept; and I deſire you to believe I would by no means be ungrateful in my Acknowledgments. Tell me then, I beſeech you, dear Doctor,* continu'd he, *will this little charming ſhining* Star *ſuffer me to ſhare any of her Influence?* The Advocate, who underſtood not a tittle of all the fine Words had been ſpoken to him, and taking them for Raillery, was not long before he interrupted him. 'Monſieur *Ragotin*, quoth he, if it 'had been a little later I ſhould verily have thought you 'had been drunk, notwithſtanding, cannot help believing 'that you are either a Mad-man or a Fool. To whom, 'for God-ſake, do you think you are talking, added he, 'and what a Devil makes you to talk to me of Schemes, 'and the Influences of Stars? Do you take me either for 'an Aſtrologer or a Magician? Prithee conſider a little, 'Monſieur *Ragotin*, proceeded he, Don't you know me. *Ah! Sir,* reply'd *Ragotin, how unkind you are, I thought I had too well inform'd you of my Malady, to have been refuſed a Remedy. Alas! I could not*———He was juſt proceeding with another tedious Harangue, when the Advocate left him in a great Paſſion, telling him at parting, *That he was a great Sot for a little Man. Ragotin* would have followed him, but that he at length perceived his Miſtake, and therefore was glad to retire with Shame. He had ſo great Regard to his Reputation, as to keep this a Secret; and I'll aſſure you, I had never come to know it had not the Advocate one Day told it me, among others of his Friends, to divert us. The little Fool afterwards turned into the Inn, and went directly to the Comedian's Apartment, which he had no ſooner enter'd, but he heard a Propoſition made by Mrs. *Cave* and *Deſtiny* to quit *Mans*, and retire to ſome other Poſt. This vexed him ſo heartily, that

that he was like to have dropt down from his height on the Floor, and which he might have ſafely done ſince he had no great way to fall. But what concern'd him moſt was, that the time of their departure was to be the next Morning, when they were to bid adieu to the good Town of *Mans*, and particularly to its Inhabitants, who had been their conſtant Auditors for ſome time. They purpoſed to take their way to *Alengon* after the old rate, having been aſſured that the Peſtilence was not there, as they had been before inform'd. I ſay they took their way after the old rate, for theſe ſort of People have a conſtant rule of travelling, in like manner as the Sun has in the *Zodiack*. The Journies they had made and were to make in this Country, were firſt from *Tours* to *Angers*, from *Angers* to *la Fleche*, from *la Fleche* to *Mans*, from *Mans* to *Alengon*, from *Alengon* to *Argentin* or *Laval*, no matter which, according to the Road they have a mind to take, either to *Paris* or *Britany*, both being alike to them, and indifferent to us in the compoſition of this *Romance*. This Reſolution being made by all the Men and Women Players unanimouſly, they propoſed to play one of their beſt Plays, before they left *Mans*, to the end they might leave their Audience there in good Humour. What this Play was, never came to my Knowledge. That which obliged them to go away ſo ſuddenly, was by reaſon that the Marquiſs of *Orſe*, on whoſe account they had ſtaid ſo long, was commanded inſtantly to Court; inſomuch that being like to have no Benefactor left after he was gone, and the *Manſeau* Audience diminiſhing every Day, they purpoſed to go where they might be better uſed. *Ragotin* would needs be endeavouring to oppoſe this Reſolution, for which purpoſe he gave a great many Reaſons, whereof he had always ſtore at Command, which nevertheleſs were little or nothing regarded. This vexed the little Man extremely inſomuch that he begg'd of the Company not to go preſently out of the Province of *Mayne*, but to take firſt the Tennis-Court which was in the Suburbs of *Montfort*, and afterwards they might go to *Laval* in *Mayne* likewiſe, whence they might eaſily come into *Britany*, according to their Promiſe made to Monſieur *la Garouſſiere*. This Opinion of *Ragotin's Deſtiny* would by no means

agree

gree to, affirming that if they took his Advice, they ſhould make no work on't, the pitiful Tennis-Court mention'd by him being a great way out of the Town, and more than that, on the other ſide of the River, which would hinder the better ſort of People from coming near them; when the great Tennis-Court, in the Sheep-Market of *Alengon*, was juſt in the middle of the Town; and moreover, ſurrounded with all the beſt Houſes, and that therefore it were better to give ſomething more for ſuch a place, than any thing for the deſpicable Tennis-Court at *Monfort*, whoſe good Market was the only reaſon that *Ragotin* had to ſpeak for it. This laſt Propoſition was agreed to by the whole Company, therefore they immediately order'd a Waggon to be got ready for their Baggage, and Horſes for their Women. The Care of procuring theſe was left to *Leander*, who having a great many Intrigues in *Mans*, was the likelieſt Man to have the beſt Acquaintance there. Next Day, before they ſet out, they preſented a *Comedy*, *Tragedy*, *Tragi-Comedy*, or *Paſtoral*, I know not whether, but which had the Succeſs that you may imagine. The Players were admir'd by every body, and *Deſtiny* perform'd Wonders, eſpecially in his manner of taking leave of the *Audience*; for he expreſs'd his Acknowledgments and Unwillingneſs to leave them with that Tenderneſs and Force, that he charm'd them to that degree, that, as I am inform'd, ſome among them wept. *Ragotin* was ſo concern'd that his Propoſal had not been follow'd, that he remained for ſome time like a Dolt, ſitting in his Chair, even after the reſt of the Company were gone and where I believe he had ſat till now, had not the Marker of the Tennis-Court let him know that no body was left, which he had nevertheleſs no ſmall trouble to make him comprehend. Being at laſt prevail'd upon to be gone, he roſe from his Chair and went home, where he reſolved to go find out his Company the next Morning, and diſcover to them what ſhall be related in the following Chapter.

CHAP. II.

Where you'll find Rogotin's *Deſign.*

THE Criers of *Aqua Vitæ* had not yet wak'd thoſe that were in a profound Sleep, when *Ragotin* being already dreſt, was going to propoſe to the Strolling Company his Inclinations to be admitted amongſt them. He went then to the Players Lodgings, whom he found neither up nor awake, and happen'd to have the Diſcretion to leave them as he found them; nevertheleſs could not help entring one Chamber, where he found *Olive* a bed with *Rancour*. This laſt he deſired to get up, and walk with him to *la Couſture*, a fine Abby in the Suburbs of that Name, and thence to go to Breakfaſt at the great golden Star, where he had order'd a Collation to be prepared for them. *Rancour*, who was one of thoſe who love to eat at other Mens Coſt, was almoſt as ſoon got ready as the Propoſition was made him, and which you may eaſily be enclin'd to believe, if you conſider that theſe ſort of People are accuſtom'd to dreſs and undreſs behind the Scenes, to act different Parts, which will admit of but little Delay. *Ragotin* and *Rancour* then marched on towards the Abby of *la Couſture*; but we muſt ſuppoſe they called in at ſome Church or other by the way to ſay a ſhort Prayer, for *Ragotin*'s Thoughts he had in his Head would not admit of a long one. He nevertheleſs acquainted *Rancour* with nothing of the matter, for fear it might have kept him from his Breakfaſt, which he knew he had a greater Inclination for, than to give Ear to any thing he could tell him. They came to the Inn, where being enter'd, the little Man began to fly in a great Paſſion, becauſe the *petits pâtez* he had order'd were not ready. To which the Hoſteſs anſwer'd, without riſing off the Seat where ſhe ſat; Truly, Monſieur *Ragotin*, I know not how you could expect I ſhou'd divine when you would come; but ſince you are now here, the *patez* ſhall not be long after you: Pray walk into the Hall, where you'll find a Cloth laid, and a *Weſtphalia* Ham to ſtay your Stomach. This ſhe ſpoke after a grave Hoſteſs-like manner, and which inclined *Rancour* to be on her ſide; who

who turning to *Ragotin*, cry'd, Sir, pray let us comply with my Hoſteſs's Propoſal, and take a Glaſs or two while our Breakfaſt is getting ready. They ſat down to Table, which in a very ſhort time after was cover'd, and they breakfaſted after the manner of *Mans*, that is to ſay, very heartily. They drank the ſame, and put about ſeveral Healths, among which the Reader may imagine Madam *Star*'s was not forgot. Little *Ragotin* toſt up above a dozen Glaſſes ſucceſſively, ſometimes ſitting, and ſometimes ſtanding with his Hat in his Hand. But at laſt he would needs drink his Miſtreſs's Health on his Knees and bare-headed, which made him to look juſt for all the World as if he had been doing Penance at the Door of ſome Church. It was then that he earneſtly reminded *Rancour* of his Promiſe to aſſiſt him in the Conqueſt of Madam *Star*'s Heart. Whereupon *Rancour* half angry, or at leaſt feigning to be ſo, anſwer'd him a little roughly. I thought, Monſieur *Ragotin*, you had known me to be a Man that never embark'd without Ammunition, I mean, engaged in any thing that I were not able to bring about. Be ſatisfied then I will omit no opportunity to ſerve you. I tell you ſo again, and have ways in my Head whereby to compaſs it. But I ſee one great Obſtacle in our way, and that is our ſudden departure from hence; the only Method therefore that I can adviſe you to bring about your Ends, is to reſolve to be admitted amongſt us. You have all the Qualifications for it that can be deſired. You have a good Mein, a ſtrong Voice, a good Tone, and a better Memory: And in a Word, ſeem to have nothing about you that looks Country. You look as if you had lived all your Life time at Court, having ſo much the Air of it, that you might be known for a Courtier above a Mile off. You need not, proceeded he, to act above a dozen times before you'll be able to outdo all our young Pretenders, who muſt reſign their Parts to you, and then leave the reſt to me. As for your Miſtreſs, quoth he, you'll have but a tough bit of her at firſt, you muſt manage her with Policy, whereof I know you to have ſufficient, however a little Inſtruction cannot be amiſs. I would adviſe you therefore not to let her know your deſign at your firſt Admittance of our Compa-

ny, that being certainly the way to loſe her, but rather to keep her in Suſpence till you have a convenient Opportunity to make your Addreſſes, and after you have ſufficiently won upon her by your Converſation, which I dare promiſe you'l ſoon do. The little Man had been ſo attentive to *Rancour's* Diſcourſe, that he was almoſt raviſh'd into an Extaſie, imagining he had already, as we ſay, the Wolf by the Ears; when coming to himſelf all of a ſudden, as it were out of an Apoplexy, he ſtarted from the place where he ſat, and went to the other ſide of the Table to embrace *Rancour*, whom he thanked heartily for his Counſel, and begged of him to continue his Friend in this Affair; proteſting at the ſame time that his only Deſign in inviting him to Breakfaſt was to have declared his Mind to him concerning his being admitted of his Society, and which he reſolv'd forthwith to be. After this they reckon'd with their Landlady, and *Ragotin* paid all. When they were out of Doors they took their Courſe directly towards the *Strollers* Lodgings, which was not far off. They found the Women up and dreſt; but *Rancour* had no ſooner open'd *Ragotin's* Deſign to them than he was interrupted by a Meſſenger from *Leander's* Father, who ſent his Son word by him that he was ſick to death, and deſired to ſee him before he paid that Debt to Nature, which all Men ſooner or later muſt. This obliged all the Company to lay their Heads together to conſult how they ſhould bear up againſt an Accident ſo unexpected. *Leander* took *Angelica* aſide, and told her his time was now come to live happy if ſhe would but contribute towards it, otherwiſe he muſt be unfortunate tho' rich, and poor tho' he had a good income. She promiſed him all the Favours that lay in her Power, and particularly thoſe you will meet with in the following Chapter.

CHAP. III.

Leander's *Project and Harangue, together with* Ragotin's *Admiſſion among the* Strollers.

THE Jeſuits of *La Fleche* not having been able to make *Leander* continue his Studies, and perceiving his Inclinations

clinations ran high to be a Player, preſently concluded he muſt be in Love with ſome Actreſs or other, which they were altogether confirm'd in, when after the Departure of the Company they found he had followed them to *Anvers*. They therefore thought themſelves oblig'd to acquaint his Father therewith by a Meſſenger on purpoſe, which they ſoon after did, and who arrived juſt as a Letter was delivered the old Gentleman from *Leander*, whereby he gave his Father to underſtand that he deſign'd for the Wars, and therefore deſired a Sum of Money to accoutre himſelf. This Stratagem had been laid between *Deſtiny* and he, when he firſt diſcovered his Quality to him at the Inn where he was wounded. His Father ſoon finding the Cheat, flew into an exceſſive Paſſion, which together with his great Age, threw him into a Diſtemper that quickly ended his Days. Perceiving his End to approach, he called one of his Tenants to him, and commanded him immediately to go find out his Son, which he told him he was moſt likely to do among the *Strollers*. This the Farmer knew as well as he, having been the Perſon that had furniſh'd *Leander* with money from the time he left the College; ſo that underſtanding there was a Company of *Strollers* at *Mans*, he made all the haſte he could thither, and found his young Landlord as you have it in the foregoing Chapter. *Ragotin* was deſired by the Company to leave them for ſome time to confer with the Tenant newly arrived, which you may imagine he was very unwilling to do, yet at laſt he retired into an adjoining Chamber, where he waited with great Impatience till their Buſineſs was over. They had no ſooner got him out of the Room but *Leander* brought in his Father's Tenant, who immediately related the bad Condition the old Gentleman was in, as likewiſe his earneſt Deſire to ſee his Son before he died. Thereupon *Leander* immediately craved Leave to comply with his Father's dying Requeſt, which was judg'd by the whole Company reaſonable to be granted. It was then *Deſtiny* revealed the Secret of *Leander's* Quality, which he had all along kept private, and which he did not come to the Knowledge of till after the raviſhing of Madam *Angelica*, as you may have read in the ſecond Part of this true Hiſtory. He thought it now high time to let it be known, as well to diſabuſe Mrs.

Cave, who could not get it out of her Head, but that *Leander* was either the Principal, or Acceſſary in the carrying off her Daughter, as to oblige him who had done him the Honour to be his Serving-man, and would have continu'd ſuch had he not found himſelf oblig'd to tell who he was, while he was in queſt of Madam *Angelica*. He was moreover ſo far from conſenting to the carrying away of *Angelica*, that having met her Raviſhers he had hazarded his Life in her Aſſiſtance; but not having been able to reſiſt ſo many People, he had been dangerouſly wounded, and left for dead upon the place. All the Company then immediately asked his Pardon for not having treated him ſuitable to his Quality, which they nevertheleſs thought themſelves the more excuſable for, in not having had any Knowledge of the Matter before. Madam *Star* added, ſhe had always ſuſpected ſomething from the great Store of Wit and Merit ſhe had obſerv'd in him, and which ſhe was afterwards confirm'd in, eſpecially when ſhe ſaw her Mother Mrs. *Cave*'s Letters from him; nevertheleſs did not know what to think when ſhe ſaw him ſo employ'd in her Brother's Service. Then began Mrs. *Cave* to ſpeak, addreſſing her ſelf to *Leander*, after the following manner. Truly, Sir, after I had in ſome meaſure diſcover'd your Quality, by the Letters you writ to my Daughter, I had no ſmall reaſon to diſtruſt your Sincerity, being not inclinable to believe that a Perſon who was to have ſo good an Eſtate after his Father's Death, would ever condeſcend to marry a poor Stroller: But, continued ſhe, I thank Heaven the time is at length come that you are to be made happy in plentiful Poſſeſſions, and I am to be deliver'd from a future Poſſibility of being any more impoſed upon by your falſe Pretenſions. *Leander* being extremely ſurpriz'd at theſe Words, quickly reply'd. 'All you ſay, Madam, I am likely to 'poſſeſs, would not render me a jot happy, if I were not 'aſſur'd at the ſame time of the Poſſeſſion of your Daughter 'Angelica. Without her I renounce all the Fortune which 'Nature and my Father's Death ſhall caſt upon me, and de'clare to you, before all this good Company, that I go 'with ſo much Willingneſs to enter upon my Succeſſion, 'upon no greater account than to return ſpeedily to perform

" form my Promiſe to marry your Daughter, which I here " once more confirm, and will ſpeedily accompliſh, provi- " ded both ſhe and you will do me the Honour to afford " your Conſents. And if ſo, added he, I would not have " you to think, that I deſign to carry her to my own Home; " that is not at all in my Intentions, for I have found ſo " much Pleaſure in a Strolling Life, that I could never be " perſuaded to quit ſo many worthy Companions that have " ſo largely contributed towards it. After this obliging Declaration, both the Actors and Actreſſes ſpeaking all together, return'd him their moſt humble acknowledgments, averring at the ſame time, that Mrs. *Cave* and her Daughter would not be a little to blame if they refuſed ſo advantageous a proffer. *Angelica* for her part, ſaid no more than became one that was at her Mother's diſpoſal, only ſhe bid *Leander* at parting to *Hope*, if he continued in the ſame mind at his return. After all the mutual Endearments and Tears that commonly paſs between parting Friends, it was agreed that *Leander* ſhould go the next Morning upon one of the Horſes that had been hir'd; but which he refus'd, chuſing rather that of his Tenant, which he thought would carry him better, and would leave the Hackny for his Companion. But we forget all this while, quoth *Deſtiny*, that Monſieur *Ragotin* is waiting without to ſpeak with us. Is there any Body among us, added he, that knows what he would have? Hereupon *Rancour*, who had been ſilent for ſome time, open'd his Mouth, to let them underſtand that he knew, and that that very Morning he had treated him with a Breakfaſt to procure himſelf an opportunity to acquaint him that he had a mind to be admitted of the Company, without pretending to any ſhare in the Profits, having ſufficient of his own, and which he would rather chuſe to ſpend in ſeeing the World, than to live altogether at *Mans*, as he had been adviſed to do. Hereat *Roquebrune* preſently advanc'd to give his Opinion, that he ought not to be admitted, and that for theſe Reaſons, Becauſe, ſaid he, two Poets under one Roof never agree, it being with them as with Women, where there are more than one there are too many. Beſides, quoth he, *Ragotin*'s Shape would never ſuffer him to be an Ornament to the Stage, but would rather diſgrace

it: For, added he, What Parts could he propoſe to act? As for the principal ones Monſieur *Deſtiny* would not permit him to undertake them, and for the ſecond beſt they belong to *Olive*. And then for a Nurſe or a Confidente, continued he, he muſt not pretend to either of them, his Perſon being altogether as deform'd in a diſguiſe as out of one. Therefore, concluded he, 'tis my Opinion in few Words, that he ought by no means to be receiv'd. 'And 'tis mine, reply'd *Rancour*, that he ought by all means to be received, for where there is occaſion to repreſent a Dwarf none can be ſo proper; and then for a Monſter, as that in *Andromeda*, it were better to have a natural one at Hand, than to be at the trouble to contrive one that would be only Artificial. He added farther, that as for ſpeaking a Part, he could aſſure them he would be like another *Orpheus*, that drew every thing after him. 'For, proceeded he, whilſt '*Olive* and I were ſeeking after Madam *Angelica*, we overtook him riding upon an Aſs no bigger than himſelf, and repeating the Adventures of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*, with ſo good an Emphaſis, that ſeveral Ruſticks that were then going the ſame way, came up with him, and gave ſo conſtant attention with their Hats off, that they would not leave him till they came to the Inn where we all baited. If then, continued he, he could gain ſo far upon theſe Ruſticks, what will he be able to do when he comes to ſpeak before Men of Senſe? This Relation made every body to laugh, and the Company was thereupon reſolved to hear *Ragotin* ſpeak for himſelf. He was ſent for in, and after about a dozen low *Congees* he began his Harangue in the following manner. *Illuſtrious* Perſonages, and Auguſt Senate of *Parnaſſus* quoth he (fancying himſelf, no doubt, ſpeaking at the Bar of the *Preſident*'s Court in *Mans*, where he had been admitted Advocate but a little before) it is a common ſaying, That evil Company corrupts good Manners, and on the contrary, good muſt needs improve them. This *Exordium*, ſo well begun, made the Company believe he was about to preach a Sermon, therefore they turned their Heads one way, and t'other, and could hardly forbear Laughing. Some Criticks perhaps may think much of the Word *Sermon*; but why might not *Ragotin* be thought

thought capable of performing ſuch a Task, when he had ſeveral times ſung *Ballads* to the Organs? But however, he proceeded. I find my ſelf ſo deſtitute of Vertues, that I deſire to be admitted of your Illuſtrious Society for improvement: You are the Muſes Interpreters, the living Echoes of their dear Darlings, and your Merits are ſo well known throughout all *France*, that you are admir'd even beyond the Poles. As for you, Ladies, quoth he to the Women, you charm all that do but look upon you; and 'tis impoſſible to be within the hearing of your harmonious Voices, but one muſt needs be raviſh'd into Extaſy. In fine, ſaid he, you are meer Angels of Fleſh and Blood; and all the Poets have thought themſelves happy in celebrating your Praiſes. And for you, Gentlemen, continued he, no *Alexander* nor *Ceſar* ever equal'd the Valour of Monſieur *Deſtiny*, nor of the other Heroes his Companions, and therefore you muſt not wonder if I am ambitious of encreaſing your number by one, which will be eaſie for you to ſuffer me to do, if you can but conſent to it. I promiſe you moreover, proceeded he, that I will be no manner of charge to ye, neither will I pretend to any Share in the Profits of our Performances, but all along continue your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant. *Ragotin* having thus ended his Harangue, he was deſired to withdraw for a Minute, that what he had ſaid might be conſider'd. He withdrew, and the Company was juſt going to proceed according to Form, when the Poet *Roquebrune* threw himſelf in again to make a ſecond Oppoſition to *Ragotin's* Preferment, but he was preſently thruſt out by *Rancour*, who had puſhed him more violently but that he had regard to his new Suit which was bought with the Money he had lent him. At length it was agreed that *Ragotin* ſhould be admitted amongſt them for the Diverſion of the Company. He was thereupon call'd in, the accuſtom'd Ceremonies paſſed, was enroll'd in the Regiſter, took an Oath of Fidelity, had the Word given by which the *Strollers* knew one another; and after all, ſup'd with the whole *Caravan*.

CHAP. IV.

Of Leander's *Departure*; *The* Strollers *going for* Alengon, *and* Ragotin's *Misfortune*.

AFter Supper every Body would be congratulating *Ragotin* upon the Honour he had received, and which made him to ſwell ſo enormouſly, that he burſt the Waſt-band of his Breeches in two places. In the mean time *Leander* took occaſion to entertain his dear *Angelica* with Love-ſtories, and to whom he reiterated his Deſign to marry her, which he pronounc'd with ſo much Softneſs and Tenderneſs that ſhe could anſwer him only with Tears, whereof ſhe ſhed abundance. I know not whether theſe proceeded from her Joy at the fair Promiſes he made her, or thro' her Concern for his ſo ſudden Departure; however it was, 'tis certain they exchanged ſeveral mutual Endearments, which were not in the leaſt interrupted by Mrs. *Cave*. But at length Night drawing on apace, it was convenient they ſhould both retreat. *Leander* took leave of the Company and went to Bed. Next Morning he got up betimes, and ſet out with his Father's Tenant, with that Expedition, that he quickly arriv'd at his Journey's end, where he found the old Gentleman very ill, who nevertheleſs told him he was glad to ſee him. He likewiſe expreſſed to him as far as he was able, the great Grief his Abſence had caus'd him, as alſo that he was now come ſeaſonably to receive his laſt Bleſſing, together with his Eſtate, altho' he had been adviſ'd to diſinherit him for the ill Courſes he had taken. The reſt of *Leander*'s Affairs we ſhall learn at his Return. The Actors and Actreſſes being got ready dreſt, took care to pack up their Baggage as faſt as they could, that they might be ready to depart in good time. At length all was prepar'd and nothing was wanting, except a Horſe for one of the Women, which they had before provided, but were diſappointed in. They therefore had deſired *Olive* to get another juſt as *Ragotin* enter'd the Room, who hearing their Propoſition, told them there was no occaſion, by reaſon he had one that would carry double, and if they pleaſed

pleaſed, either Madam *Star* or *Angelica* ſhould ride behind him. This he urg'd the rather, becauſe he told them it was impoſſible they ſhould reach *Alengon* in one Day, being above ten Leagues off; but being oblig'd to make two of it, his Horſe would ſerve well enough for the purpoſe he propoſed. Whilſt he was thus recommending his Contrivance, Madam *Star* interrupted him, affirming ſhe could not ride double; this vexed the little Man extremely, but which he was a little after the better ſatisfied with, when *Angelica* to'd him ſhe would. They breakfaſted all together that Morning, and the *Operator* and his Wife were invited; but whilſt the Collation was getting ready, *Ragotin* took an occaſion to talk farther with Signior *Ferdinando*, to whom he made the ſame Speech he had done before to the Advocate, whom he had taken for him; to which the Magician anſwer'd, that he had try'd all that lay within the Compaſs of his Art to ſerve him, but without effect, which made him inclinable to believe that Madam *Star* knew more of Magick than he; that her Charms were more powerful, and in a word, that ſhe muſt needs be a dangerous Perſon, not fit to be convers'd with. *Ragotin* would have reply'd to theſe Reflections on his Miſtreſs, but that he was juſt then called upon to waſh his Hands, and ſit down to Table, which they all did at the ſame time. *Inezilla* proteſted to all the Company, and chiefly the Women, that both ſhe and her Husband were extremely concern'd at their ſo ſpeedy leaving them, and would willingly have waited on them to *Alengon*, to have had their Converſation longer, had they not been oblig'd to mount their Stage and act their Farces, which her Husband choſe rather to do at *Mans* when they were gone, than to incommode them by doing it in the ſame Town whither they were going; it being certain the People would ſooner run after them where they paid nothing, than to go to ſee a Play where they muſt pay. The Company thanked both the Husband and Wife for their Civilities, and return'd them a thouſand Acknowledgments for their good Will. The Women wept, and a great many Compliments paſs'd between both Parties; only the Poet, who upon other Occaſions would have talk'd as much

much as four, upon this ſpoke not one Word, the parting with *Inezilla* being ſo cruel a Thunder-ſtroke to him, that tho' he fancied himſelf all over cover'd with Laurel, the common Preſervative againſt Thunder, yet could he not ſecure his Carcaſs. The Waggon being loaded, and ready to ſet out, *Mrs. Cave* took her place as ſhe had done formerly, in the beginning of this *Romance*, Madam *Star* mounted upon a Horſe which *Deſtiny* led, and *Angelica* got up behind *Ragotin*, who took care to avoid the like Accident in mounting as had before befallen him. All the reſt went on Foot in the ſame order as they came to *Mans*. When they were got to a little Wood about a League from the Town, a Stag that was then hunting by the Marquiſs of *Lavardin's* Servants happen'd to croſs the Road, which *Ragotin's* Horſe that went before perceiving, was extremely affrighted at, which obliged *Ragotin* to quit his Stirrups, he at the ſame time clap'd his Hand on the Carabine he had by his ſide, and thinking to kill the Stag, happen'd to touch the Trigger before he had well mounted the Piece; whereby, being greatly charg'd, the Carabine recoil'd, and threw him off, and ſtriking at the ſame inſtant againſt *Angelica's* Side, forc'd her off likewiſe, but who received little or no harm. As for *Ragotin*, it was his Misfortune to fall againſt the Stump of a Tree, which was about a Foot out of the Ground, whereby he got a Bump on his left Temple, which however by a Bandage with a piece of Silver inſtead of Lead was ſoon cured. This Accident caus'd a great deal of Laughter in the Company, after they ſaw there was no more harm done, which they would otherwiſe have forborn. The little Man nevertheleſs was extremely enrag'd at their making a Jeſt of his Misfortune. Being remounted, together with *Angelica*, he would needs charge his Carabine again, but which ſhe would by no means ſuffer him to do. They then proceeded on their Journey, and at laſt came to a little Inn where they were to bait. The Actors for their parts muſt take an afternoon's Luncheon, and the Actreſſes propoſed to lye on the Bed, as well to repoſe themſelves as to obſerve how luſtily their Compaſnions eat and drank. The briskeſt Drinkers were *Rancour* and *Ragotin*, who were

were ſo hotly engag'd to *Angelica*'s Health, which they thought no Body had obſerv'd, that ſhe was forc'd to call out to the latter to bid him drink leſs, and take more care of his charge for the future. This cauſed a Ceſſation of Arms, or rather of Glaſſes between the two Combatants. After ſome time the Reckoning being paid, and the Horſes brought out, they all ſet forwards on their Journey. The Weather was fair and the Road good, which permitted them to arrive betimes at a Town called *Vivain*. They there went to the Sign of the Cock, being the beſt Inn in the Town. The Hoſteſs, who was none of the beſt natur'd Women in the Province of *Maine*, made a great deal of difficulty to receive them, telling them ſhe had no Bed room for them. Her Company it ſeems was a *general Receiver*, an *Exciſeman*, and four or five Pedlers. *Rancour* thinking to give a caſt of his Office, told his Landlady they deſired only a Chamber for the Women, and as for the Men, they would pig in any where. This calm dealing ſomewhat abated the Pride of our Lady Hoſteſs. She admitted them therefore, and they did not unload their Waggon, but lock'd it up in a Stable which they found at the bottom of the Yard. The Women had a Chamber aſſign'd them, where the Company all ſupp'd together. After Supper the Men retir'd, leaving the Women to go to Bed in two Beds, *viz.* Madam *Star* in one, and Mrs. *Cave* and her Daughter *Angelica* in the other. You may imagine they did not forget to take the Key in the inſide of the Door, as did not likewiſe the two *Receivers*, who had order'd their Portmantues top full of Money to be brought into their Chambers. But the unwary Pedlers were not ſo cautious, for they took not that care, but admitted *Rancour* and *Olive* to lie in the ſame Room where they had their Packs. There were three Beds in that Room, whereof the Pedlers had two, and *Rancour* and *Olive* the third. *Rancour* ſlept not a wink all Night, watching for an Opportunity to put his deſign in Execution when the Pedlers were aſleep. At laſt he got up, thinking they were faſt, and going ſoftly towards the Packs, was interrupted by one of the Pedlers, who being overtaken with a Looſeneſs, was forc'd to riſe to eaſe his Belly.

Belly. This made *Rancour* to return in ſome haſte to his Bed. In the mean time the Pedler who had been uſed to lodge in this Inn, and knew all the ways out and in, went to a Door that opened into a little Gallery, at the end whereof was the Houſe of Office. This he did not to incommode the venerable Comedians with a bad ſmell. When he had done he went to return from whence he came; but inſtead of going the right way, deſcended on the other ſide, and went by a private Door into the *Receivers* Chamber, where approaching the firſt Bed he met, and believing it his own, he heard an unknown Voice demand of him *Who was there?* This caus'd him to turn, without ſaying a word, to the other Bed, where he heard the ſame thing, but ſpoke with a more angry Accent. This laſt Perſon call'd out at the ſame time for a Candle, affirming there was ſome body in his Room. Hereupon the Hoſt made the Servant to riſe immediately, and ſee what was the matter; but before ſhe could poſſibly ſtrike a Light, the Pedler had got out of the Room, and was coming into his own Chamber; but before he came, *Rancour* that had heard all the difference between him and his Neighbours, for there was only a thin Partition between them, reſolv'd to loſe no time, and therefore having dextrouſly unty'd the Cords of one of the Packs, took out thence two pieces of Linen, which having done, he faſtned the Cords again as artificially as if they had never been open'd; for he knew perfectly well that Secret, known only to thoſe of his Fraternity, as well as he did their Marks and Cyphers. He was juſt going to attack another of the Packs when the Pedler enter'd the Chamber, who hearing him walk about demanded *Who was there?* *Rancour*, who never wanted an Excuſe at a pinch, after having thruſt the two pieces of Linen into his own Bed, told him the Maid had forgot to ſet him a Chamber-pot, and that therefore he was looking for the Window to piſs out at; whereupon the Pedler, who was not yet got into Bed, reply'd, Stay, Sir, if you pleaſe, I'll go open it for you, for I know better where it is than you do. This having not only ſaid but done, he immediately leapt into Bed, and left *Rancour* to piſs out at the Window, which

which he did as copiously as when he bedew'd the Merchant of lower *Maine*, while he lay with him in an Inn at *Mans*, as you may find he did in the Sixth Chapter of the First Part of this *Romance*. He afterwards went directly to his Bed, without ſhutting the Window. The Pedler cry'd out to him that he ought not to have left it open, and he cry'd out to the Pedler that he might ſhut it if he pleas'd, for as for his part he ſhould not trouble his Head about it any more, having ſcarce been able to find the way to his Bed when it was ſhut. The Pedler fearing *Rancour* had a mind to make a Squabble of it, roſe without any more ado and ſhut the Window, and afterwards grop'd his way out to Bed again. All this while the Hoſt and Hoſteſs were brawling like mad at their Maid to light the Candle, which ſhe was endeavouring to do, but as the Proverb has it, *The more Haſte the leſs Speed*, this ſorry Wench had been above an Hour blowing the Small-coal before ſhe could raiſe a ſpark of Fire. This caus'd her Maſter and Miſtreſs to curſe her at no common rate, and the *Receivers* began to be more and more enraged to find they could not get a Candle, when they had called for one ſo often. At length it was lighted, and the Hoſt, Hoſteſs, and Servant went together into the *Receivers* Room; where finding no body, they told them they had done ill to alarm all the Family for no reaſon. But they on the contrary maintained they had both ſeen and heard a Man in their Chamber, and more than that, had talk'd with him. The Hoſt hearing this, went immediately into the *Strollers* Chamber, and demanded of them and the Pedlers, whether any of them had been in their Neighbours Room? They all anſwer'd, *No, none of us has been out of Bed except that Monſieur yonder*, meaning *Rancour, who was forc'd to riſe to piſs out at the Window, your Maid not having ſet him a Chamber-pot.* Hereat the Hoſt preſently fell upon the Servant for her neglect, and afterwards went to the *Receivers* again, telling them they muſt needs have dreamt that ſome body was in their Room, ſince not a Soul had been ſtirring that way as he could hear of. After this he left them, wiſhing them to go to ſleep again, it not being yet Day. As ſoon as it was well light *Rancour* got up, and demanding the Key of the Stable

ble, went to hide the Purchaſe he had got in the Waggon

Chap. V.

What happen'd to the Strollers *between* Vivain *and* Alegon, *together with another of* Ragotin's *Misfortunes.*

ALL the Heroes and Heroines of our Strolling Company got out betimes. They took the high Road to *Alengon*, and in a little while arrived ſafe at *Bourg le Roy*, the King's Town, called by the Vulgar *Boulevy*. Here they dined, and ſtaid ſome time, during which, they debated whether they ſhould go by *Arſonnay*, a Village about a League from *Alengon*, or whether they ſhould take the other ſide to avoid *Barree*, a Road where in the beſt Summer there is Dirt, and wherein the Horſes often plunge up to their Bellies. Being not able to conclude the matter amongſt themſelves, they conſulted the Waggoner, who told them his Horſes would carry them thro' the worſt of Quagmires, they being the very beſt for Draft of any in *Mans*. Alſo that they had not above half a Mile of bad way; whereas if they went by the Common of St. *Paterne*, they would find the Roads dirtier, and to longer continuance ſo. He remember'd them likewiſe, that the Horſes and Waggon only would go in the Dirt, and that the Foot people might ſtep over into the Fields and walk there ſecure. At length they pitch'd upon the former Road, and Madam *Star* deſired the Waggoner to let her know when they came to the Dirt, becauſe ſhe choſe rather to go on Foot in good way, than to ride on Horſe-back thro' a Bog. Of the ſame mind were *Angelica* and Mrs. *Cave*, who had ſome apprehenſions that the Waggon might overturn. When they were juſt about entering this bad way, *Angelica* ſlipt off from *Ragotin's* Horſe's Crupper, *Deſtiny* ſat down Madam *Star*, and ſome others of the Company handed Mrs. *Cave* out of the Waggon. Hereupon *Roquebrune* whipp'd up upon *Star's* Horſe, and followed *Ragotin*, who went juſt after the Waggon. When they were got into the very worſt of all the Road, and where there was only room

room for the Waggon to paſs ſafe, they met about twenty Carriers Horſes, driven by five or ſix Country Fellows, who bawl'd out like mad to the Waggoner to ſtop; but which he little regarding, requiring the ſame thing of them in a much higher Tone, and alledging that he could turn on neither ſide without inevitable plunging in the Bog. The Carriers thinking to get the better by their expedition, trotted briskly up to him, and gap'd out ſo loud that the waggoner's Horſes took flight and broke their Traces, throwing themſelves at the ſame time into the Bog, whilſt the Waggoner endeavouring to keep his Waggon from following them, weigh'd one of the Wheels too much on the other ſide, which finding no firm Ground to ſupport it, overthrew the whole Machine in the Mud. *Ragotin* being extremly incens'd againſt the Carriers, for having been the occaſion of this Accident, thunder'd out *Anathemas* againſt them like one poſſeſs'd, and thinking to come at them on the right ſide, where he ſaw the way open, rid furiouſly againſt them with his Carabine cock'd; but he had no ſooner enter'd the Mud than he ſtuck ſo faſt, that he was fain not only to diſengage his Legs from out of his Stirrups, but likewiſe to quit his Saddle, and leap off into the Bog, where he preſently ſunk ſo deep that he was up to his Armpits, and had been quickly to his Chin if he had not extended his Arms. This unexpected Accident cauſed all the Paſſengers that travelled in the Fields to ſtop and lend their Aſſiſtance. Poet *Roquebrune* likewiſe, who had hitherto out-brav'd all the Aſſaults of Fortune, was now glad to retire to a dry place. The Carriers perceiving ſo many Men for their Enemies, all arm'd with Fuſees, thought it but Prudence to retire as faſt as they could, and take to another Road. In the mean time it was judg'd highly neceſſary to remedy the Diſorder that had happen'd as ſoon as poſſible, and therefore they propos'd to begin with Monſieur *Ragotin* and his Horſe, who were both in no ſmall danger of being ſuffocated. *Olive* and *Rancour*, were the two firſt that ventur'd to aſſiſt them; but the nearer they approach'd the deeper they ſunk into the Mud, inſomuch that having try'd ſeveral places, and found them all alike, *Rancour*, who had always an Expedient at Hand in Caſes of Neceſſity,

Neceſſity, propoſed without laughing to draw *Ragotin* o of the Danger wherein he was, by one of the Cart-rope one end to be faſten'd on his Neck and the other to th Horſes, who were then got out into the dry Road. Thi Propoſition made all the Company to laugh, except *Ragotin* who was not a little afraid of its being executed upon him, nevertheleſs, at laſt the Waggoner, who had run great hazard in getting out the Horſes, did the like for him; for ſeizing him faſt by the Collar, he at ſeveral pul drew him out of his hole, and drag'd him into the Field where his Company were waiting for him, who could not forbear laughing to ſee him in that pickle. This done the Waggoner returned to bring out the Horſe, who beginning to exert himſelf, by the help of a little whipping flounc'd about in the Mud, and at length got quite out. Laſt of all *Olive*, *Rancour* and the Waggoner, being all over bemir'd with Dirt, joyned to get out the Waggon which they ſoon performed by their united Endeavours and loaded it once more with the Baggage. The Horſes were put again into the Traces, and *Ragotin* remounted his Courſer, tho' that with ſome difficulty, his Girts being all broken. *Angelica* would by no means get up behind him again, for fear of ſpoiling her Cloaths. Mrs *Cave* and Madam *Star* choſe to walk on Foot likewiſe, whom *Deſtiny* accompanied to the Sign of the *Green Oak*, which was the only Inn to be met with between *Mans* and the Suburbs of *Monfort*. Here they ſtaid, not caring to enter the Town in the Condition they were in. After thoſe that had took the moſt pains had drank to refreſh themſelves, they ſpent the reſt of the Day in drying their Cloaths, having taken freſh to put on out of their Trunks, which Variety had been preſented them by the Gentry of *Mans*. The Actreſſes ſupped but lightly, having loſt their Stomachs thro' the great Fatigue they had undergone in walking, and which inclined them to go early to Bed. The Actors not only eat but drank heartily before they would go to Bed. They were in about their firſt ſleep, being near Eleven at Night, when a company of Men came and knocked at the Gate of the Inn, enquiring for Beds. The Hoſt anſwer'd his Lodgings were full, and beſides

Honorary than Beneficial, belonging to a little Church ſituate in an Iſland made by the River *Sartha*, and between the two Bridges of *Alengon*. You muſt not wonder if both the Actors and Actreſſes of this Company receiv'd Benefit from a Prieſt, ſince you might have perceiv'd throughout the whole Comical Adventures of this Famous Hiſtory, how many Services and good Offices have been done them by *Curates*. This *Prior*, who before had had but a ſlender Acquaintance with our *Stollers*, by this ſignal token of Kindneſs had contracted ſo great a Friendſhip with them, that they interchangeably viſited and eat together almoſt every Day. Now one Day, while Monſieur the *Prior* was in the *Strollers* Chamber, which by the by, you muſt take notice was on a *Friday*, when they did not Act, *Deſtiny* and Madam *Star* entreated Mrs. *Cave* to proceed with the account of her Life. She for her part was at firſt a little loath to comply with their requeſt, till at length being prevail'd upon, and having cough'd three or four times, ſpit as often, and as ſome will have it, gravely wip'd her mouth with her Handkerchief, ſhe juſt began to get her ſelf into a readineſs to ſpeak, when the *Prior* was offering to be gone, believing it ſeems, that ſhe might have ſomething to deliver which ſhe would not have every body know. He was notwithſtanding ſtop'd by all the Company, and unanimouſly deſired to ſtay, they aſſuring him they would be exceeding glad to have him take part of their Adventures. *And I dare ſay*, quoth *Star* to him, being a Woman of a ready Wit, *you your ſelf have had a ſhare of ſome in your time, for you don't by any means ſeem to be a Perſon that has always worn a Caſſock.* Theſe Words confounded the *Prior* a little at firſt, but who afterwards coming to himſelf, frankly own'd he had had Adventures in his time, which poſſibly might not prove unacceptable in a *Romance*, in the room of many fabulous Stories it is commonly ſtuffed with. To which *Star* briſkly reply'd, that ſhe was very well ſatisfied they would be entertaining, and therefore immediately engaged him in the Relating of ſome of them the firſt opportunity they ſhould have. Her requeſt he promiſed to gratify, and then Mrs. *Cave* proceeded with her Account after the following

ber where. The reaſon of his not being able to recollect himſelf was, that at the time of their Acquaintance ſhort Hair and long Beards were worn, but this Man had long Hair and no Beard, and moreover wore different Cloaths from what he did when they were acquainted. All this entirely diſguiz'd him from *la Rappiniere's* Knowledge. *La Rappiniere* when he went to Bed, which he did after he had well ſupp'd, committed him to the Cuſtody of two of the Archers, who tied him to an old faſhion'd Bench in the Kitchin, and ſo went to ſleep in their Chairs, leaving him to do the like if he pleaſed on the Pavement. Next Morning *D'Eſtiny* was up firſt in the Houſe, who going into the Kitchin, ſaw the Archers aſleep in their Chairs, and a Man with his Hands ty'd behind him, faſten'd to a Bench, and lying along awake upon the Stones; who making a ſign to him, to come near him, he was not a little ſurpriz'd, when the Priſoner ask'd him *if he did not remember he was once rob'd on the* Point neuf, *at Paris, and that he had loſt among other things a ſmall Picture in a Box; I was then*, continu'd he, *with the Sieur* la Rappiniere *who being at that time our Captain, forced me to attack you. You know all that paſſed beſides. I've learn'd*, proceeded he, *that you have been inform'd of all by* Doguin, *on his Death-bed, and I have likewiſe underſtood that* la Rappiniere *has reſtor'd you your Box, nevertheleſs, you have now a fair Opportunity to revenge your ſelf on him. As for my part*, added he, *ſhould they carry me to* Mans, *as I do not know but they may, I ſhould be ſurely hang'd there; but then*, concluded he, *it is alſo in yours and my Power to make him dance the ſame Dance. It is but joining your Evidence with mine, and you may gueſs how a Jury of* Mans *would deal with him. Deſtiny* having heard this left the Priſoner, and waited for *la Rappinier's* riſing. Being come down he met him in an Entry, when taking him aſide, he acquainted him with all that the Highway-Man had told him, adding withal, that he might well ſee he was not revengeful, ſince he declined taking advantage of what he had heard, and inſtead thereof, advis'd him to be gone, and leave the Criminal to ſhift for himſelf. *La Rappiniere* would have ſtaid till the Actreſſes were ſtirring,

had

'*nac*'s Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted
'and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſ-
'cover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no
'ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions,
*Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted
here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave
'us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the
'Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them
'and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd,
'we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after
'we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two,
'Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who
'acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife
'having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might
'have their places; which if we would but condeſcend
'to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My
'Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their
'proffer, and it was agreeed ſhe ſhould have the chief
'parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond,
'and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable
'of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age
'at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days,
'this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any lon-
'ger. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a
'dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd
'he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront.
'We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before
'we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter
'of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd
'of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble him-
'ſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſome-
'what old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never
'to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolu-
'tion, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We
'rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length
'I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy
'that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the
'Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to 'Marſeilles. But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-* 'agne, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur's* 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the pro- 'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſie 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be- 'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon- 'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daughter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſaluted all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

AFter *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

leſs led them a quite contrary way to what the Lovers had taken, and that by his Maſter's Orders, ſo that having wandred about for two or three Days in a fruitleſs Search, they at laſt return'd to their Maſter *Saldagne*, who was not yet either out of his Bed or cured of his Fall, they related to him how the Lady had got from them, but that the Perſon whom Monſieur *Verville* had procur'd them was gone in queſt of her. *Saldagne*, was like to run Mad at the firſt hearing this News, and ſoon gave his Servants to underſtand, that it was well for them he was confin'd to his Bed, for had he been able to ſtand, or to lift but one Leg from off the Sheets, he would have made them ſenſible by innumerable Kicks and Baſtinados, that their intolerable Negligence was not be excuſed by bare Words. He flew into that violent Paſſion, and thunder'd out ſo many Curſes againſt them, that he quite baffled the Surgeon's Art, and brought the Fever again ſo upon him, that when he came at Night to dreſs him, he apprehended a Gangreen in his Thigh, from the great Inflammation his Diſorder had occaſion'd there. He alſo obſerv'd a kind of livid Colour on the part, which being a farther bad Sympton, cauſed him to go immediately and find out *Verville*, to whom he related the whole unfortunate Accident. *Verville* ſeem'd much aſtoniſh'd at the relation, and wonder'd how the occaſion of ſuch an Accident could happen, which he nevertheleſs knew well enough, having been inform'd of all before by his Servant. He notwithſtanding pretended a great deal of Ignorance, and went immediately to viſit *Saldagne*; till having enquir'd the cauſe of his Alteration, and hearing it from his own Mouth, he at length redoubled his Grief by confeſſing to him that he had been the Contriver of what had befallen him, and that rather to have done him a Service than Diskindneſs, which had never been in his Thoughts. For ſaid he to him, You may remember no body would entertain this Woman when you ran away with her; and I declare to you, that tho' I did ſuffer your Wife, my Siſter, to lodge her within my Father's Houſe, yet was it only with deſign to procure an opportunity to reſtore her to her Brother and Friends. Tell me, I beſeech you, proceeded he, what do you think would

would have become of you, if Information had been given in againſt you, and you had been taken up for a Rape? Could you have procured your Pardon, think you; and don't you yet know that the King never paſſes by Crimes of that nature? You fancied perhaps, added he, that the meanneſs of her known Birth, and the baſeneſs of her Profeſſion would in a great meaſure have got you excuſed; but do not flatter your ſelf in that, for I would have you to know, that ſhe is the Daughter both of a Gentleman and Gentlewoman, and therefore your hopes would have fail'd you there. Beſides, continued he, tho' all the efforts of Juſtice ſhould not have been able to hurt you, yet remember ſhe has a Brother who would ſurely have been reveng'd on you for debauching his Siſter. He is a Man of Courage, you know, and you have experienc'd it in divers Rencounters; therefore one would think that ſingle Conſideration ſhould encline you rather to value than perſecute him as you have long done. 'Tis high time now to ceaſe that vain Purſuit, or you may quickly come to repent of not having done it. This Diſcourſe that one would have thought might have both enclin'd *Saldagne* to have reflected and repented, ſerved rather to encreaſe his Reſentments, and made him entertain ſtrange reſolutions; which tho' he diſſembled for the preſent to *Verville*, yet he endeavour'd afterwards to put in practice. He made what Haſte he could to get cur'd, and as ſoon as he found himſelf in a Condition to mount a Horſe, took leave of *Verville*, and at the ſame time poſted away towards *Mans*, thinking to have found the Company of *Strollers* there; but being inform'd they were gone thence to *Alengon*, he forthwith reſolved to follow them thither. Paſſing by *Vivain* he baited his Men, and three Cut-throats he carried along with him, at the Cock, where the *Strollers* had lodg'd. He was no ſooner come into the Yard but he heard a great noiſe. Upon enquiry into the Matter it appear'd to be the Pedlers, who being going to a Fair at *Beaumont* had on the Road diſcover'd the Theft committed on them by *Rancour*, and were therefore return'd to complain of their Hoſteſs, requiring ſatisfaction; but who told them ſhe thought her ſelf not oblig'd to make it them

by

by reaſon they did not entruſt her with their Packs, but had had them carried into their Chamber. That's true, quoth the Pedlers, but why the Devil did you put us to lodge in the ſame Room with thoſe Jugglers, thoſe Mountebanks, for no doubt it was ſome of them that robbed us? 'Well reply'd the Hoſteſs, but did ye find any of 'your Packs ſlit or torn, or the Cords unloos'd? Neither of all three, anſwer'd the Pedlers, and that is it which moſt ſurprizes us, for we found the Cords ty'd after the ſame manner we had left them. 'How then would you 'have me to repair your loſs, quoth the Hoſteſs? get 'you about your buſineſs for a Company of Impudent 'Rogues. The Pedlers were juſt going to reply, when *Saldagne* ſwore that if they did not ceaſe their brawling he he would beat them moſt unmercifully. The poor Pedlers ſeeing ſo many luſty Fellows all diſguis'd, thought it but prudence to hold their Peace, however waited for an opportunity when they were gone to renew their diſpute with the Hoſteſs. After *Saldagne* and his Men and Horſes had refreſh'd themſelves a little, they ſet forward for *Alengon* where they arrived very late. *Saldagne* for his part could not ſleep a wink all Night, and that for thinking on the manner of revenging himſelf on *Deſtiny* for taking his Booty from him; and as his Inclinations had been always brutal, ſo were the Reſolutions he came to. Next Day he reſolved to go to the Play, which was *Pompey the Great* of *Corneille*, and ſent one of his Companions before to take places for four. As for himſelf he came muffled up in his Cloak to avoid diſcovery, but the reſt were in *Quirpo*, being not known. All the time the Play was Acting he was as much tormented as the Audience was pleas'd, for all admir'd at the admirable Action of Madam *Star* who repreſented *Cleopatra*. When the Play was ended, *Saldagne* and his Friends ſtaid behind all the Company, being reſolv'd to attack *Deſtiny* before they went away. But how luckily were they prevented? for this Company of *Strollers* had gain'd ſo far both upon the *Nobleſs* and all the beſt Citizens of *Alengon* of either Sex, that they never came to the Theatre, or return'd thence, without a great number to attend them. The ſame Night

a young Widow-Lady, by name *Ville-Fleur*, invited the Actreſſes to Supper in *Saldagne*'s hearing, which they out of Modeſty declin'd accepting; but being preſſed thereto with a great deal of obliging Compulſion, they at length conſented; and promiſed to come. After this they retir'd, but accompanied, as were the Men, with a great Number of Perſons of the beſt Note. Among the reſt were thoſe Gentlemen that *Deſtiny* found at the Tennis-Court when he firſt came to hire it. This ſecond defeat almoſt made *Saldagne* deſpair, till at length he reſolv'd on one of the moſt villainous Actions that could be thought on by Man; and that was to carry off *Star* as ſhe came out of Madam *Ville-Fleur*'s Houſe, and to ſtab all thoſe that oppoſed him, under cover of the Night. The three Actreſſes went to wait on the Lady purſuant to their Promiſes, and great numbers of Gallants came likewiſe to wait on them. Now *Saldagne* imagin'd it as eaſy to carry off *Star* at this Juncture as he had found it before, when ſhe was conducting on Horſeback by *Deſtiny*'s Man. He took therefore one of the ſtrongeſt Horſes he had, and putting him into the Hands of one of his Men, plac'd him at one of the Doors of Madam *Ville-Fleur*'s Houſe, which open'd into a narrow Street near the Palace, believing that upon ſome ſlight pretence or other he might get her out of the Houſe, and then he would mount her on Horſe-back, and carry her whither he pleaſed. Whilſt he was thus feeding his Fancy with vain Chimera's and imagining his Booty already in his Poſſeſſion, an *Eccleſiaſtick* who lov'd good Company, and had ſcrap'd ſome ſmall Acquaintance with our *Strollers*, happen'd to be going that Night to Officiate his *Veſpers* at Madam *Ville-Fleur*'s, and who perceiving a Lackey, whoſe Livery he did not know, to ſtand at her Door, began to enquire of him, *Who he was, what he did there, and whether his Maſter was in the Houſe?* To all theſe Queſtions the Fellow anſwer'd ſo confuſedly that the Prieſt had juſt reaſon to believe him a Rogue. He went therefore up into the Room, where all the Company was, and gave them an account of what he had obſerv'd, telling them moreover, that he feared there was an Ambuſcade laid for ſome Body or other, for that he had heard

ſeveral

ſeveral People walking about in the darker part of the narrow Street. *Deſtiny* had taken notice that one of the Audience had hid his Face in his Cloak, and having his Enemy *Saldagne* always in his Thoughts, did not doubt but it was he; nevertheleſs he concealed his Imaginations, and thought it ſufficient for the preſent only to guard the Women to Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Houſe, where they were to ſit up all Night, with as much Company as they could get; but when he came to underſtand from the *Eccleſiaſtick*, what I have before told you, he immediately concluded that *Saldagne* was once more contriving to carry off his dear *Star*. This caus'd him and his Company to enter into an immediate Conſultation what they had beſt to do. At laſt they agreed they would wait the event, and if no body appear'd among them before they broke up, they would go away with as much caution as they could. When they had juſt determin'd what to do, an unknown Perſon enter'd the Room, and enquir'd for Madam *Star*. Upon her coming, he inform'd her that a Lady of her Acquaintance deſir'd to ſpeak with her in the Street, and beg'd ſhe would only come down for a Moment. Every body then preſently knew that this was the Method *Saldagne* had propoſed to himſelf to procure the poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs by, and therefore immediately got themſelves into a poſture to receive him. It was not thought fit that any of the Actreſſes ſhould be ſuffer'd to go down, and therefore they borrow'd one of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Chamber-Maids for that purpoſe. She was no ſooner got into the Street but *Saldagne* ſeiz'd her, and offer'd to mount her upon his Horſe; but he was not a little ſurpriz'd when he perceiv'd himſelf ſurrounded on all ſides with arm'd Men, whereof ſome had come by the great Door round the Market-place, and others by the leſſer Door. Hereupon *Saldagne*, who had always had no more Conſideration than his Horſe, and ſcarce ſo much, let fly a Piſtol among them, and ſlightly wounded one of the Actors before he well knew whether they were come as Friends or Enemies. This raſh attempt had half a dozen Shot immediately return'd, whereof one enter'd his Head, and two others his Body. His Companions who

were out upon the Scout hearing a noiſe of ſeveral diſcharges, inſtead of coming up to aſſiſt their Friend, fled incontinently, as ſuch raſcally Bullies commonly do where they find any reſiſtance. A Light was forthwith called for, to view the wounded Man who was fallen on the ground; but no body knew him except the *Strollers*, who aſſured the Company it was *Saldagne*. He was thought to be dead, tho' he really was not, and which occaſion'd the By-ſtanders to lend his Lackey their aſſiſtance to throw him athwart his Horſe. Being carried after this manner to his Lodging, when he came there his Hoſt preſently diſcover'd ſome ſigns of Life in him, and conſequently did all that lay in his power to recover him, which notwithſtanding prov'd ineffectual, for he died the next Day. Being dead, his Corps was carried into his own Country, where he was received with feigned Sorrow by his Siſters and their Husbands, both lamenting outwardly their loſs, tho' inwardly they were not a little glad of his Death; and I dare be bold to ſay, that Madam St. *Far* his Wife, wiſhed him no better Fate. In the mean time Juſtice was fain to beſtir her Stumps a little in the queſt of the Murtherers, but no body being found, nor any body making a complaint; beſides, the Perſons that could be moſt ſuſpected being of the beſt Gentry of the Town, the Proſecution was let fall. The Actreſſes were conducted to their Lodgings, where they learnt the next Day that *Saldagne* was dead, which cauſed them to rejoice exceedingly, being thereby out of danger of any future Diſturbance, meeting every where with Friends, except in him and his Adherents.

CHAP. VII.

The Sequel of Mrs. Cave's *Hiſtory.*

THE Day after *Saldagne*'s Death *Deſtiny* and *Olivet* went to return their hearty Thanks to the *Eccleſiaſtick*, at that time Prior of St. *Lewis*, for having deliver'd them from a Plague they could never otherwiſe have hop'd to have got rid of. This *Priory* was a Title rather Honorary

Honorary than Beneficial, belonging to a little Church ſituate in an Iſland made by the River *Sartha*, and between the two Bridges of *Alengon*. You muſt not wonder if both the Actors and Actreſſes of this Company receiv'd Benefit from a Prieſt, ſince you might have perceiv'd throughout the whole Comical Adventures of this Famous Hiſtory, how many Services and good Offices have been done them by *Curates*. This *Prior*, who before had had but a ſlender Acquaintance with our *Stollers*, by this ſignal token of Kindneſs had contracted ſo great a Friendſhip with them, that they interchangeably viſited and eat together almoſt every Day. Now one Day, while Monſieur the *Prior* was in the *Strollers* Chamber, which by the by, you muſt take notice was on a *Friday*, when they did not Act, *Deſtiny* and Madam *Star* entreated Mrs. *Cave* to proceed with the account of her Life. She for her part was at firſt a little loath to comply with their requeſt, till at length being prevail'd upon, and having cough'd three or four times, ſpit as often, and as ſome will have it, gravely wip'd her mouth with her Handkerchief, ſhe juſt began to get her ſelf into a readineſs to ſpeak, when the *Prior* was offering to be gone, believing it ſeems, that ſhe might have ſomething to deliver which ſhe would not have every body know. He was notwithſtanding ſtop'd by all the Company, and unanimouſly deſired to ſtay, they aſſuring him they would be exceeding glad to have him take part of their Adventures. *And I dare ſay*, quoth *Star* to him, being a Woman of a ready Wit, *you your ſelf have had a ſhare of ſome in your time, for you don't by any means ſeem to be a Perſon that has always worn a Caſſock.* Theſe Words confounded the *Prior* a little at firſt, but who afterwards coming to himſelf, frankly own'd he had had Adventures in his time, which poſſibly might not prove unacceptable in a *Romance*, in the room of many fabulous Stories it is commonly ſtuffed with. To which *Star* briſkly reply'd, that ſhe was very well ſatisfied they would be entertaining, and therefore immediately engaged him in the Relating of ſome of them the firſt opportunity they ſhould have. Her requeſt he promiſed to gratify, and then Mrs. *Cave* proceeded with her Account after the following

manner. 'The Dog that frighted us prevented what I 'was then going to ſay, and what ye ſhall now hear. The 'propoſal the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my 'Mother, by the good Curate, afflicted her no leſs than 'it pleaſed me, as I have already told you; but what yet 'encreaſed her Affliction was, that ſhe could not propoſe 'a way to her ſelf how ſhe might get out of his Houſe. To 'do it alone ſhe thought would be to little purpoſe, ſince 'ſhe could not think to get far before he would certain-'ly ſend and overtake her, and perhaps abuſe her to boot. 'Moreover we thereby ran a riſque of loſing our Baggage, 'which was the only thing we had left to ſubſiſt on. At 'length Fortune offered us an opportunity to eſcape, the 'moſt plauſible that could be, which was this; This Baron 'who had always hitherto been of a moroſe inflexible Tem-'per, was now all of a ſudden chang'd from his inſenſible 'Brutality to the ſofteſt of paſſions, *Love*, and that to ſo 'great an exceſs, that he became even ſick with the vio-'lence of it; nay more, ſick to Death. At the beginning 'of his illneſs my Mother would needs be frequently offer-'ing her Service, but ſhe no ſooner came near his Bed 'than he always began to rave. This my Mother per-'ceiving, and being a Woman of no common contrivance, 'ſhe immediately apply'd herſelf to his Servants, telling 'them that ſhe obſerv'd her Daughter and ſhe were rather 'an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help, and 'therefore deſir'd of them to procure us Horſes for our 'ſelves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and ſhe would 'be gone. This the Servants would by no means hear-'ken to, till at length the Curate coming, and having 'underſtood the Baron was raving, reſolv'd forthwith to 'deliver him from the occaſion thereof, and immediately 'ſetting about it ſoon provided us with all thoſe neceſſaries 'we requir'd. Next Morning we loaded a Cart with our e-'quipage, and after having taken leave of the Servants, but 'eſpecially of the obliging Curate, we ſet forth and arriv'd 'at Night at a little Town of *Perigord*, whoſe Name I have 'forgot, but which I nevertheleſs remember to be the ſame 'place from whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my 'Mother, when ſhe was wounded by the Baron of *Sigog-*

nac's

'*nac*'s Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted
'and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſ-
'cover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no
'ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions,
*Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted
here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave
'us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the
'Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them
'and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd,
'we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after
'we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two,
'Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who
'acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife
'having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might
'have their places; which if we would but condeſcend
'to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My
'Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their
'proffer, and it was agreeed ſhe ſhould have the chief
'parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond,
'and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable
'of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age
'at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days,
'this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any lon-
'ger. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a
'dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd
'he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront.
'We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before
'we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter
'of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd
'of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble him-
'ſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſome-
'what old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never
'to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolu-
'tion, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We
'rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length
'I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy
'that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the
'Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to '*Marſeilles*. But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-* '*agne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur*'s 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the pro- 'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſier 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be- 'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon- 'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daughter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſaluted all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

AFter *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. *Nevertheleſs*, added he, *do not intend to forſake my Profeſſion, which has always been ſo pleaſant to me, however, muſt deſire that my appearing on the Stage may be diſpenc'd with, till ſuch time as we are got farther off the place of my Nativity.* This Requeſt was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* deſir'd to know of *Leander* what Title ſhe muſt ſalute him by for the future. His Anſwer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to uſe if he pleas'd, but that having reſolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the ſame under which he had been ſo happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. *This Name therefore*, quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reaſon juſt mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indiſpenſably diſpos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At theſe words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, ſome Tears ſhed, and all in general approv'd the generous Reſolution of *Leander*, who approaching *Angelica*, beſtow'd a Thouſand endearing Proteſtations on her: all which ſhe return'd with ſo much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Reſolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company farther, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into moſt of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the ſame along with him, to the end that in caſe the Company wanted Money, he might ſupply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and deſir'd that ſince Monſieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act, whilſt the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Roquebrune*, who had always been his *Oppoſite*, roſe up, and ſaid, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander*'s Parts belong'd

rather to him, than to ſuch a *Whipper-ſnapper* as he. The Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Deſfin* acquainted the two Candidates, that their ſeveral Merits ſhould be conſidered, and Juſtice be ſpeedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was deſir'd to go on with her Hiſtory, but firſt the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* was to be ſent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and ſhe began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying 'in of *Angelica*, I have already told you the two *Strollers* 'came to deſire us to join with them, but did not tell 'you, that thoſe two were *Olive* and another who left us 'afterwards, in whoſe Room came our Poet *Roquebrun*. 'But to come to the greateſt of my Misfortunes, I muſt 'tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, 'or *Liar*, of Monſieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, 'a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady 'that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, 'whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the 'Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it 'taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that place 'belong'd to her, and therefore deſir'd her to let her have 'it. The other anſwer'd, that if ſhe had a place there, 'ſhe might take it if ſhe pleas'd, but that for her part ſhe 'would not move an Inch from where ſhe ſat. Words 'thus aroſe, and from thence they came to Blows. The 'Ladies cuff'd each other heartily, which would have ſignified little, had not the Men interpos'd; who inſtead of 'parting the Fray, enereas'd it, taking to either Party, 'and raiſing Factions againſt one another. This was Principally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got 'what Friends they could on their ſide. Then was there 'nothing to be heard but ſqueeking and claſhing of Swords, 'all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at 'length my Husband, who at that time played the part 'of *Dorante*, ſeeing ſo many Swords drawn, and not 'caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword 'drawn likewiſe, and endeavour'd to appeaſe the Tumult; 'when a certain Perſon from one of the Parties, taking him 'no doubt for his Enemy, gave him ſuch a home Thruſt,

as

'as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given 'unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he ſeen it, he 'would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd 'in fencing. This Thruſt nevertheleſs pierc'd his Heart, 'whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which 'occaſion'd all the Audience quickly ſo ſhift for themſelves. 'I then threw my ſelf off from the Stage into the Pit, 'and went to aſſiſt my wounded Husband, but to my 'great Grief found him ſtark dead. *Angelica*, who then 'might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, 'came down immediately to me, together with the reſt 'of the Company, who all join'd with me in my juſt 'Complaints, for the Loſs of ſo good a Husband. I bu-'ried him the beſt manner I could, after that the Coroner had 'ſat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have 'his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I anſwer'd, I 'ſhould be willing to have juſtice done upon him, but 'fear'd I had not wherewithal ſufficient to proſecute him, 'and ſo declin'd it. We quickly forſook this Town, and 'went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our 'Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means 'good, having loſt its principal Actor. I was for a long 'time ſo grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could 'not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *An-'gelica* always ſupply'd me from her Memory, when we 'were on any Scene together. At length we came to a 'Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *De-'ſtiny*, your Siſter *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and 'offered to join us if we ſo pleaſed, whereof we were 'not a little glad, being almoſt quite broke before. The 'reſt of my Adventures have been common to us all, 'whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to 'tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd 'one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *A-'longe*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her Hiſtory, ſhedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewiſe, comforting her all ſhe was able, for the great Misfortunes ſhe had undergone, but withal remembred her ſhe had the leſs reaſon to be concern'd now, ſince ſhe was ſo near to an Alliance with ſo worthy a Gentleman as

Leander,

Leander. Mrs. *Cave* ſobb'd ſo violently that ſhe could not find time to anſwer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

Chap. IX.

How Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and ſome other comical Adventures of* Ragotin's.

THE Play went on proſperouſly, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the *Audience*, which conſiſted of the better ſort, and was generally very numerous, amongſt whom nevertheleſs happened no Diſorders, by reaſon *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promiſed ſome when occaſion ſerv'd. He made his Complaints almoſt every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worſt of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the reſt, *Rancour* ſaid to him, Monſieur *Ragotin*, diſturb your ſelf no more about this matter, for I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Aſſurance, he will be eaſily put out on the Stage; beſides, the ſpeaking of Verſe requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fancie. You muſt obſerve nicely the pointing of Verſe, and when you ſpeak it on the Stage, run one Verſe into another, that it may ſeem Proſe, and conſequently be natural and eaſie. You muſt not ſing it out, and ſtop at the Ceſures, or at the end of a Verſe, as the Vulgar do but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in ſome private Maſquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a ſecond *Zanni*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Gode-*

[illegible] *noy*,

not, who had ſometimes repreſented that Perſon. But, added he, we muſt firſt ſpeak to Monſieur *Deſtiny*, and Madam *Star* about it. This they did the ſame Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* ſhould repreſent the ſaid Perſon. He was inſtructed by *Rancour* in what he was to ſay, who, as you may have obſerv'd in the firſt Part of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Deſtiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former ſpoke thus. Little Boy, my pretty *Godenot*, quoth he, whither art thou a going in ſuch haſte? Then addreſſing himſelf to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, Gentlemen, ſaid he, I have always hitherto thought that *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis of Piſmires into Pigmies who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or elſe the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about ſeven or eight Years ſince there was a Song made to this effect.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
But a Pigmy, alaſs! is the Man,
For call him a Husband who can,
That ſcarce takes up a foot of the Bed?
Yet ſtill this of him may be ſaid,
That if he be not, he be not a Man,
He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verſe *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Popper, making him to appear in ſo many ridiculous Poſtures, as made the Company to laugh heartily. The reſt of the Song I have left out as ſuperfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he ſhew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them he was riſen again from the Dead; and to make what he ſaid appear, took off his Maſque, and expoſed him barefaced, which cauſed him not only to bluſh for Shame, but likewiſe to redden with

Anger. He nevertheleſs was fain to bear it; howeve revenge himſelf, told *Rancour* that he was a downr Blockhead for making his Song with ſuch old fashi Rhimes: But, quoth *Rancour*, I think you are a gr Blockhead for a little Man, ſince your could not diſting betwixt an old Song and a new one, this having b made above an hundred Years ago. Alſo, conti he, it is with Rhiming as with Language, Cuſtom r regulate all; for ſince, as Monſieur *Regule* has it, whi form'd the French Tongue, we cannot give a reaſon w we pronounce ſo and ſo, no more ought our Anceſtor do why they writ after this manner; and whereas whate is moſt ancient is always moſt valu'd, ſo ought my Sa to be for the ſame reaſon. While *Ragotin* was going anſwer, *Deſtiny* enter'd, complaining of the long ſtory Man *Rancour* had made, and whom having found in a h Diſpute with *Ragotin*, he immediately demanded the Ca of their Diſpute, but which he could nevertheleſs not come to know, ſince they anſwer'd him both at a tim and ſo loud that they made him ſtark mad. His paſſi being thus rais'd, he thruſt *Ragotin* againſt *Rancour* wi great Indignation, and whom *Rancour* return'd again gainſt him with like Fury, till at laſt they had toſſed hi about from one to t'other ſo long, that he fell down o his Face, and afterwards march'd away on all four unde the Curtains. This the *Audience* all roſe up to ſee, pro teſting this mute Action was worth all the reſt of the *Farce*, which they could not proceed any further with, by reaſon the Actors had quite laugh'd themſelves into Con fuſion. Notwithſtanding his Affront, *Ragotin* ſtill ſollicited *Rancour* to bring him in Favour with Madam *Star*, and the better to incline him to it, often treated him; which was very welcome to *Rancour*, who did not ſcruple to feed heartily at the little Man's Coſt. But as he was wounded with the ſame Dart, he had not the Heart to ſpeak either for *Ragotin* or himſelf. One Day above the reſt *Ragotin* preſſed him ſo cloſe that he found himſelf oblig'd to tell him, Monſieur *Ragotin* this *Star*, no doubt, is of the Nature of thoſe in the Firmament, which the *Aſtrologers* name wandering, for I have no ſooner at any time begun

to

to open your Paſſion to her, but ſhe twinkles and leaves me without an Anſwer. Yet how ſhould ſhe anſwer me, quoth he, if ſhe will not hear me. But I believe I have diſcovered the occaſion of her Indifference, proceeded he, and which no queſtion may ſurprize you; but a Man that has a mind to be ſatisfied in any thing muſt be prepar'd againſt all Events. This Monſieur *Deſtiny*, whom ſhe calls her Brother, I fancy not to be ſo, for I ſurpriz'd them the other Day careſſing after that manner as ſuch near Relations are not wont to do, and therefore am rather inclinable to believe he is her Gallant, and am more deceiv'd than ordinary, if on the ſame Day that *Leander* and *Angelica* marry, they do not marry likewiſe. Otherwiſe I ſhould think her the moſt indiſcreet Woman in the World, added he, to ſlight your generous Proffer: You that are a Man of Quality and Merit, without taking notice of your graceful Mien. I tell you this, continued he, that you may have the more reaſon to remove her from your Heart, ſince you will not otherwiſe fail to torment your ſelf like one of the damn'd. The little Man, both Poet and Advocate, was ſo confounded at this Diſcourſe, that he had nothing left to ſay, but immediately quitted *Rancour*, ſhaking his Head, and crying after his wonted manner, *Servitour*, *Servitour*, &c. Afterwards *Rogotin* reſolv'd with himſelf to go to *Beaumont le Vicomte*, a little Town about five Leagues diſtant from *Alençon*, where there was a Market kept every *Monday*. The reaſon of his going he told the Company was to receive a certain Sum of Money that was owing him in that Town by a Merchant. But how will you do to go, quoth *Rancour* to him, ſince your Horſe has been lately prick'd in ſhooing, and is lame? he will never be able to carry you ſo far. 'It may be not, anſwer'd *Rogotin*, and therefore I'll 'hire one that ſhall, and if I cannot meet with one to 'my purpoſe, I can at laſt walk on Foot, it is not ſo far. 'I don't queſtion, added he, but I ſhall meet with ſome 'Company that will go from hence. He ſought after, but could not find a Hackney to let, which induc'd him to enquire of a Pedler that lived next Door to his Lodging, if he were not diſpoſed to go; and finding he was, he

manner. 'The Dog that frighted us prevented what I 'was then going to ſay, and what ye ſhall now hear. Th 'propoſal the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my 'Mother, by the good Curate, afflicted her no leſs than 'it pleaſed me, as I have already told you; but what yet 'encreaſed her Affliction was, that ſhe could not propoſe 'a way to her ſelf how ſhe might get out of his Houſe. To 'do it alone ſhe thought would be to little purpoſe, ſince 'ſhe could not think to get far before he would certain-'ly ſend and overtake her, and perhaps abuſe her to boot. 'Moreover we thereby ran a riſque of loſing our Baggage, 'which was the only thing we had left to ſubſiſt on. At 'length Fortune offered us an opportunity to eſcape, the 'moſt plauſible that could be, which was this; This Baron 'who had always hither to been of a moroſe inflexible Tem-'per, was now all of a ſudden chang'd from his inſenſible 'Brutality to the ſofteſt of paſſions, *Love*, and that to ſo 'great an exceſs, that he became even ſick with the vio-'lence of it; nay more, ſick to Death. At the beginning 'of his illneſs my Mother would needs be frequently offer-'ing her Service, but ſhe no ſooner came near his Bed 'than he always began to rave. This my Mother per-'ceiving, and being a Woman of no common contrivance, 'ſhe immediately apply'd herſelf to his Servants, telling 'them that ſhe obſerv'd her Daughter and ſhe were rather 'an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help, and 'therefore deſir'd of them to procure us Horſes for our 'ſelves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and ſhe would 'be gone. This the Servants would by no means hear-'ken to, till at length the Curate coming, and having 'underſtood the Baron was raving, reſolv'd forthwith to 'deliver him from the occaſion thereof, and immediately 'ſetting about it ſoon provided us with all thoſe neceſſaries 'we requir'd. Next Morning we loaded a Cart with our e-'quipage, and after having taken leave of the Servants, but 'eſpecially of the obliging Curate, we ſet forth and arriv'd 'at Night at a little Town of *Perigord*, whoſe Name I have 'forgot, but which I nevertheleſs remember to be the ſame 'place from whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my 'Mother, when ſhe was wounded by the Baron of *Sigog-*

nac's

'*nac*'s Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſcover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions, *Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes that we might have the good Fortune to join with them and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd, we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two, Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might have their places; which if we would but condeſcend to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their proffer, and it was agreed ſhe ſhould have the chief parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond, and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days, this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any longer. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront. We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely refuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble himſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſomewhat old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolution, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to '*Marſeilles*. But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-'agne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur*'s 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the prof-'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſier 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be-'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon-'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daughter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſalured all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

Chap. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

After *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. *Nevertheless*, added he, *do not intend to forsake my Profession, which has always been so pleasant to me, however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispens'd with, till such time as we are got farther off the place of my Nativity.* This Requeſt was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* deſir'd to know of *Leander* what Title ſhe muſt ſalute him by for the future. His Anſwer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to uſe if he pleas'd, but that having reſolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the ſame under which he had been ſo happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. *This Name therefore*, quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reaſon juſt mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indiſpenſably diſpos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At theſe words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, ſome Tears ſhed, and all in general approv'd the generous Reſolution of *Leander*; who approaching *Angelica*, beſtow'd a Thouſand endearing Proteſtations on her; all which ſhe return'd with ſo much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Reſolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company further, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into moſt of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the ſame along with him, to the end that in caſe the Company wanted Money, he might ſupply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and deſir'd that ſince Monſieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act, whilſt the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Roquebrune*, who had always been his *Oppoſite*, roſe up, and ſaid, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander*'s Parts belong'd

were out upon the Scout hearing a noiſe of ſeveral diſcharges, inſtead of coming up to aſſiſt their Friend, fled incontinently, as ſuch raſcally Bullies commonly do where they find any reſiſtance. A Light was forthwith called for, to view the wounded Man who was fallen on the ground; but no body knew him except the *Strollers*, who aſſured the Company it was *Saldagne*. He was thought to be dead, tho' he really was not, and which occaſion'd the By-ſtanders to lend his Lackey their aſſiſtance to throw him athwart his Horſe. Being carried after this manner to his Lodging, when he came there his Hoſt preſently diſcover'd ſome ſigns of Life in him, and conſequently did all that lay in his power to recover him, which notwithſtanding prov'd ineffectual, for he died the next Day. Being dead, his Corps was carried into his own Country, where he was received with feigned Sorrow by his Siſters and their Husbands, both lamenting outwardly their loſs, tho' inwardly they were not a little glad of his Death; and I dare be bold to ſay, that Madam St. *Far* his Wife, wiſhed him no better Fate. In the mean time Juſtice was fain to beſtir her Stumps a little in the queſt of the Murtherers, but no body being found, nor any body making a complaint; beſides, the Perſons that could be moſt ſuſpected being of the beſt Gentry of the Town, the Proſecution was let fall. The Actreſſes were conducted to their Lodgings, where they learnt the next Day that *Saldagne* was dead, which cauſed them to rejoice exceedingly, being thereby out of danger of any future Diſturbance, meeting every where with Friends, except in him and his Adherents.

Chap. VII.

The Sequel of Mrs. Cave's *Hiſtory.*

THE Day after *Saldagne*'s Death *Deſtiny* and *Olive* went to return their hearty Thanks to the *Eccleſiaſtick*, at that time Prior of St. *Lewis*, for having deliver'd them from a Plague they could never otherwiſe have hop'd to have got rid of. This *Priory* was a Title rather Honorary

'as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given 'unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he ſeen it, he 'would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd 'in fencing. This Thruſt nevertheleſs pierc'd his Heart, 'whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which 'occaſion'd all the Audience quickly ſo ſhift for themſelves. 'I then threw my ſelf off from the Stage into the Pit, 'and went to aſſiſt my wounded Husband, but to my 'great Grief found him ſtark dead. *Angelica*, who then 'might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, 'came down immediately to me, together with the reſt 'of the Company, who all join'd with me in my juſt 'Complaints, for the Loſs of ſo good a Husband. I bu-'ried him the beſt manner I could, after that the Coroner had 'ſat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have 'his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I anſwer'd, I 'ſhould be willing to have juſtice done upon him, but 'fear'd I had not wherewithal ſufficient to proſecute him, 'and ſo declin'd it. We quickly forſook this Town, and 'went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our 'Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means 'good, having loſt its principal Actor. I was for a long 'time ſo grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could 'not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *An-'gelica* always ſupply'd me from her Memory, when we 'were on any Scene together. At length we came to a 'Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *De-'ſtiny*, your Siſter *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and 'offered to join us if we ſo pleaſed, whereof we were 'not a little glad, being almoſt quite broke before. The 'reſt of my Adventures have been common to us all, 'whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to 'tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd 'one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *A-'lenge*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her Hiſtory, ſhedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewiſe, comforting her all ſhe was able, for the great Misfortunes ſhe had undergone, but withal remembred her ſhe had the leſs reaſon to be concern'd now, ſince ſhe was ſo near to an Alliance with ſo worthy a Gentleman as

Saunder-

Leander. Mrs. *Cave* ſobb'd ſo violently that ſhe could not find time to anſwer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

Chap. IX.

How Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and ſome other comical Adventures of* Ragotin's.

THE Play went on proſperouſly, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the *Audience*, which conſiſted of the better ſort, and was generally very numerous, amongſt whom nevertheleſs happened no Diſorders, by reaſon *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promiſed ſome when occaſion ſerv'd. He made his Complaints almoſt every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worſt of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the reſt, *Rancour* ſaid to him, Monſieur *Ragotin*, diſturb your ſelf no more about this matter, for I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Aſſurance, he will be eaſily put out on the Stage; beſides, the ſpeaking of Verſe requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fancie. You muſt obſerve nicely the pointing of Verſe, and when you ſpeak it on the Stage, run one Verſe into another, that it may ſeem Proſe, and conſequently be natural and eaſie. You muſt not ſing it out, and ſtop at the Ceſures, or at the end of a Verſe, as the Vulgar do; but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in ſome private Maſquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a ſecond *Zanni*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Gode-*

froy

'*nac*'s Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted
'and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſ-
'cover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no
'ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions,
*Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted
here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave
'us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the
'Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them
'and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd,
'we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after
'we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two,
'Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who
'acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife
'having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might
'have their places; which if we would but condeſcend
'to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My
'Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their
'proffer, and it was agreeed ſhe ſhould have the chief
'parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond,
'and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable
'of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age
'at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days,
'this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any lon-
'ger. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a
'dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd
'he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront.
'We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before
'we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter
'of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd
'of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble him-
'ſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſome-
'what old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never
'to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolu-
'tion, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We
'rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length
'I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy
'that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the
'Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to '*Marſeilles*. But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-'agne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur*'s 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the prof-'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſier 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be-'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon-'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daugh-ter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſaluted all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

Chap. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

After *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. *Nevertheless*, added he, *do not intend to forsake my Profession, which has always been so pleasant to me, however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispenc'd with, till such time as we are got farther off the place of my Nativity.* This Requeſt was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* deſir'd to know of *Leander* what Title ſhe muſt ſalute him by for the future. His Anſwer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to uſe if he pleas'd, but that having reſolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the ſame under which he had been ſo happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. *This Name therefore*, quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reaſon juſt mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indiſpenſably diſpos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At theſe words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, ſome Tears ſhed, and all in general approv'd the generous Reſolution of *Leander*, who approaching *Angelica*, beſtow'd a Thouſand endearing Proteſtations on her; all which ſhe return'd with ſo much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Reſolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company further, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into moſt of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the ſame along with him, to the end that in caſe the Company wanted Money, he might ſupply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and deſir'd that ſince Monſieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act, whilſt the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Rognebrune*, who had always been his *Oppoſite*, roſe up, and ſaid, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander's* Parts belong'd

rather to him, than to ſuch a *Whipper-ſnapper* as he. This Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Deſtiny* acquainted the two Candidates, that their ſeveral Merits ſhould be conſidered, and Juſtice be ſpeedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was deſir'd to go on with her Hiſtory; but firſt the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* was to be ſent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and ſhe began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying 'in of *Angelica*, I have already told you the two *Strollers* 'came to deſire us to join with them, but did not tell 'you, that thoſe two were *Olive* and another who left ye 'afterwards, in whoſe Room came our Poet *Roquebrune*. 'But to come to the greateſt of my Misfortunes, I muſt 'tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, 'or *Liar*, of Monſieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, 'a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady 'that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, 'whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the 'Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it 'taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that place 'belong'd to her, and therefore deſir'd her to let her have 'it. The other anſwer'd, that if ſhe had a place there, 'ſhe might take it if ſhe pleas'd, but that for her part ſhe 'would not move an Inch from where ſhe ſat. Words 'thus aroſe, and from thence they came to Blows. The 'Ladies cuff'd each other heartily, which would have ſig-'nified little, had not the Men interpos'd; who inſtead of 'parting the Fray, encreas'd it, taking to either Party, 'and raiſing Factions againſt one another. This was Prin-'cipally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got 'what Friends they could on their ſide. Then was there 'nothing to be heard but ſqueeking and claſhing of Swords, 'all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at 'length my Husband, who at that time played the part 'of *Dorante*, ſeeing ſo many Swords drawn, and not 'caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword 'drawn likewiſe, and endeavour'd to appeaſe the Tumult; 'when a certain Perſon from one of the Parties, taking him 'no doubt for his Enemy, gave him ſuch a home Thruſt,

as

'as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he ſeen it, he would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd in fencing. This Thruſt nevertheleſs pierc'd his Heart, whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which occaſion'd all the Audience quickly ſo ſhift for themſelves. I then threw my ſelf off from the Stage into the Pit, and went to aſſiſt my wounded Husband, but to my great Grief found him ſtark dead. *Angelica*, who then might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, came down immediately to me, together with the reſt of the Company, who all join'd with me in my juſt Complaints, for the Loſs of ſo good a Husband. I buried him the beſt manner I could, after that the Coroner had ſat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I anſwer'd, I ſhould be willing to have juſtice done upon him, but fear'd I had not wherewithal ſufficient to proſecute him, and ſo declin'd it. We quickly forſook this Town, and went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means good, having loſt its principal Actor. I was for a long time ſo grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *Angelica* always ſupply'd me from her Memory, when we were on any Scene together. At length we came to a Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *Deſtiny*, your Siſter *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and offered to join us if we ſo pleaſed, whereof we were not a little glad, being almoſt quite broke before. The reſt of my Adventures have been common to us all, whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *Alonge*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her Hiſtory, ſhedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewiſe, comforting her all ſhe was able, for the great Misfortunes ſhe had undergone, but withal remembred her ſhe had the leſs reaſon to be concern'd now, ſince ſhe was ſo near to an Alliance with ſo worthy a Gentleman as

Leander,

Leander. Mrs. *Cave* ſobb'd ſo violently that ſhe could not find time to anſwer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

Chap. IX.

How Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and ſome other comical Adventures of* Ragotin's.

THE Play went on proſperouſly, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the *Audience*, which conſiſted of the better ſort, and was generally very numerous, amongſt whom nevertheleſs happened no Diſorders, by reaſon *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promiſed ſome when occaſion ſerv'd. He made his Complaints almoſt every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worſt of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the reſt, *Rancour* ſaid to him, Monſieur *Ragotin*, diſturb your ſelf no more about this matter, for I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Aſſurance, he will be eaſily put out on the Stage; beſides, the ſpeaking of Verſe requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fanſie. You muſt obſerve nicely the pointing of Verſe, and when you ſpeak it on the Stage, run one Verſe into another, that it may ſeem Proſe, and conſequently be natural and eaſie. You muſt not ſing it out, and ſtop at the Ceſures, nor at the end of a Verſe, as the Vulgar do; but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in ſome private Maſquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a ſecond *Zany*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Gal-*

[illegible]

not, who had ſometimes repreſented that Perſon. But, added he, we muſt firſt ſpeak to Monſieur *Deſtiny*, and Madam *Star* about it. This they did the ſame Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* ſhould repreſent the ſaid Perſon. He was inſtructed by *Rancour* in what he was to ſay, who, as you may have obſerv'd in the firſt Part of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Deſtiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former ſpoke thus. Little Boy, my pretty *Godenot*, quoth he, whither art thou a going in ſuch haſte? Then addreſſing himſelf to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, Gentlemen, ſaid he, I have always hitherto thought that *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis of Piſmires into Pigmies who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or elſe the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about ſeven or eight Years ſince there was a Song made to this effect.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
But a Pigmy, alaſs! is the Man,
For call him a Husband who can,
That ſcarce takes up a foot of the Bed?
Yet ſtill this of him may be ſaid,
That if he be not, he be not a Man,
He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verſe *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Popper, making him to appear in ſo many ridiculous Poſtures, as made the Company ſo laugh heartily. The reſt of the Song I have left out as ſuperfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he ſhew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them he was riſen again from the Dead; and to make what he ſaid appear, took off his Maſque, and expoſed him barefaced, which cauſed him not only to bluſh for Shame, but likewiſe to redden with

he desir'd the favour of him for a Companion; whic the Pedler agreed to, in case he would be going by one Clock in the Morning, when the Moon would be just u which he with little difficulty consented to. Now a litt before they set out, a poor Nail-smith was gone toward the said Market to dispose of his Nails, which he wa accustom'd to make every Week ready for *Mondays* o purpose. This Nail-smith being upon the Road on Foot, with his Wallet upon his Back, and hearing no Noise of Travellers, either before or behind him, thought he had been got out too early; besides, he was a little affraid, when he consider'd he was to pass under several Gibbets where Mens Quarters hung, which oblig'd him to step aside out of the Road, and to go lie down upon a Bank, where he fell asleep. Some little time after *Ragotin*, and the Pedler came by, but who said not a Word to each other, the little Man's Thoughts being wholly taken up with Reflections on what *Rancour* had told him. When they came near to the Gibbets, *Ragotin* ask'd the Pedler if he would not count the Persons that were hang'd. The Pedler answer'd, with all his Heart. Then they went forwards into the middle of them, and began to count; but at length having met with one that was dropt down, and was very stiff and dry, *Ragotin*, who had always Thoughts worthy himself, ask'd of his Companion to assist to help him up, and set him against one of the Posts, the which they easily perform'd by help of their Staves. This done they counted fourteen hang'd, besides this last, and so went on their Journey. They had not gone far, before *Ragotin* had a Maggot come into his Head, to turn about and call to the dead Person to come after him, which he did in these Words; So ho! will you come along with us? The Nail-smith, who it seems did not sleep very sound, hearing this, rose presently from his Post, thinking some Fellow Travellers had desired his Company, and cried, With all my Heart, I come, I come, and immediately began to follow them. The Pedlar and *Ragotin*, thinking verily it had been the dead Corps that came towards them, ran away as hard as they could drive; whereat the Nail-smith began to run likewise, crying all the way, Stay, stay, I come, I come.

come. As the Nail ſmith ran, his Nails he had on his Back made a great Noiſe, which inclin'd *Ragotin* and the Pedler the more to believe that it was the Corps they had ſet up againſt the Gibbet, or elſe the Ghoſt of ſome other Perſon that drag'd Chains after him; for the Vulgar are of Opinion there's never a Ghoſt that appears, but he has a Chain faſtned to him. This Belief made them to tremble ſo much that they could not run any farther, ſo that their Legs not being able to ſupport them longer, they dropt down. This gave the Nail-ſmith Opportunity to come up with them, whom they at firſt were miſerably affrighted at; but he having bid them good morrow, and telling them they had given him a great deal of Trouble to overtake them, they began to come to themſelves, and ſaw he was no Ghoſt. They then joined Companies, and continued their Journey proſperouſly to *Beaumont*, where *Ragotin* did what he had to do, and returned next Morning to *Alengon*; where he found his Friends juſt riſen from Dinner, to whom having related the Story of his Adventure; they laugh'd ſo heartily, that they were almoſt ready to burſt. The Women for their parts were ſo extremely tickled, that they haw-haw'd out ſo loud, that they were heard croſs the way, and which 'tis probable they would have continu'd much longer, had they not been interrupted by the Arrival of a Coach full of Country Gentry. This Coach belonged to one Monſieur *de la Freſnay*, who was about to marry his Daughter, and was come to *Alengon* to entreat the Strollers to come and act a Play at her Wedding. This Lady, who was none of the wiſeſt, deſired they would act the *Sylvius* of *Mariet*. This the Actreſſes were hardly able to forbear laughing at, telling her that if her Ladyſhip would have that, ſhe muſt procure them a Book, for they had not one by them; the Lady anſwered, ſhe would lend them one; adding withal, that ſhe had all the Paſtorals bound up together in one Volume, *viz.* thoſe of *Ragan*, being the Fair Fiſher-woman, the Love-hater, Plocidon, the Mercer, &c. together with ſeveral others whoſe Titles ſhe had forgot. Such Plays as theſe, quoth ſhe to them, are proper for you Strollers that act always in the Country, and cannot perhaps go to the Expence of ſuch ſumptuous

manner. 'The Dog that frighted us prevented what I 'was then going to ſay, and what ye ſhall now hear. The 'propoſal the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my 'Mother, by the good Curate, afflicted her no leſs than 'it pleaſed me, as I have already told you; but what yet 'encreaſed her Affliction was, that ſhe could not propoſe 'a way to her ſelf how ſhe might get out of his Houſe. To 'do it alone ſhe thought would be to little purpoſe, ſince 'ſhe could not think to get far before he would certain-'ly ſend and overtake her, and perhaps abuſe her to boot. 'Moreover we thereby ran a riſque of loſing our Baggage, 'which was the only thing we had left to ſubſiſt on. At 'length Fortune offered us an opportunity to eſcape, the 'moſt plauſible that could be, which was this; This Baron 'who had always hitherto been of a moroſe inflexible Tem-'per, was now all of a ſudden chang'd from his inſenſible 'Brutality to the ſofteſt of paſſions, *Love*, and that to ſo 'great an exceſs, that he became even ſick with the vio-'lence of it; nay more, ſick to Death. At the beginning 'of his illneſs my Mother would needs be frequently offer-'ing her Service, but ſhe no ſooner came near his Bed 'than he always began to rave. This my Mother per-'ceiving, and being a Woman of no common contrivance, 'ſhe immediately apply'd herſelf to his Servants, telling 'them that ſhe obſerv'd her Daughter and ſhe were rather 'an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help, and 'therefore deſir'd of them to procure us Horſes for our 'ſelves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and ſhe would 'be gone. This the Servants would by no means hear-'ken to, till at length the Curate coming, and having 'underſtood the Baron was raving, reſolv'd forthwith to 'deliver him from the occaſion thereof, and immediately 'ſetting about it ſoon provided us with all thoſe neceſſaries 'we requir'd. Next Morning we loaded a Cart with our e-'quipage, and after having taken leave of the Servants, but 'eſpecially of the obliging Curate, we ſet forth and arriv'd 'at Night at a little Town of *Perigord*, whoſe Name I have 'forgot, but which I nevertheleſs remember to be the ſame 'place from whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my 'Mother, when ſhe was wounded by the Baron of *Sigog-*

nac's

'*nac*'s Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted
'and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſ-
'cover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no
'ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions,
*Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted
here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave
'us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the
'Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them
'and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd,
'we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after
'we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two,
'Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who
'acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife
'having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might
'have their places; which if we would but condeſcend
'to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My
'Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their
'proffer, and it was agreeed ſhe ſhould have the chief
'parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond,
'and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable
'of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age
'at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days,
'this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any lon-
'ger. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a
'dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd
'he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront.
'We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before
'we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter
'of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd
'of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble him-
'ſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſome-
'what old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never
'to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolu-
'tion, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We
'rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length
'I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy
'that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the
'Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to '*Marſeilles*. But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-'agne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur's* 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the prof-'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſier 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be-'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon-'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daughter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſalured all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

Chap. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

After *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

told

told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. *Nevertheless*, added he, *do not intend to forsake my Profession, which has always been so pleasant to me, however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispenc'd with, till such time as we are got further off the place of my Nativity.* This Requeſt was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* deſir'd to know of *Leander* what Title ſhe muſt ſalute him by for the future. His Anſwer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to uſe if he pleas'd, but that having reſolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the ſame under which he had been ſo happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. *This Name therefore*, quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reaſon juſt mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indiſpenſably diſpos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* As theſe Words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, ſome Tears ſhed, and all in general approv'd the generous Reſolution of *Leander*; who approaching *Angelica*, beſtow'd a Thouſand endearing Proteſtations on her; all which ſhe return'd with ſo much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Reſolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company further, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into moſt of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the ſame along with him, to the end that in caſe the Company wanted Money, he might ſupply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and deſir'd that ſince Monſieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act whilſt the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Roquebrune*, who had always been his *Oppoſite*, roſe up, and ſaid, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander*'s Parts belong'd

rather to him, than to ſuch a *Whipper-ſnapper* as he. This Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Deſtiny* acquainted the two Candidates, that their ſeveral Merits ſhould be conſidered, and Juſtice be ſpeedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was deſir'd to go on with her Hiſtory; but firſt the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* was to be ſent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and ſhe began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying 'in of *Angelica*, I have already told you the two *Strollers* 'came to deſire us to join with them, but did not tell 'you, that thoſe two were *Olivo* and another who left ye 'afterwards, in whoſe Room came our Poet *Roquebrune*. 'But to come to the greateſt of my Misfortunes, I muſt 'tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, '*Liar*, of Monſieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, 'a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady 'that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, 'whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the 'Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it 'taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that place 'belong'd to her, and therefore deſir'd her to let her have 'it. The other anſwer'd, that if ſhe had a place there, 'ſhe might take it if ſhe pleas'd, but that for her part ſhe 'would not move an Inch from where ſhe ſat. Words 'thus aroſe, and from thence they came to Blows. The 'Ladies cuff'd each other heartily, which would have ſig-'nified little, had not the Men interpos'd; who inſtead of 'parting the Fray, encreas'd it, taking to either Party, 'and raiſing Factions againſt one another. This was Prin-'cipally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got 'what Friends they could on their ſide. Then was there 'nothing to be heard but ſqueeking and claſhing of Swords, 'all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at 'length my Husband, who at that time played the part 'of *Dorante*, ſeeing ſo many Swords drawn, and not 'caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword 'drawn likewiſe, and endeavour'd to appeaſe the Tumult; 'when a certain Perſon from one of the Parties, taking him 'no doubt for his Enemy, gave him ſuch a home Thruſt,

as

'as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he ſeen it, he 'would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd 'in fencing. This Thruſt nevertheleſs pierc'd his Heart, 'whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which 'occaſion'd all the Audience quickly ſo ſhift for themſelves. 'I then threw my ſelf off from the Stage into the Pit, 'and went to aſſiſt my wounded Husband, but to my 'great Grief found him ſtark dead. *Angelica*, who then 'might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, 'came down immediately to me, together with the reſt 'of the Company, who all join'd with me in my juſt 'Complaints, for the Loſs of ſo good a Husband. I bu-'ried him the beſt manner I could, after that the Coroner had 'ſat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have 'his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I anſwer'd, I 'ſhould be willing to have juſtice done upon him, but 'fear'd I had not wherewithal ſufficient to proſecute him, 'and ſo declin'd it. We quickly forſook this Town, and 'went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our 'Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means 'good, having loſt its principal Actor. I was for a long 'time ſo grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could 'not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *An-'gelica* always ſupply'd me from her Memory, when we 'were on any Scene together. At length we came to a 'Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *De-'ſtiny*, your Siſter *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and 'offered to join us if we ſo pleaſed, whereof we were 'not a little glad, being almoſt quite broke before. The 'reſt of my Adventures have been common to us all, 'whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to 'tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd 'one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *A-'longe*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her Hiſtory, ſhedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewiſe, comforting her all ſhe was able, for the great Misfortunes ſhe had undergone, but withal remembred her ſhe had the leſs reaſon to be concern'd now, ſince ſhe was ſo near to an Alliance with ſo worthy a Gentleman as

Euandre,

Leander. Mrs. *Cave* ſobb'd ſo violently that ſhe could not find time to anſwer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

Chap. IX.

How Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and ſome other comical Adventures of* Ragotin's.

THE Play went on proſperouſly, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the *Audience*, which conſiſted of the better ſort, and was generally very numerous, amongſt whom nevertheleſs happened no Diſorders, by reaſon *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promiſed ſome when occaſion ſerv'd. He made his Complaints almoſt every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worſt of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the reſt, *Rancour* ſaid to him, Monſieur *Ragotin*, diſturb your ſelf no more about this matter, for I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Aſſurance, he will be eaſily put out on the Stage; beſides, the ſpeaking of Verſe requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fancie. You muſt obſerve nicely the pointing of Verſe, and when you ſpeak it on the Stage, run one Verſe into another, that it may ſeem Proſe, and conſequently be natural and eaſie. You muſt not ſing it out, and ſtop at the *Ceſures*, or at the end of a *Verſe*, as the Vulgar do; but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in ſome private Maſquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a ſecond *Zanie*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Gode-*

[illegible]

not, who had ſometimes repreſented that Perſon. But, added he, we muſt firſt ſpeak to Monſieur *Deſtiny*, and Madam *Star* about it. This they did the ſame Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* ſhould repreſent the ſaid Perſon. He was inſtructed by *Rancour* in what he was to ſay, who, as you may have obſerv'd in the firſt Part of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Deſtiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former ſpoke thus. Little Boy, my pretty *Godenot*, quoth he, whither art thou a going in ſuch haſte? Then addreſſing himſelf to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, Gentlemen, ſaid he, I have always hitherto thought that *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis of Piſmires into Pigmies who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or elſe the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about ſeven or eight Years ſince there was a Song made to this effect.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
But a Pigmy, alaſs! is the Man,
For call him a Husband who can,
That ſcarce takes up a foot of the Bed?
Yet ſtill this of him may be ſaid,
That if he be not, he be no a Man,
He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verſe *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Popper, making him to appear in ſo many ridiculous Poſtures, as made the Company to laugh heartily. The reſt of the Song I have left out as ſuperfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he ſhew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them he was riſen again from the Dead; and to make what he ſaid appear, took off his Maſque, and expoſed him barefaced, which cauſed him not only to bluſh for Shame, but likewiſe to redden with

 Anger,

he desir'd the favour of him for a Companion; whic the Pedler agreed to, in case he would be going by one Clock in the Morning, when the Moon would be just up which he with little difficulty consented to. Now a litt before they set out, a poor Nail-smith was gone towards the said Market to dispose of his Nails, which he was accustom'd to make every Week ready for *Mondays* on purpose. This Nail-smith being upon the Road on Foot, with his Wallet upon his Back, and hearing no Noise of Travellers, either before or behind him, thought he had been got out too early; besides, he was a little affraid, when he consider'd he was to pass under several Gibbets where Mens Quarters hung, which oblig'd him to step aside out of the Road, and to go lie down upon a Bank, where he fell asleep. Some little time after *Ragotin*, and the Pedler came by, but who said not a Word to each other, the little Man's Thoughts being wholly taken up with Reflections on what *Rancour* had told him. When they came near to the Gibbets, *Ragotin* ask'd the Pedler if he would not count the Persons that were hang'd. The Pedler answer'd, with all his Heart. Then they went forwards into the middle of them, and began to count; but at length having met with one that was dropt down, and was very stiff and dry, *Ragotin*, who had always Thoughts worthy himself, ask'd of his Companion to assist to help him up, and set him against one of the Posts, the which they easily perform'd by help of their Staves. This done they counted fourteen hang'd, besides this last, and so went on their Journey. They had not gone far, before *Ragotin* had a Maggot come into his Head, to turn about and call to the dead Person to come after him, which he did in these Words: So ho! will you come along with us? The Nail-smith, who it seems did not sleep very sound, hearing this, rose presently from his Post, thinking some Fellow Travellers had desired his Company, and cried, With all my Heart, I come, I come, and immediately began to follow them. The Pedlar and *Ragotin*, thinking verily it had been the dead Corps that came towards them, ran away as hard as they could drive; whereat the Nail-smith began to run likewise, crying all the way, Stay, stay, I come, I come.

'young Fellows. I excus'd my ſelf as well as I could, 'and declin'd going near her for Four Days together. But 'one Day, as ſhe and her Siſter ſat with ſome other young 'Ladies on a Bench before a Shop in the Street next the 'City-Gate which I was going out at, towards the Sub-'urbs, I paſs'd by them, moving my Hat a little, but 'without ſo much as looking upon, or ſaying any thing to 'them: The other Ladies immediately ask'd what was the 'meaning of my ſo cold Deportment, which they ſcarce 'took to be civil. *Du Lys* gave them no Anſwer, but her 'elder Siſter told them, She did not know the Reaſon; 'and that if they had a mind to be ſatisfied farther, they 'muſt know it from my ſelf; adding withal, *Come, let 'us go place our ſelves a little nearer the Gate, that he may 'not be able to get by us, as he comes back, without taking 'more Notice.* I quickly return'd, when this good Siſter 'catching me hold by my Cloak, and pulling me to her, 'ſaid, *How comes it, haughty Sir, that you can paſs by your 'Miſtreſs without taking Notice?* And at the ſame time 'forced me to ſit down by her; but when I turn'd to em-'brace her, and tell her the Reaſon, ſhe flung away like a 'mad Thing. I ſtaid a little longer with them, and after 'went my ways. I reſolv'd then not to go near my Mi-'ſtreſs for ſome Days longer, the which I perform'd; but 'it ſeem'd as ſo many Ages to me; till at length, one Morn-'ing, meeting Madam *du Freſne*, ſhe ſtopp'd me, asking, 'What had made me ſo great a Stranger to her Houſe: I 'anſwer'd, It was on account of the ill Humour of her 'younger Daughter: Whereupon ſhe immediately pro-'miſed to make up the Difference; and for that End 'bid me meet her within an Hour at her Houſe. I was 'not a little impatient till I had obey'd her, and there-'fore went punctually at the Time appointed. As I 'was going up to her Chamber, according to her Di-'rection, I met *du Lys* coming down; who perceiving 'me, made ſo much haſte by me, that I could not ſtop her. 'I afterwards went into the Chamber, where I found her 'Siſter, who began immediately to ſimper; whereupon I 'told her how briskly her Siſter had gone by me, but ſhe 'aſſured me that was all feign'd, and that to her Know-

'ledge,

would have become of you, if Information had been given in againſt you, and you had been taken up for a Rape? Could you have procured your Pardon, think you; and don't you yet know that the King never paſſes by Crimes of that nature? You fancied perhaps, added he, that the meanneſs of her known Birth, and the baſeneſs of her Profeſſion would in a great meaſure have got you excuſed; but do not flatter your ſelf in that, for I would have you to know, that ſhe is the Daughter both of a Gentleman and Gentlewoman, and therefore your hopes would have fail'd you there. Beſides, continued he, tho' all the efforts of Juſtice ſhould not have been able to hurt you, yet remember ſhe has a Brother who would ſurely have been reveng'd on you for debauching his Siſter. He is a Man of Courage, you know, and you have experienc'd it in divers Rencounters; therefore one would think that ſingle Conſideration ſhould encline you rather to value than perſecute him as you have long done. 'Tis high time now to ceaſe that vain Purſuit, or you may quickly come to repent of not having done it. This Diſcourſe that one would have thought might have both enclin'd *Saldagne* to have reflected and repented, ſerved rather to encreaſe his Reſentments, and made him entertain ſtrange reſolutions; which tho' he diſſembled for the preſent to *Verville*, yet he endeavour'd afterwards to put in practice. He made what Haſte he could to get cur'd, and as ſoon as he found himſelf in a Condition to mount a Horſe, took leave of *Verville*, and at the ſame time poſted away towards *Mans*, thinking to have found the Company of *Strollers* there; but being inform'd they were gone thence to *Alengon*, he forthwith reſolved to follow them thither. Paſſing by *Vivain* he baited his Men, and three Cut-throats he carried along with him, at the Cock, where the *Strollers* had lodg'd. He was no ſooner come into the Yard but he heard a great noiſe. Upon enquiry into the Matter it appear'd to be the Pedlers, who being going to a Fair at *Beaumont* had on the Road diſcover'd the Theft committed on them by *Rancour*, and were therefore return'd to complain of their Hoſteſs, requiring ſatisfaction; but who told them ſhe thought her ſelf not oblig'd to make it them by

by reaſon they did not entruſt her with their Packs, but had had them carried into their Chamber. That's true, quoth the Pedlers, but why the Devil did you put us to lodge in the ſame Room with thoſe Jugglers, thoſe Mountebanks, for no doubt it was ſome of them that robbed us? 'Well reply'd the Hoſteſs, but did ye find any of 'your Packs ſlit or torn, or the Cords unloos'd? Neither of all three, anſwer'd the Pedlers, and that is it which moſt ſurprizes us, for we found the Cords ty'd after the ſame manner we had left them. 'How then would you 'have me to repair your loſs, quoth the Hoſteſs? get 'you about your buſineſs for a Company of Impudent 'Rogues. The Pedlers were juſt going to reply, when *Saldagne* ſwore that if they did not ceaſe their brawling he he would beat them moſt unmercifully. The poor Pedlers ſeeing ſo many luſty Fellows all diſguis'd, thought it but prudence to hold their Peace, however waited for an opportunity when they were gone to renew their diſpute with the Hoſteſs. After *Saldagne* and his Men and Horſes had refreſh'd themſelves a little, they ſet forward for *Alengon* where they arrived very late. *Saldagne* for his part could not ſleep a wink all Night, and that for thinking on the manner of revenging himſelf on *Deſtiny* for taking his Booty from him; and as his Inclinations had been always brutal, ſo were the Reſolutions he came to. Next Day he reſolved to go to the Play, which was *Pompey the Great* of *Corneille*, and ſent one of his Companions before to take places for four. As for himſelf he came muffled up in his Cloak to avoid diſcovery, but the reſt were in *Quirpe*, being not known. All the time the Play was Acting he was as much tormented as the Audience was pleas'd, for all admir'd at the admirable Action of Madam *Star* who repreſented *Cleopatra*. When the Play was ended, *Saldagne* and his Friends ſtaid behind all the Company, being reſolv'd to attack *Deſtiny* before they went away. But how luckily were they prevented? for this Company of *Strollers* had gain'd ſo far both upon the *Nobleſs* and all the beſt Citizens of *Alengon* of either Sex, that they never came to the Theatre, or return'd thence, without a great number to attend them. The ſame Night

a young Widow-Lady, by name *Ville-Fleur*, invited the Actreſſes to Supper in *Saldagne's* hearing, which they out of Modeſty declin'd accepting; but being preſſed thereto with a great deal of obliging Compulſion, they at length conſented; and promiſed to come. After this they retir'd, but accompanied, as were the Men, with a great Number of Perſons of the beſt Note. Among the reſt were thoſe Gentlemen that *Deſtiny* found at the Tennis-Court when he firſt came to hire it. This ſecond defeat almoſt made *Saldagne* deſpair, till at length he reſolv'd on one of the moſt villainous Actions that could be thought on by Man; and that was to carry off *Star* as ſhe came out of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Houſe, and to ſtab all thoſe that oppoſed him, under cover of the Night. The three Actreſſes went to wait on the Lady purſuant to their Promiſes, and great numbers of Gallants came likewiſe to wait on them. Now *Saldagne* imagin'd it as eaſy to carry off *Star* at this Juncture as he had found it before, when ſhe was conducting on Horſeback by *Deſtiny's* Man. He took therefore one of the ſtrongeſt Horſes he had, and putting him into the Hands of one of his Men, plac'd him at one of the Doors of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Houſe, which open'd into a narrow Street near the Palace, believing that upon ſome ſlight pretence or other he might get her out of the Houſe, and then he would mount her on Horſe-back, and carry her whither he pleaſed. Whilſt he was thus feeding his Fancy with vain Chimera's and imagining his Booty already in his Poſſeſſion, an *Eccleſiaſtick* who lov'd good Company, and had ſcrap'd ſome ſmall Acquaintance with our *Strollers*, happen'd to be going that Night to Officiate his *Veſpers* at Madam *Ville-Fleur's*, and who perceiving a Lackey, whoſe Livery he did not know, to ſtand at her Door, began to enquire of him, *Who he was, what he did there, and whether his Maſter was in the Houſe?* To all theſe Queſtions the Fellow anſwer'd ſo confuſedly that the Prieſt had juſt reaſon to believe him a Rogue. He went therefore up into the Room, where all the Company was, and gave them an account of what he had obſerv'd, telling them moreover, that he feared there was an Ambuſcade laid for ſome Body or other, for that he had heard

ſeveral

ſeveral People walking about in the darker part of the narrow Street. *Deſtiny* had taken notice that one of the Audience had hid his Face in his Cloak, and having his Enemy *Saldagne* always in his Thoughts, did not doubt but it was he; nevertheleſs he concealed his Imaginations, and thought it ſufficient for the preſent only to guard the Women to Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Houſe, where they were to ſit up all Night, with as much Company as they could get; but when he came to underſtand from the *Eccleſiaſtick*, what I have before told you, he immediately concluded that *Saldagne* was once more contriving to carry off his dear *Star*. This caus'd him and his Company to enter into an immediate Conſultation what they had beſt to do. At laſt they agreed they would wait the event, and if no body appear'd among them before they broke up, they would go away with as much caution as they could. When they had juſt determin'd what to do, an unknown Perſon enter'd the Room, and enquir'd for Madam *Star*. Upon her coming, he inform'd her that a Lady of her Acquaintance deſir'd to ſpeak with her in the Street, and beg'd ſhe would only come down for a Moment. Every body then preſently knew that this was the Method *Saldagne* had propoſed to himſelf to procure the poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs by, and therefore immediately got themſelves into a poſture to receive him. It was not thought fit that any of the Actreſſes ſhould be ſuffer'd to go down, and therefore they borrow'd one of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* Chamber-Maids for that purpoſe. She was no ſooner got into the Street but *Saldagne* ſeiz'd her, and offer'd to mount her upon his Horſe; but he was not a little ſurpriz'd when he perceiv'd himſelf ſurrounded on all ſides with arm'd Men, whereof ſome had come by the great Door round the Market-place, and others by the leſſer Door. Hereupon *Saldagne*, who had always had no more Conſideration than his Horſe, and ſcarce ſo much, let fly a Piſtol among them, and ſlightly wounded one of the Actors before he well knew whether they were come as Friends or Enemies. This raſh attempt had half a dozen Shot immediately return'd, whereof one enter'd his Head, and two others his Body. His Companions who

were out upon the Scout hearing a noiſe of ſeveral *diſ*charges, inſtead of coming up to aſſiſt their Friend, fled incontinently, as ſuch raſcally Bullies commonly do where they find any reſiſtance. A Light was forthwith called for, to view the wounded Man who was fallen on the ground; but no body knew him except the *Strollers*, who aſſured the Company it was *Saldagne*. He was thought to be dead, tho' he really was not, and which occaſion'd the By-ſtanders to lend his Lackey their aſſiſtance to throw him athwart his Horſe. Being carried after this manner to his Lodging, when he came there his Hoſt preſently diſcover'd ſome ſigns of Life in him, and conſequently did all that lay in his power to recover him, which notwithſtanding prov'd ineffectual, for he died the next Day. Being dead, his Corps was carried into his own Country, where he was received with feigned Sorrow by his Siſters and their Husbands, both lamenting outwardly their loſs, tho' inwardly they were not a little glad of his Death; and I dare be bold to ſay, that Madam St. *Far* his Wife, wiſhed him no better Fate. In the mean time Juſtice was fain to beſtir her Stumps a little in the queſt of the Murtherers, but no body being found, nor any body making a complaint; beſides, the Perſons that could be moſt ſuſpected being of the beſt Gentry of the Town, the Proſecution was let fall. The Actreſſes were conducted to their Lodgings, where they learnt the next Day that *Saldagne* was dead, which cauſed them to rejoice exceedingly, being thereby out of danger of any future Diſturbance, meeting every where with Friends, except in him and his Adherents.

Chap. VII.

The Sequel of Mrs. Cave's *Hiſtory.*

THE Day after *Saldagne*'s Death *Deſtiny* and *Olivè* went to return their hearty Thanks to the *Eccleſiaſtick*, at that time Prior of St. *Lewis*, for having deliver'd them from a Plague they could never otherwiſe have hop'd to have got rid of. This *Priory* was a Title rather Honorary

Honorary than Beneficial, belonging to a little Church ſituate in an Iſland made by the River *Sartha*, and between the two Bridges of *Alengon*. You muſt not wonder if both the Actors and Actreſſes of this Company receiv'd Benefit from a Prieſt, ſince you might have perceiv'd throughout the whole Comical Adventures of this Famous Hiſtory, how many Services and good Offices have been done them by *Curates*. This *Prior*, who before had had but a ſlender Acquaintance with our *Strollers*, by this ſignal token of Kindneſs had contracted ſo great a Friendſhip with them, that they interchangeably viſited and eat together almoſt every Day. Now one Day, while Monſieur the *Prior* was in the *Strollers* Chamber, which by the by, you muſt take notice was on a *Friday*, when they did not Act, *Deſtiny* and Madam *Star* entreated Mrs. *Cave* to proceed with the account of her Life. She for her part was at firſt a little loath to comply with their requeſt, till at length being prevail'd upon, and having cough'd three or four times, ſpit as often, and as ſome will have it, gravely wip'd her mouth with her Handkerchief, ſhe juſt began to get her ſelf into a readineſs to ſpeak, when the *Prior* was offering to be gone, believing it ſeems, that ſhe might have ſomething to deliver which ſhe would not have every body know. He was notwithſtanding ſtop'd by all the Company, and unanimouſly deſired to ſtay, they aſſuring him they would be exceeding glad to have him take part of their Adventures. *And I dare ſay*, quoth *Star* to him, being a Woman of a ready Wit, *you your ſelf have had a ſhare of ſome in your time, for you don't by any means ſeem to be a Perſon that has always worn a Caſſock.* Theſe Words confounded the *Prior* a little at firſt, but who afterwards coming to himſelf, frankly own'd he had had Adventures in his time, which poſſibly might not prove unacceptable in a *Romance*, in the room of many fabulous Stories it is commonly ſtuffed with. To which *Star* briſkly reply'd, that ſhe was very well ſatisfied they would be entertaining, and therefore immediately engaged him in the Relating of ſome of them the firſt opportunity they ſhould have. Her requeſt he promiſed to gratify, and then Mrs. *Cave* proceeded with her Account after the following

manner. 'The Dog that frighted us prevented what I 'was then going to ſay, and what ye ſhall now hear. The 'propoſal the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my 'Mother, by the good Curate, afflicted her no leſs than 'it pleaſed me, as I have already told you; but what yet 'encreaſed her Affliction was, that ſhe could not propoſe 'a way to her ſelf how ſhe might get out of his Houſe. To 'do it alone ſhe thought would be to little purpoſe, ſince 'ſhe could not think to get far before he would certain-'ly ſend and overtake her, and perhaps abuſe her to boot. 'Moreover we thereby ran a riſque of loſing our Baggage, 'which was the only thing we had left to ſubſiſt on. At 'length Fortune offered us an opportunity to eſcape, the 'moſt plauſible that could be, which was this; This Baron 'who had always hitherto been of a moroſe inflexible Tem-'per, was now all of a ſudden chang'd from his inſenſible 'Brutality to the ſofteſt of paſſions, *Love*, and that to ſo 'great an exceſs, that he became even ſick with the vio-'lence of it; nay more, ſick to Death. At the beginning 'of his illneſs my Mother would needs be frequently offer-'ing her Service, but ſhe no ſooner came near his Bed 'than he always began to rave. This my Mother per-'ceiving, and being a Woman of no common contrivance, 'ſhe immediately apply'd herſelf to his Servants, telling 'them that ſhe obſerv'd her Daughter and ſhe were rather 'an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help, and 'therefore deſir'd of them to procure us Horſes for our 'ſelves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and ſhe would 'be gone. This the Servants would by no means hear-'ken to, till at length the Curate coming, and having 'underſtood the Baron was raving, reſolv'd forthwith to 'deliver him from the occaſion thereof, and immediately 'ſetting about it ſoon provided us with all thoſe neceſſaries 'we requir'd. Next Morning we loaded a Cart with our e-'quipage, and after having taken leave of the Servants, but 'eſpecially of the obliging Curate, we ſet forth and arriv'd 'at Night at a little Town of *Perigord*, whoſe Name I have 'forgot, but which I nevertheleſs remember to be the ſame 'place from whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my 'Mother, when ſhe was wounded by the Baron of *Sigog-*

nac's

'*nac*'s Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted
'and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſ-
'cover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no
'ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions,
*Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted
here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd.* This gave
'us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the
'Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them
'and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd,
'we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after
'we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two,
'Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who
'acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife
'having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might
'have their places; which if we would but condeſcend
'to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My
'Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their
'proffer, and it was agreed ſhe ſhould have the chief
'parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond,
'and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable
'of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age
'at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days,
'this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any lon-
'ger. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a
'dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd
'he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront.
'We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before
'we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter
'of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd
'of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble him-
'ſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſome-
'what old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never
'to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolu-
'tion, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We
'rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length
'I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy
'that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the
'Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to '*Marſeilles.* But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-'agne,* and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur's* 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the pro-'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſier 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be-'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon-'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daugh-ter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſaluted all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

AFter *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him, for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. *Nevertheless*, added he, *do not intend to forsake my Profession, which had always been so pleasant to me, however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispenc'd with, till such time as we are got farther off the place of my Nativity.* This Requeſt was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* deſir'd to know of *Leander* what Title ſhe muſt ſalute him by for the future. His Anſwer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to uſe if he pleas'd, but that having reſolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the ſame under which he had been ſo happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. *This Name therefore*, quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reaſon juſt mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indiſpenſably diſpos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At theſe words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, ſome Tears ſhed, and all in general approv'd the generous Reſolution of *Leander*, who approaching *Angelica*, beſtow'd a Thouſand endearing Proteſtations on her; all which ſhe return'd with ſo much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Reſolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company further, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into moſt of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the ſame along with him, to the end that in caſe the Company wanted Money, he might ſupply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and deſir'd that ſince Monſieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act whilſt the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Rodnebrune*, who had always been his *Oppoſite*, roſe up, and ſaid, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander*'s Part belong'd

rather to him, than to ſuch a *Whipper-ſnapper* as he. This Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Deſtiny* acquainted the two Candidates, that their ſeveral *Merits* ſhould be conſidered, and Juſtice be ſpeedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was deſir'd to go on with her Hiſtory; but firſt the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* was to be ſent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and ſhe began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying 'in of *Angelica*, I have already told you the two *Strollers* 'came to deſire us to join with them, but did not tell 'you, that thoſe two were *Olive* and another who left ye 'afterwards, in whoſe Room came our Poet *Roquebrun*. 'But to come to the greateſt of my Misfortunes, I muſt 'tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, '*Liar*, of Monſieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, 'a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady 'that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, 'whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the 'Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it 'taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that place 'belong'd to her, and therefore deſir'd her to let her have 'it. The other anſwer'd, that if ſhe had a place there, 'ſhe might take it if ſhe pleas'd, but that for her part ſhe 'would not move an Inch from where ſhe ſat. Words 'thus aroſe, and from thence they came to Blows. The 'Ladies cuff'd each other heartily, which would have ſig-'nified little, had not the Men interpoſ'd; who inſtead of 'parting the Fray, encreas'd it, taking to either Party, 'and raiſing Factions againſt one another. This was Prin-'cipally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got 'what Friends they could on their ſide. Then was there 'nothing to be heard but ſqueeking and claſhing of Swords, 'all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at 'length my Husband, who at that time played the part 'of *Dorante*, ſeeing ſo many Swords drawn, and not 'caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword 'drawn likewiſe, and endeavour'd to appeaſe the Tumult; 'when a certain Perſon from one of the Parties, taking him 'no doubt for his Enemy, gave him ſuch a home Thruſt,

as

'as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given 'unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he ſeen it, he 'would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd 'in fencing. This Thruſt nevertheleſs pierc'd his Heart, 'whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which 'occaſion'd all the Audience quickly ſo ſhift for themſelves. 'I then threw my ſelf off from the Stage into the Pit, 'and went to aſſiſt my wounded Husband, but to my 'great Grief found him ſtark dead. *Angelica*, who then 'might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, 'came down immediately to me, together with the reſt 'of the Company, who all join'd with me in my juſt 'Complaints, for the Loſs of ſo good a Husband. I bu-'ried him the beſt manner I could, after that the Coroner had 'ſat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have 'his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I anſwer'd, I 'ſhould be willing to have juſtice done upon him, but 'fear'd I had not wherewithal ſufficient to proſecute him, 'and ſo declin'd it. We quickly forſook this Town, and 'went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our 'Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means 'good, having loſt its principal Actor. I was for a long 'time ſo grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could 'not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *An-'gelica* always ſupply'd me from her Memory, when we 'were on any Scene together. At length we came to a 'Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *De-'ſtiny*, your Siſter *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and 'offered to join us if we ſo pleaſed, whereof we were 'not a little glad, being almoſt quite broke before. The 'reſt of my Adventures have been common to us all, 'whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to 'tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd 'one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *A-'longe*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her Hiſtory, ſhedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewiſe, comforting her all ſhe was able, for the great Misfortunes ſhe had undergone, but withal remembred her ſhe had the leſs reaſon to be concern'd now, ſince ſhe was ſo near to an Alliance with ſo worthy a Gentleman as

Lysander.

Leander. Mrs. *Cave* ſobb'd ſo violently that ſhe could not find time to anſwer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

Chap. IX.

How Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and ſome other comical Adventures of* Ragotin's.

THE Play went on proſperouſly, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the *Audience*, which conſiſted of the better ſort, and was generally very numerous, amongſt whom nevertheleſs happened no Diſorders, by reaſon *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promiſed ſome when occaſion ſerv'd. He made his Complaints almoſt every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worſt of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the reſt, *Rancour* ſaid to him, Monſieur *Ragotin*, diſturb your ſelf no more about this matter, for I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Aſſurance, he will be eaſily put out on the Stage; beſides, the ſpeaking of Verſe requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fancie. You muſt obſerve nicely the pointing of Verſe, and when you ſpeak it on the Stage, run one Verſe into another, that it may ſeem Proſe, and conſequently be natural and eaſie. You muſt not ſing it out, and ſtop at the Ceſures, or at the end of a Verſe, as the Vulgar do; but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in ſome private Maſquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a ſecond *Zanil*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Gode-*

[illegible]

nor, who had ſometimes repreſented that Perſon. But, added he, we muſt firſt ſpeak to Monſieur *Deſtiny*, and Madam *Star* about it. This they did the ſame Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* ſhould repreſent the ſaid Perſon. He was inſtructed by *Rancour* in what he was to ſay, who, as you may have obſerv'd in the firſt Part of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Deſtiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former ſpoke thus. Little Boy, my pretty *Godenot*, quoth he, whither art thou a going in ſuch haſte? Then addreſſing himſelf to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, Gentlemen, ſaid he, I have always hitherto thought that *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis of Piſmires into Pigmies who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or elſe the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about ſeven or eight Years ſince there was a Song made to this effect.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
But a Pigmy, alaſs! is the Man.
For call him a Husband who can,
That ſcarce takes up a foot of the Bed?
Yet ſtill this of him may be ſaid,
That if he be not, he be not a Man,
He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verſe *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Popper, making him to appear in ſo many ridiculous Poſtures, as made the Company to laugh heartily. The reſt of the Song I have left out as ſuperfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he ſhew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them, he was riſen again from the Dead; and to make what he ſaid appear, took off his Maſque, and expoſed him barefaced, which cauſed him not only to bluſh for Shame, but likewiſe to redden with

he desir'd the favour of him for a Companion; whi
the Pedler agreed to, in case he would be going by one
Clock in the Morning, when the Moon would be just u
which he with little difficulty consented to. Now a litt
before they set out, a poor Nail-smith was gone toward
the said Market to dispose of his Nails, which he wa
accustom'd to make every Week ready for *Mondays* o
purpose. This Nail-smith being upon the Road on Foo
with his Wallet upon his Back, and hearing no Noise o
Travellers, either before or behind him, thought he had
been got out too early; besides, he was a little afraid, when
he consider'd he was to pass under several Gibbets where
Mens Quarters hung, which oblig'd him to step aside out
of the Road, and to go lie down upon a Bank, where he
fell asleep. Some little time after *Ragotin*, and the Pedler
came by, but who said not a Word to each other, the
little Man's Thoughts being wholly taken up with Re-
flections on what *Rancour* had told him. When they
came near to the Gibbets, *Ragotin* ask'd the Pedler if he
would not count the Persons that were hang'd. The
Pedler answer'd, with all his Heart. Then they went for-
wards into the middle of them, and began to count; but
at length having met with one that was dropt down, and
was very stiff and dry, *Ragotin*, who had always Thoughts
worthy himself, ask'd of his Companion to assist to help
him up, and set him against one of the Posts, the which
they easily perform'd by help of their Staves. This done they
counted fourteen hang'd, besides this last, and so went on
their Journey. They had not gone far, before *Ragotin* had
a Maggot come into his Head, to turn about and call to
the dead Person to come after him, which he did in these
Words; So ho! will you come along with us? The Nail-
smith, who it seems did not sleep very sound, hearing
this, rose presently from his Post, thinking some Fellow
Travellers had desired his Company, and cried, With all
my Heart, I come, I come, and immediately began to fol-
low them. The Pedlar and *Ragotin*, thinking verily it
had been the dead Corps that came towards them, ran away
as hard as they could drive; whereat the Nail-smith began
to call like mad, crying all the way, Stay, stay, I come, I
come.

come. As the Nail-smith ran, his Nails he had on his Back made a great Noise, which inclin'd *Ragotin* and the Pedler the more to believe that it was the Corps they had set up against the Gibbet, or else the Ghost of some other Person that drag'd Chains after him; for the Vulgar are of Opinion there's never a Ghost that appears, but he has a Chain fastned to him. This Belief made them to tremble so much that they could not run any farther, so that their Legs not being able to support them longer, they dropt down. This gave the Nail-smith Opportunity to come up with them, whom they at first were miserably affrighted at; but he having bid them good morrow, and telling them they had given him a great deal of Trouble to overtake them, they began to come to themselves, and saw he was no Ghost. They then joined Companies, and continued their Journey prosperously to *Beaumont*, where *Ragotin* did what he had to do, and returned next Morning to *Alengon*; where he found his Friends just risen from Dinner, to whom having related the Story of his Adventure; they laugh'd so heartily, that they were almost ready to burst. The Women for their parts were so extremely tickled, that they haw-haw'd out so loud, that they were heard cross the way, and which 'tis probable they would have continu'd much longer, had they not been interrupted by the Arrival of a Coach full of Country Gentry. This Coach belonged to one Monsieur *de la Fresnay*, who was about to marry his Daughter, and was come to *Alengon* to entreat the Strollers to come and act a Play at her Wedding. This Lady, who was none of the wisest, desired they would act the *Sylvius* of *Mariet*. This the Actresses were hardly able to forbear laughing at, telling her that if her Ladyship would have that, she must procure them a Book, for they had not one by them; the Lady answered, she would lend them one; adding withal, that she had all the Pastorals bound up together in one Volume, *viz.* those of *Ragan*, being the Fair Fisher-woman, the Love-hater, Plocidon, the Mercer, &c. together with several others whose Titles she had forgot. Such Plays as these, quoth she to them, are proper for you Strollers that act always in the Country, and cannot perhaps go to the Expence of such sumptuous

tuous Habits, as the Death of *Cinna*, *Heraclius*, *Radogun* and the like, would require. Moreover, the Verſe in Paſtorals ſavours not ſo much of Bombaſt, as that of heroic Poems. Beſides, Paſtorals are of a nature more conformable to the Simplicity of our firſt Parents, who wore no thing but Figleaves even after they had ſinned. Her Father and Mother were all the while hearkening to their Daughters Diſcourſe with great Attention and Wonder, imagining that the greateſt Orators of the Kingdom could not be able to utter any thing beyond it. After this, the *Strollers* deſir'd time to prepare themſelves, and had eight Days given them. The Company parted after Dinner, juſt as the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* happen'd to come in. Madam *Star* told him he had done well to come, having ſav'd *Olive* the Trouble of looking after him. The Actreſſes ſeated themſelves upon the Bed, and the Actors in Chairs. The Door was ſhut, and the Porter had Orders to ſend away every Body that came to ſpeak with them. After Silence proclaim'd, the *Prior* began his Hiſtory, as you may find in the following Chapter, if you'll take but the pains to read it.

Chap. X.

The Hiſtory of the Prior *of St. Lewis, and the Arival of Monſieur* Verville.

THE beginning of this Hiſtory, quoth the Prior, cannot but be a little tedious, ſince it conſiſts of Genealogy. Nevertheleſs, this ſort of beginning is neceſſary to introduce a perfect Underſtanding of the matter in diſpute. I ſhall not endeavour to diſguiſe my Condition, ſince I am in my own Country. In another it may be I might have paſſed for what I really was not, which nevertheleſs I have never yet done. I have always been very ſincere in this point. 'I am then a Native of this City, the Wives of 'my two great Grand-fathers were Gentlewomen, and 'had a *de* tackt to their Sir-names. But as you know, 'the eldeſt Sons going away with the greateſt part of the 'Eſtate, leave but little for the younger Children; who 'according to Cuſtom, are either oblig'd to go into Orders,

'ders, or elſe to marry ſome inferior Perſon or other, 'ſuitable to their Conditions, provided ſhe be but rich and 'honeſt, purſuant to the Proverb which has been a long 'time currant in this Country, More Money and leſs Ho-'nour. So that my two Grandmothers were married to 'two rich Tradeſmen, the one a Wollen-draper, and the 'other a Linen-draper. My Father's Father had four Sons, 'whereof my Father was not the eldeſt. My Mother's 'Father had two Sons and two Daughters, whereof ſhe 'was one, and married to the ſecond Son of the Wollen-'draper, who had left off his Trade to follow Petty-fogging, 'whereby he fool'd away moſt of his Eſtate, which was the 'Reaſon he left me but little. My Father had formerly 'thriv'd very much by his Trade, and married a very rich 'Woman for his firſt Wife, who died without Children. He 'was pretty well advanc'd in Years when he married my 'Mother, which ſhe conſented to rather out of Duty than 'Inclination, inſomuch that there was more of Averſion 'on her ſide than Love, which no doubt was the reaſon 'they were thirteen Years married before they had the 'leaſt hopes of having any Children. At laſt my Mother 'was big, and when the time of her Lying in was come, 'ſhe brought me into the World with a great deal of Pain, 'having been four full Days in Labour. My Father, who 'was at that time employ'd in proſecuting a Man that 'had killed his Brother, was ever-joy'd, when at his Re-'turn the Women gave him Joy of a Son. He treated 'them all as well as he could, and made ſome of them 'drunk, having given them ſtrong White-wine, on the 'Lees, inſtead of Perry, which he has many a time after 'told me, and whereat we have laugh'd heartily. Two 'Days after my Birth I was baptized. My Name ſigni-'fies little to be mentioned. I had for Godfather the Lord 'of the Place, a very rich Man, and my Father's Neigh-'bour; who having underſtood by the Lady, his Wife, 'that my Mother was with Child, after ſo many Years 'Marriage, deſired he might hold what God ſent her to 'the Font. What he deſir'd was readily granted. My 'Mother having no more Children than me, bred me with 'all the Care imaginable, and perhaps a little too nicely for

'one

manner. 'The Dog that frighted us prevented what I
'was then going to ſay, and what ye ſhall now hear. The
'propoſal the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my
'Mother, by the good Curate, afflicted her no leſs than
'it pleaſed me, as I have already told you; but what yet
'encreaſed her Affliction was, that ſhe could not propoſe
'a way to her ſelf how ſhe might get out of his Houſe. To
'do it alone ſhe thought would be to little purpoſe, ſince
'ſhe could not think to get far before he would certain-
'ly ſend and overtake her, and perhaps abuſe her to boot.
'Moreover we thereby ran a riſque of loſing our Baggage,
'which was the only thing we had left to ſubſiſt on. At
'length Fortune offered us an opportunity to eſcape, the
'moſt plauſible that could be, which was this; This Baron
'who had always hither to been of a moroſe inflexible Tem-
'per, was now all of a ſudden chang'd from his inſenſible
'Brutality to the ſofteſt of paſſions, *Love*, and that to ſo
'great an exceſs, that he became even ſick with the vio-
'lence of it; nay more, ſick to Death. At the beginning
'of his illneſs my Mother would needs be frequently offer-
'ing her Service, but ſhe no ſooner came near his Bed
'than he always began to rave. This my Mother per-
'ceiving, and being a Woman of no common contrivance,
'ſhe immediately apply'd herſelf to his Servants, telling
'them that ſhe obſerv'd her Daughter and ſhe were rather
'an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help, and
'therefore deſir'd of them to procure us Horſes for our
'ſelves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and ſhe would
'be gone. This the Servants would by no means hear-
'ken to, till at length the Curate coming, and having
'underſtood the Baron was raving, reſolv'd forthwith to
'deliver him from the occaſion thereof, and immediately
'ſetting about it ſoon provided us with all thoſe neceſſaries
'we requir'd. Next Morning we loaded a Cart with our e-
'quipage, and after having taken leave of the Servants, but
'eſpecially of the obliging Curate, we ſet forth and arriv'd
'at Night at a little Town of *Perigord*, whoſe Name I have
'forgot, but which I nevertheleſs remember to be the ſame
'place from whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my
'Mother, when ſhe was wounded by the Baron of *Sigog-*

nac's

'nac's Servants, who took us for Gypſies. We alighted
'and went to an Inn, where we were immediately diſ-
'cover'd for what we were; for the Chamber-Maid no
'ſooner ſaw us but ſhe cry'd out aloud to her Companions,
Courage my Hearts! we ſhall quickly have a Play acted
here, ſince the reſt of the Company are arriv'd. This gave
'us to underſtand there were ſome *Strollers* already in the
'Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them
'and ſo get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd,
'we were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after
'we had juſt diſcharg'd our Waggon and Horſes, two,
'Actors who had heard of our arrival came to ſee us, who
'acquainted us that one of their Companions with his Wife
'having quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might
'have their places; which if we would but condeſcend
'to accept he promiſed himſelf to perform wonders. My
'Mother who was always very obliging, accepted their
'proffer, and it was agreeed ſhe ſhould have the chief
'parts, another Woman that was among them the ſecond,
'and I ſuch as they ſhould allot me, or think me capable
'of, for I was then but thirteen or fourteen Years of Age
'at fartheſt. We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days,
'this Town being not ſufficient to maintain us any long-
'ger. My Mother preſs'd heartily to be gone, having a
'dread upon her that as ſoon as the Baron was recover'd
'he might make ſearch after us, and give us ſome Affront.
'We conſequently ſet out and rode near 40 Leagues before
'we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Maſter
'of the Company, whoſe Name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd
'of Marriage to my Mother, but which ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed, conjuring him at the ſame time not to trouble him-
'ſelf with making love to her, ſince ſhe began to be ſome-
'what old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never
'to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Reſolu-
'tion, troubled her no more with his Addreſſes. We
'rubb'd on three or four Years with ſucceſs. At length
'I began to grow up, and my Mother became ſo crazy
'that ſhe could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the
'Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance,

'I was ſubſtituted in her place. *Belle fleur* who found 'he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her 'for his Wife; but which favour ſhe again deny'd him, 'having a mind to take the firſt opportunity to retire to '*Marſeilles*. But falling afterwards ſick at *Troyes* in *Champ-'agne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in 'caſe ſhe ſhould die, ſhe communicated to me *Belle-fleur*'s 'requeſt. Preſent neceſſity oblig'd me to accept the prof-'fer, though he was old enough to be my Father, yet, 'conſidering he was a very Honeſt Man, I was the eaſier 'induc'd to conſent to marry him. My Mother then had 'the ſatisfaction to ſee me married before ſhe died, which 'happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much 'as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheleſs wore 'away in a little time. I began then to apply my ſelf 'altogether to my Buſineſs again, and in a ſhort time be-'came with Child. The Day of my lying down being 'come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* 'you ſee here, who has coſt me ſo many Tears, and is 'like to coſt a great many more if I continue much lon-'ger in this world. As ſhe was going to proceed, *Deſtiny* interrupted her, telling her ſhe might promiſe herſelf a great deal of Satisfaction for the future inſtead of Diſquiet, ſince ſo rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had deſir'd her Daugh-ter for his Wife. Whilſt Mrs. *Cave* was about to finiſh her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and ſalured all the Company: He was all dreſt in Black, and attended by three Footmen in black likewiſe, which preſently gave every body reaſon to conceive that his Father was dead in earneſt. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

Chap. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's Hiſtory.

After *Leander* had finiſhed his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Deſtiny* told him, he muſt deſire leave both to condole him for the Loſs of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great eſtate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death,

old

told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. *Nevertheless*, added he, *do not intend to forsake my Profession, which has always been so pleasant to me, however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispenc'd with, till such time as we are got further off the place of my Nativity.* This Requeſt was forthwith granted by all. After which, Madam *Star* deſir'd to know of *Leander* what Title ſhe muſt ſalute him by for the future. His Anſwer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to uſe if he pleas'd, but that having reſolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the ſame under which he had been ſo happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. *This Name therefore*, quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reaſon juſt mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indiſpenſably diſpos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At theſe words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, ſome Tears ſhed, and all in general approv'd the generous Reſolution of *Leander*; who approaching *Angelica*, beſtow'd a Thouſand endearing Proteſtations on her; all which ſhe return'd with ſo much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Reſolution. I would willingly give you the particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company further, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into moſt of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the ſame along with him, to the end that in caſe the Company wanted Money, he might ſupply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and deſir'd that ſince Monſieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act, whilſt the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Rodnebrune*, who had always been his *Oppoſite*, roſe up, and ſaid, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander*'s Parts belong'd

rather to him, than to ſuch a *Whipper-ſnapper* as he. This Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Deſtiny* acquainted the two Candidates, that their ſeveral Merits ſhould be conſidered, and Juſtice be ſpeedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was deſir'd to go on with her Hiſtory; but firſt the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* was to be ſent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and ſhe began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying 'in of *Angelica*, I have already told you the two *Scrollers* 'came to deſire us to join with them, but did not tell 'you, that thoſe two were *Olive* and another who left ye 'afterwards, in whoſe Room came our Poet *Roquebrune*. 'But to come to the greateſt of my Misfortunes, I muſt 'tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, 'or *Liar*, of Monſieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, 'a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady 'that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, 'whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the 'Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it 'taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that place 'belong'd to her, and therefore deſir'd her to let her have 'it. The other anſwer'd, that if ſhe had a place there, 'ſhe might take it if ſhe pleas'd, but that for her part ſhe 'would not move an Inch from where ſhe ſat. Words 'thus aroſe, and from thence they came to Blows. The 'Ladies cuff'd each other heartily, which would have ſig-'nified little, had not the Men interpoſ'd; who inſtead of 'parting the Fray, enereas'd it, taking to either Party, 'and raiſing Factions againſt one another. This was Prin-'cipally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got 'what Friends they could on their ſide. Then was there 'nothing to be heard but ſqueeking and claſhing of Swords, 'all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at 'length my Husband, who at that time played the part 'of *Dorante*, ſeeing ſo many Swords drawn, and not 'caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword 'drawn likewiſe, and endeavour'd to appeaſe the Tumult; 'when a certain Perſon from one of the Parties, taking him 'no doubt for his Enemy, gave him ſuch a home Thruſt,

as

'as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he ſeen it, he 'would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd 'in fencing. This Thruſt nevertheleſs pierc'd his Heart, 'whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground, which 'occaſion'd all the Audience quickly ſo ſhift for themſelves. 'I then threw my ſelf off from the Stage into the Pit, 'and went to aſſiſt my wounded Husband, but to my 'great Grief found him ſtark dead. *Angelica*, who then 'might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, 'came down immediately to me, together with the reſt 'of the Company, who all join'd with me in my juſt 'Complaints, for the Loſs of ſo good a Husband. I bu-'ried him the beſt manner I could, after that the Coroner had 'ſat upon him, who demanded of me if I would have 'his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I anſwer'd, I 'ſhould be willing to have juſtice done upon him, but 'fear'd I had not wherewithal ſufficient to proſecute him, 'and ſo declin'd it. We quickly forſook this Town, and 'went a *Strolling* on farther, being oblig'd to act for our 'Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means 'good, having loſt its principal Actor. I was for a long 'time ſo grieved at my Husband's Death, that I could 'not give my mind to get up my Parts, but herein *An-'gelica* always ſupply'd me from her Memory, when we 'were on any Scene together. At length we came to a 'Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *De-'ſtiny*, your Siſter *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and 'offered to join us if we ſo pleaſed, whereof we were 'not a little glad, being almoſt quite broke before. The 'reſt of my Adventures have been common to us all, 'whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to 'tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill'd 'one of the *Intendant's* Officers, even to this City of *A-'longe*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her Hiſtory, ſhedding a great many Tears, which Madam *Star* did likewiſe, comforting her all ſhe was able, for the great Misfortunes ſhe had undergone, but withal remembred her ſhe had the leſs reaſon to be concern'd now, ſince ſhe was ſo near to an Alliance with ſo worthy a Gentleman as

Leander.

Leander. Mrs. *Cave* ſobb'd ſo violently that ſhe could not find time to anſwer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

Chap. IX.

How Rancour *undeceiv'd* Ragotin *concerning Madam* Star; *together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and ſome other comical Adventures of* Ragotin's.

THE Play went on proſperouſly, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the *Audience*, which conſiſted of the better ſort, and was generally very numerous, amongſt whom nevertheleſs happened no Diſorders, by reaſon *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promiſed ſome when occaſion ſerv'd. He made his Complaints almoſt every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worſt of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the reſt, *Rancour* ſaid to him, Monſieur *Ragotin*, diſturb your ſelf no more about this matter, for I muſt tell you, there is a great deal of difference between the Bar and the Stage: If a Man have not a more than ordinary Aſſurance, he will be eaſily put out on the Stage; beſides, the ſpeaking of Verſe requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fanſie. You muſt obſerve nicely the pointing of Verſe, and when you ſpeak it on the Stage, run one Verſe into another, that it may ſeem Proſe, and conſequently be natural and eaſie. You muſt not ſing it out, and ſtop at the Ceſures, or at the end of a Verſe, as the Vulgar do; but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in ſome private Maſquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a ſecond *Zany*, or *Merry-Andrew*, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd *Godl-*

[illegible]

not, who had ſometimes repreſented that Perſon. But, added he, we muſt firſt ſpeak to Monſieur *Deſtiny*, and Madam *Star* about it. This they did the ſame Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* ſhould repreſent the ſaid Perſon. He was inſtructed by *Rancour* in what he was to ſay, who, as you may have obſerv'd in the firſt Part of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Deſtiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former ſpoke thus. Little Boy, my pretty *Godenot*, quoth he, whither art thou a going in ſuch haſte? Then addreſſing himſelf to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, Gentlemen, ſaid he, I have always hitherto thought that *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis of Piſmires into Pigmies who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or elſe the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about ſeven or eight Years ſince there was a Song made to this effect.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
But a Pigmy, alaſs! is the Man.
For call him a Husband who can,
That ſcarce takes up a foot of the Bed?
Yet ſtill this of him may be ſaid,
That if he be not, he be not a Man,
He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verſe *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Popper, making him to appear in ſo many ridiculous Poſtures, as made the Company to laugh heartily. The reſt of the Song I have left out as ſuperfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he ſhew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them, he was riſen again from the Dead; and to make what he ſaid appear, took off his Maſque, and expoſed him barefaced, which cauſed him not only to bluſh for Shame, but likewiſe to redden with

 Anger,

Anger. He nevertheleſs was fain to bear it; however t revenge himſelf, to'd *Rancour* that he was a downrigh Blockhead for making his Song with ſuch old faſhion'd Rhimes: But, quoth *Rancour*, I think you are a greate Blockhead for a little Man, ſince you could not diſtinguiſh betwixt an old Song and a new one, this having been made above an hundred Years ago. *Alſo*, continu'd he, it is with Rhiming as with Language, Cuſtom muſt regulate all; for ſince, as Monſieur *Regule* has it, who reform'd the French Tongue, we cannot give a reaſon why we pronounce ſo and ſo, no more ought our Anceſtors to do why they writ after this manner; and whereas whatever is moſt ancient is always moſt valu'd, ſo ought my Song to be for the ſame reaſon. While *Ragotin* was going to anſwer, *Deſtiny* enter'd, complaining of the long ſtay his Man *Rancour* had made, and whom having found in a hot Diſpute with *Ragotin*, he immediately demanded the Cauſe of their Diſpute, but which he could nevertheleſs never come to know, ſince they anſwer'd him both at a time, and ſo loud that they made him ſtark mad. His paſſion being thus rais'd, he thruſt *Ragotin* againſt *Rancour* with great Indignation, and whom *Rancour* return'd again againſt him with like Fury, till at laſt they had toſſed him about from one to t'other ſo long, that he fell down on his Face, and afterwards march'd away on all four under the Curtains. This the *Audience* all roſe up to ſee, proteſting this mute Action was worth all the reſt of their *Farce*, which they could not proceed any further with, by reaſon the Actors had quite laugh'd themſelves into Confuſion. Notwithſtanding his Affront, *Ragotin* ſtill ſollicited *Rancour* to bring him in Favour with Madam *Star*, and the better to incline him to it, often treated him; which was very welcome to *Rancour*, who did not ſcruple to feed heartily at the little Man's Coſt. But as he was wounded with the ſame Dart, he had not the Heart to ſpeak either for *Ragotin* or himſelf. One Day above the reſt *Ragotin* preſſed him ſo cloſe that he found himſelf oblig'd to tell him, Monſieur *Ragotin* this *Star*, no doubt, is of the Nature of thoſe in the Firmament, which the *Aſtrologers* name wandering, for I have no ſooner at any time begun

to

to open your Paſſion to her, but ſhe twinkles and leaves me without an Anſwer. Yet how ſhould ſhe anſwer me, quoth he, if ſhe will not hear me. But I believe I have diſcovered the occaſion of her Indifference, proceeded he, and which no queſtion may ſurprize you; but a Man that has a mind to be ſatisfied in any thing muſt be prepar'd againſt all Events. This Monſieur *Deſtiny*, whom ſhe calls her Brother, I fancy not to be ſo, for I ſurpriz'd them the other Day careſſing after that manner as ſuch near Relations are not wont to do, and therefore am rather inclinable to believe he is her Gallant, and am more deceiv'd than ordinary, if on the ſame Day that *Leander* and *Angelica* marry, they do not marry likewiſe. Otherwiſe I ſhould think her the moſt indiſcreet Woman in the World, added he, to ſlight your generous Proffer: You that are a Man of Quality and Merit, without taking notice of your graceful Mien. I tell you this, continued he, that you may have the more reaſon to remove her from your Heart, ſince you will not otherwiſe fail to torment your ſelf like one of the damn'd. The little Man, both Poet and Advocate, was ſo confounded at this Diſcourſe, that he had nothing left to ſay, but immediately quitted *Rencour*, ſhaking his Head, and crying after his wonted manner, *Servitour*, *Servitour*, &c. Afterwards *Ragotin* reſolv'd with himſelf to go to *Beaumont le Vicomte*, a little Town about five Leagues diſtant from *Alençon*, where there was a Market kept every *Monday*. The reaſon of his going he told the Company was to receive a certain Sum of Money that was owing him in that Town by a Merchant. But how will you do to go, quoth *Rencour* to him, ſince your Horſe has been lately prick'd in ſhoeing, and is lame? he will never be able to carry you ſo far. 'It may be not, anſwer'd *Ragotin*, and therefore I'll 'hire one that ſhall, and if I cannot meet with one to 'my purpoſe, I can at laſt walk on Foot, it is not ſo far. 'I don't queſtion, added he, but I ſhall meet with ſome 'Company that will go from hence. He ſought after, but could not find a Hackney to let, which induc'd him to enquire of a Pedler that lived next Door to his Lodging, if he were not diſpoſed to go; and finding he was,

he

he desir'd the favour of him for a Companion; which the Pedler agreed to, in case he would be going by one Clock in the Morning, when the Moon would be just up which he with little difficulty consented to. Now a little before they set out, a poor Nail-smith was gone towards the said Market to dispose of his Nails, which he was accustom'd to make every Week ready for *Mondays* on purpose. This Nail-smith being upon the Road on Foot, with his Wallet upon his Back, and hearing no Noise of Travellers, either before or behind him, thought he had been got out too early; besides, he was a little affraid, when he consider'd he was to pass under several Gibbets where Mens Quarters hung, which oblig'd him to step aside out of the Road, and to go lie down upon a Bank, where he fell asleep. Some little time after *Ragotin*, and the Pedler came by, but who said not a Word to each other, the little Man's Thoughts being wholly taken up with Reflections on what *Rancour* had told him. When they came near to the Gibbets, *Ragotin* ask'd the Pedler if he would not count the Persons that were hang'd. The Pedler answer'd, with all his Heart. Then they went forwards into the middle of them, and began to count; but at length having met with one that was dropt down, and was very stiff and dry, *Ragotin*, who had always Thoughts worthy himself, ask'd of his Companion to assist to help him up, and set him against one of the Posts, the which they easily perform'd by help of their Staves. This done they counted fourteen hang'd, besides this last, and so went on their Journey. They had not gone far, before *Ragotin* had a Maggot come into his Head, to turn about and call to the dead Person to come after him, which he did in these Words; So ho! will you come along with us? The Nail-smith, who it seems did not sleep very sound, hearing this, rose presently from his Post, thinking some Fellow Travellers had desired his Company, and cried, With all my Heart, I come, I come; and immediately began to follow them. The Pedlar and *Ragotin*, thinking verily it had been the dead Corps that came towards them, ran away as hard as they could drive; whereat the Nail-smith began to run likewise, crying all the way, Stay, stay, I come, I come.

come. As the Nail ſmith ran, his Nails he had on his Back made a great Noiſe, which inclin'd *Ragotin* and the Pedler the more to believe that it was the Corps they had ſet up againſt the Gibbet, or elſe the Ghoſt of ſome other Perſon that drag'd Chains after him; for the Vulgar are of Opinion there's never a Ghoſt that appears, but he has a Chain faſtned to him. This Belief made them to tremble ſo much that they could not run any farther, ſo that their Legs not being able to ſupport them longer, they dropt down. This gave the Nail-ſmith Opportunity to come up with them, whom they at firſt were miſerably affrighted at; but he having bid them good morrow, and telling them they had given him a great deal of Trouble to overtake them, they began to come to themſelves, and ſaw he was no Ghoſt. They then joined Companies, and continued their Journey proſperouſly to *Beaumont*, where *Ragotin* did what he had to do, and returned next Morning to *Alengon*; where he found his Friends juſt riſen from Dinner, to whom having related the Story of his Adventure; they laugh'd ſo heartily, that they were almoſt ready to burſt. The Women for their parts were ſo extremely tickled, that they haw-haw'd out ſo loud, that they were heard croſs the way, and which 'tis probable they would have continu'd much longer, had they not been interrupted by the Arrival of a Coach full of Country Gentry. This Coach belonged to one Monſieur *de la Freſnay*, who was about to marry his Daughter, and was come to *Alengon* to entreat the Strollers to come and act a Play at her Wedding. This Lady, who was none of the wiſeſt, deſired they would act the *Sylvius* of *Mariet*. This the Actreſſes were hardly able to forbear laughing at, telling her that if her Ladyſhip would have that, ſhe muſt procure them a Book, for they had not one by them; the Lady anſwered, ſhe would lend them one; adding withal, that ſhe had all the Paſtorals bound up together in one Volume, *viz.* thoſe of *Ragan*, being the Fair Fiſher-woman, the Love-hater, Plocidon, the Mercer, &c. together with ſeveral others whoſe Titles ſhe had forgot. Such Plays as theſe, quoth ſhe to them, are proper for you Strollers that act always in the Country, and cannot perhaps go to the Expence of ſuch ſumptuous

Daughter, and at his return he would certainly finish what he had begun. He went forthwith, and the Strollers immediately set themselves about preparing for their Departure likewise.

Chap. XII.

What happen'd at the Journey to Fresnaye, *as likewise another Misfortune of* Ragotin's.

THE Night before the Wedding, a Coach and several Saddle-Horses were sent for the *Strollers*. The Actresses went in the Coach, together with *Destiny*, *Leander*, and *Olive*. The others rid on the Horses, and *Ragotin* mounted his own Nag, which he still kept, because he could not sell him, and who was now cur'd of his Lameness. He would have fain perswaded either *Star* or *Angelica* to have got up behind him, giving for reason, that they might ride much easier than in the Coach, which joulted People together; but however neither of them would accept his Proffer. To go from *Alençon* to *Fresnaye*, it was necessary to pass thro' the Forest of *Parsaine*, which was in the Province of *Maine*. They had not gone above a Mile into this Forest, before *Ragotin* call'd out to the Coach-man to stop, alledging he saw a Troop of Horse-men coming towards them. It was not however thought necessary so to do, yet every one would be upon his Guard. When he came near the Horse-men, *Ragotin* gave notice it was *la Rappiniere* with his Archers. Hereat Madam *Star* began immediately to look pale, which *Destiny* perceiving, told her, she had no reason to fear any Insult being offer'd her there, by reason *la Rappiniere* would never pretend to any such thing, in the Presence both of *Archers* and Monsieur *de la Fresnaye*'s Servants, whose House they were also near. *La Rappiniere* knew well that it was the Strolling-company which were coming towards him, and therefore advancing to the Coach-side, with his accustomed Impudence saluted the Actresses, to whom he made very coarse Compliments; which they returned cold enough to have put any one out of Countenance, that had not so much Brass in his Forehead as *la Rappiniere* had. He told

told them he was looking after Robbers that had robb'd ſome Tradeſmen near *Balon*, and that he was informed they were coming that way. Whilſt he was thus talking to the *Strollers*, one of the *Archer's* Horſes, that was a little wanton, leapt upon *Ragotin's* Horſe's Neck, which he going backward to avoid, happned among a parcel of dead Trees, whereof one pointing directly towards him, took him under his Waſtcoat, and hung him from his Saddle; which being willing to diſengage himſelf from, he ſpur'd his Horſe luſtily, and thereby remain'd like a Scare-crow truſs'd up in the Air; for his Horſe no ſooner felt his Favours than he left him crying he was kill'd, run thro', and I know not what. The Standers by laugh'd ſo heartily to ſee him hanging in this poſture, that they had no manner of regard to aſſiſting of him: Indeed they call'd once or twice to the Foot-men to unlooſe him, but they ran away on the other-ſide laughing. In the mean time his Horſe was run quite away, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be ſtopt. At length, after every one had laugh'd their Belly-full, the Coach-man, who was a ſtrong luſty Fellow, ſtept down from his Seat, and approaching *Ragotin*, lifted him off from his Tenter-hook, and took him down. The Company gather'd about him, and made him believe he was wounded, but that they could not get him cur'd till they came to the next Village, where there was a good Surgeon, and therefore that in the mean time they muſt apply ſome green Leaves to him, to keep the Wound from feſtering, which they immediately did. They afterwards put him into the Coach in *Olive's* room, who came out. Whilſt this paſs'd, the Foot-men and *Olive* went after his Horſe that would not be ſtopt, and notwithſtanding his being got a great way, brought him back again to his Maſter. This done, *la Rappiniere* left the Company, and they continu'd onwards of their Journey towards the Gentleman's Houſe, where they ſoon after arriv'd, and ſent thence for a Surgeon, whom they had privately inſtructed what he was to do. He ſeem'd to probe the imaginary Wound that *Ragotin* had, whom they had put to Bed. He likewiſe pretended to tent it, and afterwards bound it up, telling his Patient, that if it had been never

ſo little on the other ſide, he had been no longer a Man of this World. He then order'd him a ſtrict Diet, and ſo left him to his repoſe. The little Man was ſo imaginarily afflicted at this Accident, that he could not but believe he was deſperately wounded. He therefore did not think fit to riſe to aſſiſt at the *Ball* which was given after Supper. This *Ball* was furniſht with Muſick from *Mans*, the Muſicians of *Alenſon* being gone to a Wedding at *Argenton*. Several Country-dances went about, and the *Strollers* danc'd divers *French* ones. *Deſtiny* and *Star* perform'd a *Sarabband* together, which was admir'd by all the Company, conſiſting as well of Country Gentry as Peaſants. Next Day the *Strollers* play'd the Paſtoral which the Bride had deſir'd. Ragotin caus'd himſelf to be carry'd to the ſight on't in a Chair, with his Night-cap on. Afterwards they made good Cheer, and the next Morning after Breakfaſt, having been well paid, ſet out for *Alenſon* again. As ſoon as the Coach was brought out, they did what they could to diſable *Ragotin* concerning his imaginary Wound, but all to no purpoſe, for he ſtill perſiſted he felt the Pain on't. They nevertheleſs put him into the Coach, and arriv'd ſafe at *Alenſon*. Next Day they would not act, the Actreſſes being deſirous of a little reſpite. The ſame Day the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* returned from *Sees*, who going to viſit our Company, Madam *Star* told him he could never meet a better opportunity than now to finiſh his Hiſtory. He requir'd no farther entreaty, but proceeded as you may find in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

The Continuation and Concluſion of the Prior *of St.* Lewis's *Hiſtory.*

IF the beginning of this Hiſtory, quoth the *Prior*, *where you have met with nothing but Joy and Contentment, has been tireſom to you, the reſt you are about to hear, I fear, will be much more. This Conſiſts of nothing but the reverſe of Fortune, Deſpair, and Grief, for paſt pleaſures. To begin then where I leſt off:* 'You muſt know, that after 'our Comrades and I had got up our Parts, and rehears'd ſeveral

' ſeveral times, we play'd perfect on *Sunday* Night, in
' Monſieur *du Freſne*'s Houſe; the rumour of which be-
' ing got abroad in the Neighbourhood, ſo many People
' crouded thither, altho' we took what care we could to
' keep the park Gates ſhut, that we found no ſmall diffi-
' culty to get to the Stage, which we had had rais'd for us in
' a midling ſort of a Hall. This place being not near large
' enough for our Audience, two Thirds of the Company
' were forc'd to ſtand without; whom to get rid of, we
' promis'd that on *Sunday* following we would play again
' in the Town, and in a more ſpacious Room. We per-
' form'd our Parts indifferent for young Beginners, only
' one among us, who was to Act the Secretary of King
' *Darius*, the Death of that Monarch being the Subject
' of our Play, acquitted himſelf ſo ill, that although he
' had not above two lengths to ſpeak, which he per-
' form'd well enough at our Rehearſal, yet when he came
' to Act, he was ſo fainthearted, that we were forc'd to
' thruſt him on upon the Stage; where he ſpoke ſo ex-
' tremely ill, that made all the Audience to laugh. The
' Tragedy being ended, I began the *Ball* with *du Lys*,
' which laſted till Midnight. We took a great deal of
' Pleaſure in this Exerciſe, and without ſaying ought to
' any Body, quickly got up another Play; I nevertheleſs
' did not omit to make my ordinary Viſits in the mean
' time. One Day as we were ſitting together by the Fire-
' ſide, a young Gentleman happened to come in, to whom
' we gave place. After we had diſcours'd a while, he
' put his Hand in his Pocket, and pull'd out a Picture
' in wax in *Relievo* very well done, and which he ſaid
' was the Picture of his Miſtreſs. After all the Ladies
' had ſeen it round, it came to my turn to look on it.
' When I had conſider'd it a little, I found it was made for
' *du Lys*, to whom I fancied this Gallant pretended. I
' therefore without any more ado threw the Box, picture
' and all, into the Fire, where the little *Buſtum* melted
' immediately; and when the Owner thereof would have
' ſnatch'd it out, I threatned to throw him out at the Win-
' dow. Monſieur *du Freſne* who lov'd me as much at
' that time as he hated me afterwards, ſwore he would
' force

'force that Intruder to make more haſte out than he had 'done in; and going to perform his Oath, the young Spark 'skip'd over every bodies Head, and ran out in confuſion. 'I follow'd him without any body in the Company being 'able to hinder me; and having overtaken him, told him, 'that if he took any thing amiſs, we had each of us a 'Sword by our Sides, and were in a convenient place to 'decide the Difference. But his Anſwer was, he had no-'thing to ſay to me; and ſo went his way. The *Sunday* 'following we acted the ſame Play we had done before, 'according to our promiſe, in a great Hall belonging to a 'Neighbour, by which means we had fifteen Days to 'ſtudy the other Play. I deſign'd to adorn it with ſome 'Interludes of Dancing; and for that Purpoſe choſe out 'ſix of my Companions that danc'd the beſt, and made 'the ſeventh my ſelf. This Interlude conſiſted of Shepherds 'and Shepherdeſſes, that were deſperately in love with 'each other. In the firſt Entry *Cupid* appear'd, and in the 'others the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, all dreſt in white, 'and their Habits all beſet with narrow blue ribbon Knots, 'which was the Colour *du Lys* delighted in, and which 'I have worn ever ſince, altho' for ſome Reaſons I will 'tell you hereafter I afterwards added ſome Bows of Fil-'lemot. Theſe Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes made their 'Entries two by two, and when they were all together, 'form'd the Letters of *du Lys*'s Name. *Love* let fly a 'Dart at each Shepherd, and threw Flames at the Shep-'herdeſſes, all which bow'd the Knee, in token of Sub-'miſſion. I had compos'd ſome Verſes to be ſung in 'this Interlude, which were perform'd, but the great length 'of Time has made me to forget 'em; and if I had remem-'bred them, I ſhould never have dar'd to repeat them be-'fore you, that are ſuch able Judges. Having kept the 'acting of our ſecond Play ſecret, we were not ſo embar-'raſs'd with Company as we had been before. The Play 'was, *The Amours of* Sacripantus, *King of* Circaſſia *with* An-'gelica; the Story taken from *Arioſto*. We perform'd the 'Interlude likewiſe, and I would have begun as we were 'wont to do after the Play, but Monſieur *du Freſne* op-'poſ'd it, alledging, We muſt needs be too much tir'd;

'and

and therefore diſmiſs'd us. We reſolv'd, however private we had done it now, to make the Repreſentation of this Play more publick; which we afterwards perform'd before every-body, in my Godfather's Hall, on *Shrove-Sunday*: In the Day-time *du Lys* deſir'd if I intended to have the Ball that Night, that I would begin it with a young Lady a Neighbour of hers, who was then dreſs'd in blue Taffeta as well as ſhe; which I did. Whilſt we were dancing there aroſe a Whiſpering among the Company, ſome whereof cry'd out aloud, *He's miſtaken, he's deceiv'd*; which made both *du Lys* and I laugh, and which the other Lady perceiving, cry'd, *The People are in the right, for you have taken one for the other*, To which I anſwer'd abruptly, *Pardon me, Madam, I know what I do.* At Night I mask'd my ſelf with three of my Comrades, and carried a Flambeau, to prevent my being known. In this Equipage we went into the park, and afterwards to the Houſe. My three Companions enter'd only, and I ſtood at the Door. *Du Lys* obſerving the three Maſquers, preſently found I was not among 'em; when coming to the Door, ſhe immediately diſcover'd me, and ſpoke to me theſe obliging Words; *Diſguiſe your ſelf after what manner you pleaſe, for I ſhall always know you.* After having put out the Flambeau, I came up to the Table, where there was a Box and Dice ſet; I took up the Box, and began to rattle it; whereupon *du Lys* ask'd me who I would be at: I made a Sign I would be at her. She reply'd, *How much will you throw at*; I pointed to a Knot of Ribbons and Coral Bracelet which ſhe wore on her left Arm. Her Mother would by no means have her venture that, but ſhe bruſt out a laughing, ſaying, ſhe was not afraid of venturing it. I threw and won, and afterwards made my fair Adverſary a preſent of my Winnings. The ſame did my Companions to the elder ſiſter, and the other Ladies that were come to paſs their Evening there. After this we took our leaves, but as we were going out *du Lys* came behind me, and untying the Ribbons that held my Mask on, it immediately fell off, whereat I turning about, ſhe ſaid to me, *Thus People are to be uſed that go away before*

'*before their time.* I was a little aſham'd, but nevertheleſs
'very glad to have any Opportunity to talk farther with her.
'The others unmask'd likewiſe, and we went in again, and
'ſpent that Night very agreeably. The laſt Night of the Car-
'nival I gave the Ball again, when we were fain to take up
'with the leſſer Company of Muſicians, the greater being pre-
'engag'd by other Gentry. During *Lent* we were forc'd to
'lay aſide Diverſions a little, to give way for Devotion, and I
'can aſſure you for our parts, *du Lys* and I never want-
'ed a Sermon. The Feaſt of *Eaſter* approaching, young
'Madam *du Freſne* ask'd me, laughing, if I would carry
'her and her Siſter to St. *Pater*, a Village about a quarter
'of a League off the Suburbs of *Montfort*, whither People
'are wont to go out of Devotion on *Eaſter-Mondays*, and
'where one meets the *Beau-monde*. I anſwer'd, I would
'willingly wait on them both thither, or any whither
'elſe. The Day we were to go being come, as I was
'going out of our Houſe to fetch the Ladies, I met a young
'Fellow, a Neighbour of mine, who asking me whither
'I was going in ſuch haſte, I told him to the Park, to
'wait on the young Ladies there to St. *Pater*. To which
'he reply'd, I might ſave my ſelf the labour, for to his
'certain Knowledge their Mother would not permit them
'to go along with me. This News ſtun'd me ſo much
'that I had not a Word to ſay, but going into my
'Houſe, ſet my ſelf about thinking what might be
'the occaſion of ſo ſudden an alteration. After having re-
'flected a good while, I could gueſs at nothing but my
'little Merit and mean Condition. This conſider'd, I could
'not but exclaim extremely againſt their Carriage to me,
'ſince they had ſeem'd well enough pleaſed as long as I
'diverted them with Balls, Interludes, Plays, and Serenades,
'which I frequently did to my no ſmall Charge, but now
'that thoſe ceas'd they ſlighted me. The Anger I con-
'ceiv'd, made me reſolve to go to the Aſſembly at St.
'*Pater* without them, whilſt they it ſeems were waiting
'for me in the Park. The time being paſt that I had pro-
'miſed to come, *du Lys* and her Siſter, with ſome other
'Ladies their Neighbours, went without me. After ha-
'ving paid their Devotion in the Church, they came out

'into the Church-yard, and ſeated themſelves on the Wall
'under a great ſhady Elm. Some time after I paſſed by,
'but that at a Diſtance. *Du Freſne* made a ſign to me
'to come near, which I took no notice of, making as
'if I did not ſee them. Some Neighbours that were
'with me told me a Lady beckon'd to me, but I ſeem'd
'not to hear them neither, and going on, cried at the
'ſame time, Come let us go and drink a Bottle at the
'Four Winds, which we did. I was no ſooner got
'home to my Houſe but a Widow, who had been for-
'merly our Confidant, came to ſpeak with me, telling
'me briskly, that ſhe wonder'd how I could neglect do-
'ing my ſelf the Honour of waiting on the young Ladies
'*du Freſne* to St. *Eſter*; acquainting me moreover, that
'*du Lys* was very much concern'd at the Diſappointment,
'and that I muſt endeavour ſpeedily, by ſome means or
'other, to make a compenſation for my Fault. I was
'extremely both ſurpriz'd and pleas'd to hear this, and ha-
'ving let her know all the Reaſon I had to do ſo, which
'I have acquainted you with before, I went along with
'her to the Park-gate, where the Ladies were. I left
'her to make my Excuſe, for I could not pretend to do
'it my ſelf, being ſo extremely troubled that I ſhould
'not have remembred what I ſaid. Then the Mother ad-
'dreſſing her ſelf to me, told me, I ought not to have
'been ſo credulous, as to mind all People ſaid, and that
'ſhe believ'd what had been told me was done by ſome-
'body that envied me; and laſtly, ſhe aſſur'd me I ſhould
'always be unfeignedly welcome to her Houſe;
'and thither we immediately went. I had then the Ho-
'nour to give my Hand once more to *du Lys*, who al-
'ſo told me, ſhe had been extremely concern'd at my Car-
'riage, eſpecially when I ſeem'd not to take notice of
'the Sign her Siſter made me at St. *Eſter*. I ask'd her
'Pardon humbly, yet made her but confus'd Excuſes, be-
'ing not entirely come to my ſelf. I would have been
'reveng'd on the young Man that had ſo impos'd upon me,
'had not *du Lys* entreated me not ſo much as to think of
'it; adding, that I ought to be ſatisfied with finding the

'contrary

'contrary of what he had told me. I obey'd her in this
'as I did in every thing always after. We paſs'd our
'Time the moſt agreeably that could be, and experien-
'ced what is commonly ſaid of Lovers, That *their Lan-*
'*guage is chiefly that of the Eyes.* One *Sunday* after
'Veſpers we gave each other to underſtand by this mute
'Language, that we ſhould after Supper go up the Ri-
'ver, and have only ſuch Perſons with us as we could
'beſt fancy. For this purpoſe I ſent preſently to hire
'a Boat, and immediately after went my ſelf with the
'Company I had pitched upon, to the Park-Gate, where
'the Ladies waited for us; but as Ill-luck would have
'it, Three young Men that were not of our Com-
'pany, were at that juncture talking with them. They
'did what they could to ſhake them off, but they ob-
'ſerving it, ſeem'd the more deſirous to ſtay. This
'was the reaſon that when we came up to the Gate we
'thought fit to paſs by, contenting our ſelves with only
'tipping them the wink to follow us; which they ſoon
'after did, but the young Fellows along with them;
'which we perceiving, immediately enter'd our Boat, and
'landed near one of the Gates of the City, where we met
'the Sieur *du Freſne*: He forthwith demanded of me,
'where I had left his Daughters? I not knowing preſent-
'ly what Anſwer to make, told him frankly, I had not
'had the Honour to ſee them all that Night. Having
'heard this, he took his leave, bidding us good Night,
'and went towards his Park, at the Gate whereof he o-
'vertook his Daughters; whom asking where and with
'whom they had been? *Du Lys* preſently anſwer'd, With
'ſuch a one, naming me. At that the Father reach'd her
'a ſound Box o'th' Ear, together with, *You lye*, at the end
'on't; *for*, continu'd he, *had he been with you, tho' it*
'*had been much later, I ſhould never have ask'd you the*
'*Queſtion.* Next Day, the Widow I mention'd before
'came again to let me know what had happen'd the Night
'foregoing, and acquainted me, that *du Lys* was extreme-
'ly angry with me, not only at the Box o'th' Ear ſhe had
'receiv'd on my account, but alſo at my diſappointing her,
'ſhe intending to have got quickly rid of thoſe impertinent

young

'young Fellows. I excus'd my ſelf as well as I could, 'and declin'd going near her for Four Days together. But 'one Day, as ſhe and her Siſter ſat with ſome other young 'Ladies on a Bench before a Shop in the Street next the 'City-Gate which I was going out at, towards the Sub-'urbs, I paſs'd by them, moving my Hat a little, but 'without ſo much as looking upon, or ſaying any thing to 'them: The other Ladies immediately ask'd what was the 'meaning of my ſo cold Deportment, which they ſcarce 'took to be civil. *Du Lys* gave them no Anſwer, but her 'elder Siſter told them, She did not know the Reaſon; 'and that if they had a mind to be ſatisfied farther, they 'muſt know it from my ſelf; adding withal, *Come, let 'us go place our ſelves a little nearer the Gate, that he may 'not be able to get by us, as he comes back, without taking 'more Notice.* I quickly return'd, when this good Siſter 'catching me hold by my Cloak, and pulling me to her, 'ſaid, *How comes it, haughty Sir, that you can paſs by your 'Miſtreſs without taking Notice?* And at the ſame time 'forced me to ſit down by her; but when I turn'd to em-'brace her, and tell her the Reaſon, ſhe flung away like a 'mad Thing. I ſtaid a little longer with them, and after 'went my ways. I reſolv'd then not to go near my Mi-'ſtreſs for ſome Days longer, the which I perform'd; but 'it ſeem'd as ſo many Ages to me; till at length, one Morn-'ing, meeting Madam *du Freſne*, ſhe ſtopp'd me, asking, 'What had made me ſo great a Stranger to her Houſe? I 'anſwer'd, It was on account of the ill Humour of her 'younger Daughter: Whereupon ſhe immediately pro-'miſed to make up the Difference; and for that End 'bid me meet her within an Hour at her Houſe. I was 'not a little impatient till I had obey'd her, and there-'fore went punctually at the Time appointed. As I 'was going up to her Chamber, according to her Di-'rection, I met *du Lys* coming down; who perceiving 'me, made ſo much haſte by me, that I could not ſtop her. 'I afterwards went into the Chamber, where I found her 'Siſter, who began immediately to ſimper; whereupon I 'told her how briskly her Siſter had gone by me, but ſhe 'aſſured me that was all feign'd, and that to her Know-

'ledge,

'ledge, ſhe had gone an Hundred times to the Window, 'to look whether ſhe could ſee me; and farther, that ſhe 'was now gone but into the Garden, whither I might 'follow her if I pleaſed. I took the Hint, and went to 'the Garden door, but found it lockt; whereupon I beg'd 'her to open it, but ſhe would not; which her Siſter 'hearing from the top of the Stairs, came down and open-'ed it for me, by a Trick ſhe had got. I went in, but *du* '*Lys* ran from me as if ſhe had been mad. I follow'd and 'overtook her, and catching her by one of her Sleeves, 'pull'd her down upon a Camomil-bank, clapping my ſelf 'at the ſame time down by her. I made her all the Ex-'cuſes I was capable of making, but ſhe continu'd inexo-'rable; at length I acquainted her, that my Paſſion was 'not to be fool'd with, and therefore if ſhe did not quick-'ly think fit to let me know her Mind, Deſpair might 'drive me to the doing of ſomething, which ſhe might 'repent having been the Cauſe of. This, nevertheleſs, 'wrought nothing upon her; the which perceiving, I 'drew my Sword out of the Scabbard, and preſenting it 'to her naked, deſir'd ſhe would be pleaſed to thruſt it 'thro' my Heart; telling her at the ſame time, that it was 'altogether impoſſible for me to ſurvive a Deprivation of 'her Favours. She thereupon roſe to be gone, inform-'ing me, ſhe had never yet kill'd any body, and that when 'ſhe was ſo diſpos'd, I ſhould not be the firſt Perſon. Then 'I ſtopt her, and beg'd ſhe would ſtay and ſee me do it my 'ſelf; to which ſhe anſwer'd coldly, I might do as I pleaſ-'ed, for ſhe ſhould not go about to hinder me. At that, I 'clapt the Point to my Breaſt, and put my ſelf into a Poſture 'to fall upon it; which ſhe obſerving, immediately grew 'pale, and kick'd away the Hilt from the Ground; ſo that 'the Sword falling down, ſhe aſſur'd me, that that Action 'had extremely frighted her, and beg'd I would let her ſee 'no more ſuch Sights. I anſwer'd her, I were willing to 'obey her, provided ſhe would be leſs unkind to me for 'the future; which ſhe promis'd to be. We afterwards 'embrac'd ſo lovingly, that I could have wiſh'd to have had 'a Quarrel with her every Day of my Life, to occaſion 'ſo charming a Reconciliation. Whilſt we remain'd in

'theſe

'. theſe Tranſports, her Mother enter'd the Garden, and
' told us, ſhe would have come ſooner, but that ſhe ima-
' gin'd we had no need of her interpoſing to reconcile us.
' One Day, as the Sieur *du Freſne*, his Wife, *du Lys*
' and I were walking together in the Park, this good Mo-
' ther told me aſide, that ſhe had been a faithful Advocate
' in my Behalf. She might eaſily ſpeak this without her
' Husband's hearing it, ſince he was very deaf. We both
' thank'd her, but that rather by Geſture than Words. A
' little after, Monſieur *du Freſne* took me aſide, and told
' me, his Wife and he had agreed to give me their younger
' Daughter in Marriage, before he went to Court to wait
' his Quarter in his Turn, and therefore deſir'd I would
' put my ſelf to no more Charges in Serenades, or the like.
' I return'd him my Acknowledgments, but after a confu-
' ſed manner, being more than ordinarily tranſported at ſo
' unexpected a Happineſs. But I well remember, I told
' him I ſhould never have dar'd to have ask'd his Daughter
' in Marriage, as well conſidering my ſmall Merit, as the
' Inequality of our Conditions. To which he reply'd,
' that as for Merit, he was well ſatisfied I had ſufficient;
' and for Quality, every body knew I had that would very
' well ſupply it; meaning, I ſuppoſe, my Eſtate. I don't
' remember what Reply I made, but this I know well, that
' he invited me that Night to Supper, and there it was con-
' cluded, that the Sunday following we ſhould have a
' meeting of our Friends to finiſh the Nuptials. He ac-
' quainted me likewiſe what Portion he deſigned to give
' his Daughter; but as for that, I told him I had ſuffi-
' cient for us both, and therefore required her Perſon only.
' Then I thought my ſelf the moſt happy Man in the
' World: But alas! that Happineſs did not laſt long; for
' one Night before we were to be married, as *du Lys* and I
' were ſitting upon a Graſs-plat, we perceived at a diſtance,
' a Counſellor of the *Præſidial*-Court, coming to pay a Vi-
' ſit to the Sieur *du Freſne* his Kinſman, whereat both ſhe
' and I conceived the ſame Thought at a time, and began
' to be both concern'd, tho' we knew not well at what,
' which nevertheleſs the Event of what we feared made
' but too perſpicuous. For next Day, when I went to
' meet-

'meet the Company at *du Freſne's* Houſe, according
'Agreement, I found *du Lys* at the Court-Gate crying
'Upon asking her what ſhe ail'd, I could obtain no An
'ſwer; whereupon I enter'd the Houſe, and found her Si
'ſter in the ſame Condition: I ask'd her likewiſe what wa
'the Meaning of ſo many Tears? She anſwer'd, ſobbing,
'I ſhould know but too ſoon. Then I went up into the
'Chamber, and found her Mother; but ſhe no ſooner
'ſaw me, than ſhe went out, without ſcarce ſpeaking a
'Word to me; for Tears, Sobbs, and Sighs had ſo di-
'ſturbed her, that all ſhe could do, was to look pitifully
'upon me, and cry, *Ah, poor young Man!* I reſolved to
'know the Cauſe of this ſudden Change; and therefore
'immediately went to Monſieur *du Freſne's* Chamber,
'where I found him ſitting in an Elbow-chair. At my
'coming in, he told me bluntly, he had alter'd his Mind,
'and would not now marry his younger Daughter before
'the elder; and tho' he did, it ſhould be ſure not to be be-
'fore his return from Court. I anſwer'd upon theſe two
'Heads, firſt, That his elder Daughter would not be at
'all diſpleas'd, to have her younger Siſter married before
'her, provided it were to me, ſince ſhe had always loved
'me as her Brother, and more than once profeſs'd as much.
'And ſecondly, I acquainted him, I would willingly ſtay
'for her Ten Years, inſtead of Three Months that he
'ſhould be from Home. At laſt, he told me in plain
'Terms, that I muſt think no more of his Daughter, and
'ſo turn'd from me. Having heard this, I immediately
'determin'd to go Home and kill my ſelf. But as I was
'drawing my Sword for that Purpoſe, the aforeſaid Wi-
'dow, that had been our Confident, came in upon me
'where I was, and prevented me in that Deſign, by tell-
'ing me ſhe came from *du Lys*, and that ſhe deſired by
'her, not to afflict my ſelf, but have Patience, and Mat-
'ters might perhaps change to my Advantage. She far-
'ther inform'd me from her, that I had her Mother and
'Siſter ſure to my Intereſt, and above all, her ſelf, whoſe
'Kindneſs and Conſtancy to me was unalterable. She like-
'wiſe told me, the Siſters had reſolved, as ſoon as their Fa-
'ther was gone, to give me an Opportunity to continue

'my

my Viſits as before. Tho' this Diſcourſe was extreamly pleaſing to me, yet could it not altogether comfort me; for I afterwards fell into ſo deep a Melancholy, that Deſpair ſuggeſted to me, to conſult the Devil about my Fate. Hereupon, a little before Monſieur *du Freſne*'s Departure, I went to a large Copſe, about half a League from the Town, where it was the vulgar Report, that evil Spirits inhabited, and where 'tis certain the Fairies, who are no doubt the Devil's Imps, had formerly been. I went a great way into this Copſe, and when I thought I was far enough, began to call upon and invoke the Spirits to aſſiſt me in this worſt of Misfortunes; but after I had pray'd and baul'd for ſome time to no purpoſe, and only heard the Birds warble, which I interpreted to be their Concern for my Misfortune, I returned Home to my Houſe, not at all ſatisfied; then throwing my ſelf upon the Bed, I was immediately ſeiz'd with ſo wild a Phrenzy, that I even loſt my Speech; inſomuch that 'twas thought I could never have eſcap'd Death. *Du Lys* was ill at the ſame time, and much after the ſame manner; and that has inclin'd me to believe ever ſince there is ſomething more in Sympathy than ordinary; for as the Cauſe of our Sickneſs was the ſame, ſo was its Effect; and this we underſtood by our Doctor and Apothecary, having both the ſame; but as for our Surgeons, they were ſeveral. I recover'd a little before *du Lys*, which made me to go (or I might rather ſay, be carried) to ſee her. When I came to her Houſe, I found her in Bed, and her Father gone to Court. She no ſooner ſaw me, than ſhe ſeem'd to recover, which made me deſire her to riſe; but ſhe no ſooner got out of Bed than ſhe fainted away in my Arms. This made me extreamly ſorry that I had requeſted ſo unreaſonable a thing of her, and therefore I had her immediately put to Bed again, where, after ſome time, I left her to recover by Sleep, which perhaps ſhe could not have done had I ſtaid with her. Not long after we were both entirely recover'd, and paſs'd our Time very pleaſantly all the while her Father continu'd abſent, 'till at laſt returning again, he was inform'd by ſome ſecret Enemies of ours, that I had kept his Daughter com-

pany

'pany ever ſince he had been from Home. This made 'him to rave extreamly, and to forbid his Wife and Daugh-'ter's ſeeing me any more; which I learnt afterwards by 'our Confidant; as likewiſe, that they had notwithſtand-'ing engag'd in a Reſolution to ſee me often, and inform'd 'me of the Means by this Widow: The firſt was, That 'I ſhould obſerve when this unkind Father came into the 'City, when I might go to his Houſe, and continue there 'till his Return, and that was underſtood by his Knock. 'Then were I to ſtep behind the Tapeſtry, and afterwards, 'whilſt either a Man, Maid, or one of his Daughters took 'off his Cloak, I might very eaſily ſlip out behind him, and 'he ſhould never hear, by reaſon (as I have told you be-'fore) he was deaf. This Contrivance I frequently made 'uſe of; but being at length diſcover'd, I was forced to 'have Recourſe to another; and that was, to meet my 'Miſtreſs and Friends in our Confidant's Garden, which I 'did ſeveral times; but at laſt that Plot was likewiſe de-'tected. We then made uſe of the Churches for our 'meeting, but which alſo came to be known: So that at 'laſt we had nothing to rely upon but common Chance, 'that now and then afforded us an Interview in one or o-'ther of the Walks of the Park; but then we were fain to 'uſe a great deal of Caution to prevent being ſeen. One 'Day, after I had been with *du Lys* a conſiderable time, 'for we div'd to the very bottom of our Misfortunes, and 'took all the Meaſures imaginable to ſurmount 'em, I muſt 'needs accompany her to the Lower-Court-Gate, where 'being juſt come, we perceiv'd at a diſtance her Father 'coming directly towards us from the Town. To fly 'was to no purpoſe, for he had already ſeen us. She then 'immediately intreated me to think of ſome Invention to 'excuſe us: I put off that Task to her, alledging, ſhe had 'the more ſubtle Capacity. In the mean time the old 'Gentleman came up to us, and whilſt he was going to 'ſcold, ſhe told him, that I having underſtood he had 'ſome Rings and other Jewels by him (for he had Jewel-'ers always at work for him, being as covetous as he was 'deaf) I was come to know if he would pleaſe to furniſh 'me with ſome, to preſent to a young Lady at *Mans*,

'whom

whom I was going to marry. He was eaſily inclin'd to credit my Pretence; and carrying me up Stairs, ſhew'd me ſeveral, whereof I choſe two, one a ſmall Diamond, the other a Roſe of Emeralds. We preſently agreed on the Price, which I paid him down on the Spot. This Expedient gain'd me a Continuance of my Viſits for ſome time, 'till at length beginning to grow jealous of the Cheat, he demanded of his Daughter, why I did not make more haſte to *Mans*? She thereupon adviſ'd me to go thither for a little time; the which I did. This City is one of the pleaſanteſt in the whole Kingdom, as ye know well, and where there is the moſt Quality, which induced me to make plenty of Acquaintance. I lodg'd at the *Green Oaks*, where alſo lay at the ſame time an Operator, who kept a Stage to ſell his Phyſick on, but that only till ſuch time as he could get a Company of Strollers together to act, that being his principal Deſign. He had already got ſeveral Perſons of Quality, and among others a Count's Son, whoſe Name I ſhall beg leave to conceal; a young Lawyer of *Mans*, who had formerly belong'd to a Company, together with a Brother of his, and an old Comedian, who was a great Proficient in Farce. He beſides expected a young Lady from *Laval*, that had promis'd him to run away from her Father for that Purpoſe. With this Man I got acquainted; and one Day, for want of better Diſcourſe, made him acquainted with all my Misfortunes; whereupon he perſuaded me to engage with him in his Deſign, and that might prove a Means to make me forget my hard Uſage. I readily accepted his Offer, and would certainly have engag'd in it, had but the Lady that was expected come. But it ſeems her Parents had been acquainted of her Intentions, and therefore took care to fruſtrate them, which obliged me to quit the Undertaking. Love notwithſtanding furniſh'd me with a Stratagem to renew my Converſation with *du Lys* without Suſpicion, and that was, to carry the Lawyer before-mention'd, and another young Man of my Acquaintance, to both whom I had diſcover'd my Deſign, along with me to *Alençon*. They ſoon after appear'd in this City, one under the Title of a Brother, and the other a Couſin-

« Couſin-German of an imaginary Miſtreſs of mine.
« caried them to the Sieur *du Freſne*'s Houſe, whom I had
« before deſir'd to paſs for my Relation, which he conde-
« ſcended to do. He did not fail likewiſe to ſay a great ma-
« ny fine things in my Favour, aſſuring them they had
« pitched upon a very deſerving Perſon to make Alliance
« with; after which he invited us to Supper. My Miſtreſs's
« Health was drank, and *du Lys* pledg'd it. After my
« Friends had continu'd about Four or Five Days in this
« City, they returned to *Mans*, but I ſtaid behind, and
« had a freer Acceſs than ever to my Miſtreſs. At laſt
« Monſieur *du Freſne* asked me, Why I delay'd ſo long to
« conclude my Marriage? Which made me apprehend that
« my Stratagem might be at length diſcover'd, and then I
« ſhould ſhamefully be driven out of the Houſe as before.
« This made me to enter into the moſt barbarous Reſolu-
« tion that ever Man in Deſpair conceiv'd, and which was,
« to kill *du Lys* to prevent another's ever having the Poſſeſ-
« ſion of her. For this Purpoſe I got a Ponyard, and go-
« ing to her, deſir'd her to take a Walk out with me, which
« ſhe granted. I thereupon led her, before ſhe was aware,
« into a brambly Part of the Park, quite out of any Path-
« way. There I diſcover'd to her the cruel Deſign Deſpair
« had ſuggeſted to me to preſerve her to my ſelf, and at the
« ſame time drew the naked Ponyard out of my Pocket.
« She looked ſo charmingly upon me, and ſpoke ſo many
« ſoft things to divert my Intentions, that ſhe at length
« found it no difficult matter to diſarm me. She ſeiz'd the
« Ponyard then, and throwing it into the Buſhes, told me
« ſhe muſt be gone, and that ſhe ſhould not care to truſt her
« ſelf any more with me alone. She was going to tell me
« farther, that ſhe never had deſerved this Uſage at my
« hands; when I interrupted her, deſiring ſhe would af-
« ford me a Meeting next Day at her Confident's. She
« promiſed, and accordingly came. I ſaluted her; and we
« lamented our common Misfortune together; and after a
« great deal of Diſcourſe, ſhe adviſ'd me to go to *Paris*,
« and promiſ'd, that tho' I ſtaid away Ten Years, yet would
« ſhe not entertain any Body elſe in the mean time; which
« nevertheleſs ſhe did not keep to. When I was about to

take

take leave of her, which you may imagine I could not do without a great many Tears; she said she thought it necessary that her Mother and Sister should be of the Secret, and therefore the Widow was immediately sent to call 'em, whilst I continu'd alone with her. It was then we open'd our Minds to each other more than we had hitherto done; whereupon at length she told me, That if I had Thoughts of carrying her away, she would willingly consent to it, and follow me wheresoever I pleas'd; and that if any were sent out after us, and should overtake us, she would pretend to be with Child by me. However, my Love was so honourable towards her, that I would by no means consent to any Hazard of her Reputation on my account, but leave the Event of all things to Fortune. In the interim her Mother and Sister came, and we broke our Resolution to them, which caused fresh Tears and Embraces on all sides. In short, I took my leave of 'em, in order to my Journey to *Paris*. Before I sate out, I wrote a Letter to *du Lys*, the Contents whereof I have forgot, but you may imagine I omitted nothing therein that might serve to raise her Compassion; and my *Confidente* that carry'd it, assur'd me she could not read it for weeping, and much less return an Answer. I have forborn telling the several other Adventures that happen'd during our Amour, to the end I might not trespass too far on your Patience; such as the Jealousie *du Lys* conceiv'd at a Cousin German of hers that came to see her, and liv'd at her Father's for Three Months together, and also on account of the Gentleman's Daughter that brought the Gallant whom I sent away packing; together with several Rencounters I had by Night for her sake, in two whereof I was wounded, once in the Arm, and another time in the Thigh. But to end all Digressions, I must e'en let you know that I departed at last for *Paris*, where I arriv'd safe, and continu'd about a Year. Not being able to maintain my self equal to what I had done in this City, as well by reason of the excessive Dearness of Provisions, as by having diminish'd my Fortune by the Expences I was

'at on account of *du Lys*, as you have heard before, I w
'fain to put my ſelf to one of the King's Secretaries, wh
'had been married to his Predeceſſor's Widow. Th
'this Lady confer'd many Favours upon me, yet was
'always ſo blind as not to perceive 'em, tho' ſome of then
'were ſo open, that moſt of the Family took notice o
'them. One Day having bought ſome Holland for Neck-
'bands and Wriſtbands to my Shirts, and given them to
'ſome of the Maid-ſervants to make, my Miſtreſs came by
'and obſerv'd them; when asking who they were for,
'and underſtanding they were mine, ſhe bid them to finiſh
''em as ſoon as they could, but leave the Lace for her to
'put on. Afterwards whilſt ſhe was working on them I
'by chance enter'd the Chamber, when ſhe call'd to me,
'and told me ſhe was at work for me; which ſurpriz'd
'me ſo much, that I could only return her Thanks, and
'ſo went out. But one Morning, to my great wonder,
'whilſt I was writing in my Bed-chamber, which was
'not very far off hers, ſhe ſent for me by one of her La-
'queys. Whilſt I was going to wait on her, I heard her
'rave like mad againſt one of her Chamber-Maids and
'her Waiting-Gentlewoman, in theſe Words, 'Get ye out
'of my Chamber, ye Blunderers, ye Buffleheads; you know
'not how to do any thing as ye ſhould. 'As they went out
'I came in; whereupon, having rallied them yet a little
'longer, ſhe bid me ſhut the Door, and come and dreſs
'her, and particularly to take the clean Smock from the
'Toilet, and put it on for her. At the ſame time ſhe ſtript
'off her foul one, and expos'd her ſelf naked to my ſight.
'I was ſo greatly aſham'd of this Action of hers, that I
'told her I ſhould be leſs ſerviceable to her that way than
'her Maids, therefore deſir'd her to ſend for them again;
'which ſhe was nevertheleſs oblig'd to do by the ſudden
'arrival of her Husband. I had no reaſon to doubt of her
'Intentions, but as I was young and timerous, was like-
'wiſe apprehenſive of ſome unlucky Accident, and there-
'fore reſolv'd to ask Leave ſpeedily to be gone, which I
'did ſoon after, whereto the Husband anſwer'd nothing,
'and the Wife ſullenly turn'd her Chair toward the Fire,
'and bid the Butler clear the Table. After this, I went

down

down to Supper with the Steward; being at Table, a Neice of my Ladies, of about twelve Years old, came to me from her Aunt, to know whether I had the Courage to eat before I went. I forgot what Answer I sent her, but I well remember she immediately fell sick, and was forc'd to keep her Bed. Next Morning betimes she sent for me to go for a Physician. When I came near her Bed-side, she catch'd me by the Hand, and told me, I had 'been the occasion of her Illness. This augmented my 'former Apprehensions, and therefore the same Day I 'listed my self in the Troops that were then raising at *Pa-* 'ris, for the Duke of *Mantua*, and departed without saying 'ought to any body. Our Captain came not along with 'us, leaving the Command of his Company to his Lieute- 'nant, who was a common Robber. The same were 'the two Serjeants, for they plunder'd wherever they 'came; the Lieutenant and one of the Serjeants were at 'last hang'd by the Provost of *Troyes* in *Champagn*, but he 'spar'd one of the Serjeants on account of his being Bro- 'ther to a *Valet de Chambre* of the Duke of *Orleans*. 'We hereby remain'd without a Leader; whereupon the 'Soldiers with common consent pitch'd upon me to com- 'mand the Company, which consisted of fourscore Men. 'I took this Post upon me, with that Authority as if I had 'really been their Captain. I drew out my Company, 'muster'd them, and distributed Arms amongst them, which 'I receiv'd at St. *Reine* in *Burgundy*. At length we filed 'off to *Ambrun* in *Dauphine*, where our Captain came 'to us, expecting scarce to find a Man in his Company; 'but when he perceiv'd all I had done, and that I had pre- 'serv'd Sixty-eight of the Men, having lost only Twelve 'in our march, he hug'd me heartily, and gave me the Co- 'lours and his Table. The Army was one of the finest 'that ever went out of *France*, but which had the ill Suc- 'cess you may have heard of meerly thro' the bad Intelli- 'gence between the Generals. After its Defeat, I stay'd 'at *Grenoble*, to avoid the Barbarity of the Peasants of 'Burgundy and *Champagne*, who murther'd all that fled, 'in such great numbers, that it introduced the Plague into 'those two Provinces, the which afterwards likewise

'ſpread throughout the whole Kingdom. Having ſtai
'ſome time at *Grenoble*, where I had got a great deal o
'Acquaintance, I at length reſolved to go for this City,
'where I was born; but travelling out of the high Road,
'for the Reaſon above mention'd, came at length to a ſmall
'Town, call'd St. *Patrice*, where the Lady of the Man-
'nor's Son was raiſing a Company of Foot, to go to the
'Seige of *Montauban*. I liſted under him, and he having
'diſcover'd ſomething more than ordinary in my Counte-
'nance, after having demanded of me who I was, and be-
'ing told the Truth by me, he deſired me to accept the
'Tutelage of a young Brother of his, to whom he had
'given the Colours, which I readily did. We departed
'then for *Nouns* in *Provence*, being the Place of Rendez-
'vous for the Regiment; but before we had been there
'three Days, our Captain's Steward robb'd his Maſter and
'fled. He gave Orders to have him purſu'd but it prov'd
'to no purpoſe. He then deſir'd me to take the Keys of
'his Coffers, which I did not keep long, by reaſon he was
'commanded from the Regiment, to wait on the Cardi-
'nal *Richelieu*, who then headed the Army for the Siege
'of *Montauban*, and other rebellious Towns of *Guyenne*
'and *Languedec*. He nevertheleſs carried me along with
'him, and we found his Eminence in the Town of *Albi*;
'thence we waited on him to the aforeſaid rebellious City,
'but it continued not long ſo after this great Stateſman's
'ſetting down before it. During this March we had a
'great number of Adventures, which I don't think fit
'to bring you acquainted with, for fear of proving tireſom,
'having but too juſt reaſon to believe I have been ſo too
'much already ——— To this *Star* replyed, He would
deprive them of a great deal of Pleaſure, if he did not con-
tinue his Adventures to the end. He went on then, af-
ter the following manner ——— 'I got a great Acquain-
'tance in this illuſtrious Cardinal's Houſe, and that chiefly
'with the Pages, whereof there were eighteen of *Nor-
'mandy*, who all made extream much of me, as did like-
'wiſe the reſt of his Eminence's Servants. As ſoon as the
'Town was ſurrender'd our Regiment was disbanded, and
'we return'd to St. *Patrice*. The Lady of the Manor

'had

had a Suit at Law with her eldeſt Son, and was going to *Grenoble* to proſecute it. As ſoon as we were got home, ‘ we were deſir'd to accompany her thither, the which I ‘ had no manner of mind to do, having determin'd to go as ‘ I told you before: We were however prevail'd upon to ‘ comply with her Requeſt, which I have not ſince repen- ‘ ted of; for whilſt we ſtaid at *Grenoble* ſoliciting this Su- ‘ it, the late King of *France Lewis*, XIII. hapned to paſs by ‘ that way into *Italy*, and I had the honour to meet in ‘ his Retinue all the great Lords of this Country, and a- ‘ mongſt the reſt the Governour of this City, who being ‘ well acquainted with Monſieur *St. Patrice*, after having ‘ offer'd me what Money I wanted, recommended me ‘ heartily to him, ſo that I had then no reaſon to com- ‘ plain. I met likewiſe five young Men of this City, three ‘ whereof were Gentlemen, who had been my intimate Ac- ‘ quaintance: I treated them the beſt I could, both at our ‘ Houſe and at the Tavern. One Day as we were com- ‘ ing from Breakfaſt at an Inn in the Suburbs of St. *Lan- ‘ rence*, which is on the other ſide of the Water, we hap- ‘ ned to ſtop upon the Bridge to ſee the Boats paſs, when ‘ one of the five told me ſeriouſly, he very much won- ‘ der'd I had not enquir'd of them after *du Lys*. I told ‘ him, I durſt not, for fear of hearing that which would ‘ not pleaſe me. They reply'd, I had done wiſely to ſlight ‘ her that had broke her Word to me. I thought I ſhould ‘ have dy'd at this News, but however muſt know more ‘ to the ſame purpoſe; for they immediately acquainted ‘ me farther, That my Departure for *Italy* was no ſooner ‘ heard of there, than *du Lys* was married by her Parents ‘ to a young Man, whom they nam'd to me, and to whom ‘ I had the moſt averſion of any of her Pretenders. Then I ‘ began to break out and rail at her, in all the ill Language ‘ that Jealouſie could ſuggeſt; I call'd her *Tygreſs*, *Trayte- ‘ reſs*, and the like, for that ſhe could ſuffer her ſelf to be ‘ married, when ſhe knew I was ſo near, and would cer- ‘ tainly require an Account both from him and her. I then ‘ took a Purſe out of my Pocket which ſhe had given me, ‘ wherein I kept a Bracelet of hers, and a blue Ribbon, ‘ and putting a Stone into it, to make it ſink, threw it

'in a great Paſſion into the River, uttering theſe Wo
'at the ſame time; So may I blot her out of my Memor
'as I abandon this Purſe to the Pleaſure of the Wav
'Theſe Gentlemen were not a little ſurpriz'd at my Pro
'ceeding, and therefore told me, they were extremely ſor
'ry they had let me know ſo much; which nevertheleſs
'I ſhould have come to the knowledge of ſome way o
'other. They added moreover, to comfort me, That
'what *du Lys* had done was wholly by Compulſion; for
'they perfectly perceiv'd an averſion in her to the Perſon;
'and which was demonſtrable enough, in that ſhe languiſh'd
'all the time ſhe was married to him, and died not long af-
'ter. This News encreas'd my Grief and comforted me
'at the ſame time. I took leave of theſe Gentlemen, and
'went home, but ſo alter'd, that young Madam *St. Patrice*,
'the good Lady's Daughter, obſerv'd it, and ask'd me what
'I ail'd. I gave her no anſwer; yet at length, upon preſ-
'ſing me farther, I told her the Story of my whole Adven-
'tures, together with the News I had juſt then heard.
'This good-natur'd young Thing (being extremely con-
'cern'd at the Relation, which might be perceiv'd by her
'crying) went immediately and told it to her Mother and
'Brothers, who all aſſur'd me they commiſerated my Mis-
'fortunes, and would do all that lay in their power to re-
'dreſs 'em, but that in the mean time I muſt be comfort-
'ed and have Patience. The Suit betwixt the Mother
'and the Son ended by an Arbitration, and ſo we return'd.
'I then began to think of ſettling in the World. The
'Houſe where I was, would have been ſufficient to have
'afforded me a Character, had I been diſpos'd to marry,
'but tho' ſeveral good Matches were offer'd me, yet would
'I accept of none. Then I return'd to my former Reſo-
'lution of being a *Capuchine*, and required the Habit, but
'I met with ſo many obſtacles in this intention, which
'would be but tedious for you to hear, that I ſoon quitted
'that deſign likewiſe. About this time the King command-
'ed the *Arrierban* of the Gentry of *Dauphine* to go to *Ca-*
'*ſal*. Monſieur *de St Patrice* deſir'd me to go along with
'him which I could not well refuſe. We departed and
'arrived there, and you know what was the Succeſs of

it.

it. The Siege was rais'd, the Town given up, and Peace concluded thro' the Mediation of *Mazarine*. This was the firſt ſtep he made to the Cardinalſhip, and to that prodigious Grandeur which he arriv'd to afterwards in the Government of *France*. We return'd to *St. Patrice*, where I ſtill perſiſted in becoming a *Recluſe*, but divine Providence order'd it otherwiſe. One Day Monſieur *de St. Patrice* perceiving my Reſolution, told me, he would adviſe me to take Orders as a Secular Prieſt. I reply'd, I had not Capacity: He anſwer'd, there were thoſe that had leſs: I reſolv'd then upon it, and took Orders upon an allowance of a Hundred Livers a Year that Madam *St. Patrice* gave me. I ſaid my firſt Maſs in our Pariſh Church, and upon which occaſion my Patroneſs treated about thirty Prieſts and ſeveral Gentry of the Neighbourhood. I liv'd with too rich People to want Preferment, for in ſix Months time I got a conſiderable *Priory*, and two other ſmall Benefices. Some Years after, I had a very large *Priory* and a very good Curateſhip given me, for I had taken a great deal of pains in my Study, and was arriv'd to that perfection in Preaching, that I could mount the Pulpit before the beſt Auditory, and even in preſence of any Biſhop. I manag'd my Revenues with diſcretion, and in a ſhort time got together a conſiderable Sum of Mony, wherewith I retir'd into this City, where I think my ſelf extremely happy in meeting with ſo good Company, as likewiſe in having done them ſome ſmall Service. Rather, quoth *Star*, the greateſt that could be done for any Body. She was going to ſay more, when *Ragotin* ſtarted up and ſaid, he would write a Comedy upon this Story, which would afford a more than ordinary Decoration of the Stage: For Example, a fine Park with a great Wood and a River, with Lovers walking and fighting, and a Prieſt ſaying his firſt Maſs in it. What could be finer? This made all the Company laugh, when *Roquebrune*, who had a'ong all contradicted *Ragotin*, told him, You will never be able to do any thing in the Matter. You know nothing of the Rules of the Stage; beſides you muſt change the Scene, and continue three or four Years upon it. Then the *Prior* ſaid, 'Gentlemen, pray dont diſpute upon this point, for I

'have taken care of it my self already. You may remember that Monsieur *du Hardy* never observ'd Rules so strictly, no more than some others of our late Poets have done, such as the Author of St. *Eustace*, &c. Monsieur *Corneille* likewise would not have been so nice in this particular had not Monsieur *Scudery* been so severe on his *Cid*. But for the most part these are such Faults as the better sort of Judges term beautiful ones. I must tell you, quoth the *Prior*, I have compos'd a Play on the Subject of my Adventures my self, and have call'd it Fidelity preserv'd after Hope lost. I have also taken for my Device a whither'd Tree with only a few blasted Leaves on it, and a Spaniel-Dog lying at the Root of it with this Motto out of his Mouth, Depriv'd of Hope yet always Faithful. My play hath been acted several times. The Title you have chose for it, quoth *Star*, is as much a propos as your Device and Motto, for tho' your Mistress has prov'd false to you, yet you continue constant to her, resolving never to Marry any other. The Conversation ended by the arrival of Monsieur *Verville* and Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, and here ends this Chapter, which no doubt has been tedious as well in regard of its length as Subject.

Chap. XIV.

Verville's *Return, accompanied by Monsieur* la Garouffiere. *The Actors and Actresses Marriage; together with another Adventure of* Ragotin's.

ALL the Company were extremely surpriz'd to see Monsieur *la Garouffiere*. As for *Verville*'s return, it had been long expected with impatience, and that chiefly by the two Couples that were to be married. The Company demanded of *la Garouffiere* what News he had brought. He answer'd, None; but that Monsieur *Verville* having communicated an Affair of Importance to him, he was glad of the occasion to come and see them again, and to offer them a continuance of his Services. Hereupon *Verville* made a sign to him that that matter was to be talked

talked of in private, and to break off the Diſcourſe, preſently preſented the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* to him, who he told him was his particular Friend, and moreover a Man of Worth. Then *Star* told them he had juſt concluded a Story the moſt entertaining that could be imagin'd, which cauſed theſe two new arriv'd Gentleman to profeſs their concern for not having come before to have had their ſhare of it. After this *Verville* went into another Room, whither *Deſtiny* follow'd him, when after they had continu'd there for ſome time, they called in *Star* and *Angelica*, and afterwards *Leander* and Mrs. *Cave*, whom Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* followed without invitation. When they were all together Monſieur *Verville* told them he had acquainted Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* with the Deſign of their Inter-marriages, whilſt he was at *Rennes*, and that he had preſently reſolv'd to go home by *Alenſon*, to aſſiſt at their Weddings. The two Couple gave him a great deal of Thanks, and return'd him their Acknowledgments of the Honour he had done them. But now I think on't, quoth Monſieur *Verville* to *la Garouſſiere*, had not we beſt have the Man up that waits below. I think ſo, reply'd *la Garouſſiere*, if the Company were willing. They anſwer'd, any Friend of his or Monſieur *Verville*'s would be welcome at any time to them. The Man was thereupon ſent for up. As he enter'd the Room Mrs. *Cave* look'd ſtedfaſtly upon him, and began to be mov'd, tho' ſhe knew not at what. She was ask'd if ſhe knew that Man? She anſwer'd ſhe could not remember ſhe had ever ſeen him. Then ſhe was deſired to take more notice of his Face, which ſhe did, and began to find ſo many of her own Features in him, that ſhe cry'd out, *It is not my Brother ſure!* Whereupon he immediately went to her, and embracing her, told her he was her Brother, whom variety of Misfortunes had kept ſo long from the ſight of her. He afterwards ſaluted his Neice and the reſt of the Company, and then aſſiſted at the ſecret Conference, where it was concluded that the two Marriages ſhould be ſpeedily ſolemniz'd. All the difficulty at laſt was what Prieſt ſhould marry them. Then the *Prior* who had been called in to the Conference ſtept up, and ſaid he would talk about that with the Parſons of

the two Pariſhes in the City, and of that of the Suburbs of *Monſort*; and if they made any difficulty about it, he would return to *Sées*, and obtain leave of that Biſhop, and providing he would not grant it, he would go and procure it from the Biſhop of *Mans*, who was his intimate Acquaintance, and within whoſe Dioceſs his ſmall Concern lay. The Company was very well pleaſed with his Propoſal, and deſired him to take that trouble upon him. Then was a Notary privately ſent for, and the Marriage Contracts drawn. I don't tell you the Particulars of them, becauſe they never came to my Knowledge; but certain it is, the Parties were ſoon after married accordingly. Monſieur *Verville*, Monſieur *la Garouſſiere*, and the *Prior* of St. *Lewis* were Witneſſes to the Contracts. This laſt went immediately to diſcourſe the aforeſaid Parſons, but neither of them would marry them, alledging ſeveral Reaſons that the *Prior* perhaps was unable to anſwer for want of Capacity. This made him reſolve, according to his Promiſe, to go to *Sées*. For this purpoſe he took *Leander*'s Horſe, and one of his Servants, and went to wait on the Biſhop of that Dioceſs, who was very unwilling to grant his requeſt. The *Prior* urg'd, that theſe People were of no Dioceſs, being here to Day, and gone to Morrow, and yet could not be reputed Vagabonds, as the three Parſons would needs have them to be, by reaſon they had the King's Licence, and by conſequence were Subjects of that Dioceſs wherever they happen'd to come. Alſo, that thoſe Perſons for whom he required a *Licence* were at preſent in the Dioceſs of *Alenſon*, over which his Lordſhip had Juriſdiction, and that therefore he humbly requeſted the favour of a *Licence* for them, they being very honeſt People. Hereupon the Biſhop gave the *Prior* liberty to have them married in what Church he pleaſed. He would have called his Secretary to have drawn up the *Licence* in Form, but the *Prior* told him, that a Word or two under his own Hand would be ſufficient. Next Day our Solicitor return'd to *Alenſon*, where he found the betroth'd Parties making all manner of Preparation for their Nuptials. The other *Strollers* who had not been admitted of the Secret, wondred what all that Proviſion meant, eſpecially *Ragotin*

who

who was moſt concern'd to know it. What oblig'd them to keep it ſo ſecret related wholly to *Deſtiny*, for as for *Leander* and *Angelica*, every body knew they were to be married. Another reaſon likewiſe was, their fear of not obtaining a *Licence*; but no ſooner were they ſecure of one than they made the Matter publick, and having read the Marriage Contracts before all the Company, proceeded to appoint a Day for the Solemnization. This was a cruel Blow to poor *Ragotin*, whom *Rancour* whiſper'd in the Ear, Did not I tell you what this would come to? I had always miſtruſted it. Hereupon the poor little Man fell into a deep Melancholy, which inclin'd him to that deſpair, which you may read of in the laſt Chapter of this Romance. He became ſo diſorder'd, that while he was walking one Holiday before the great Church of *Notre-dame*, at the time of the ringing of the Bells, he fancied they were made to ring the following Words on purpoſe to affront him,

This Morning-Ra-go-tine
Got-drunk by-too-much-Wine:
Go-home, go-home.

This made him to go immediately into the Belfry, and rattle the Sexton, telling he ly'd, for that he had not drank ſo much as he imagin'd. But, quoth he, I ſhould not have been angry if you had made your Bells to cry,

The-Mu-ti-neer-De-ſti-ny
Has-got-thy-dear-Star-*from-thee*,
Ra-go-tin, Ra-go tin.

for then I ſhould have rejoic'd to have found inanimate Bodies ſenſible of my Wrongs. But to call me Drunkard, a Name I never deſerv'd, I will be reveng'd of you and your Bells, if poſſible." Having ſaid this, and crouded on his Hat faſt to his Head, he mounted up a pair of winding Stairs, which he thought went to the place where they were ringing, but which were indeed thoſe belonging to the Organ. When he began to perceive that this was not the Belfry Staircaſe, he was ſomewhat troubled; never-

nevertheleſs going on forwards, he at length met with a little low Door which went under the Tiles. Here he crept in; and whereas other People would have been forc'd to creep on all-fours, by reaſon of the lowneſs of the place, he nevertheleſs afterwards had room to walk upright; when coming at laſt to another Door that open'd into the Ringing Room, he went in, and found ſeveral Perſons at it Ding-dong, with ſuch eagerneſs that they never look'd behind 'em. At his firſt entrance he ſaluted the Fellow that ſtood next to him with all the injurious Language he cou'd think of, calling him *Villain, Raſcal, Sot, Puppey, Blockhead, Clown*, and what not; which notwithſtanding the Noiſe of the Bells hinderd that Perſon [or any of the reſt,] from hearing. At this *Ragotin*, believing himſelf not only affronted but deſpis'd, went up to the ſaid fellow and gave him a good luſty Thump on the Back with his Fiſt. The Fellow feeling himſelf ſtruck, turn'd about of a ſudden, and cry'd, What little T---d-Fly's this? ---I wonder who ſent thee hither to ſtrike me? *Ragotin* was about to have given him a Reaſon for what he had done, when the Ringer holding his Bell-rope in one Hand, and catching him by the Arm with the other, twerl'd him about, and at the ſame time gave him ſuch a kick in the A--e, that he ſent him headlong down a pair of Stairs into the Chime-room. He tumbled ſo violently, with his Head againſt ſome of the Clockwork, that his Noſe guſh'd out with Blood, beſides the many other parts of his Body that were extremely bruis'd. This made him roar out like a Bull, but perceiving no Remedy, and fearing to go up again to the Ringer, he ran down Stairs as faſt as he could drive, to complain to the Lieutenant-Criminal, who lived hard by. This Magiſtrate ſeeing *Ragotin* in that pickle, was eaſily inclin'd to believe what he told him; but after having heard the Reaſon likewiſe from the Sexton that follow'd him to his Houſe, he could not forbear laughing immoderately, tho' he pitied him at the ſame time, well knowing the little Man muſt needs have his Brains out of order to be guilty of ſuch Extravagances; nevertheleſs to content him what he could, he told him he would do him Juſtice, and conſequently ſent a Footman

for

for the Ringer, who being come, he demanded of him why he had abuſed that little Gentleman there with his Bells. To which he anſwer'd, He knew not how he could abuſe him, ſince he and his Companions rung only after their wonted rate,

Or-le-ans Bois-gen-cy
*No-tre-dame-de-*Cle-ri:
Ven-deſme-Ven-deſme

but that indeed after he had once ſtruck him he did kick him, which happening to be towards the top of the Stairs, he could not help his falling to the bottom. The Lieutenant-Criminal bid the Ringer be more cautious for the future how he beſtow'd his Favours of that kind, and adviſ'd *Ragotin* to be wiſer hereafter than to truſt to his Imagination, ſince it had ſo palpably deceiv'd him. *Ragotin* not finding it likely to have any farther Juſtice done him in this Caſe, went home as well ſatisfied as he could, when the Actors perceiving his Face bruis'd and bloody in many places, enquir'd of him what had been the occaſion of it, but he would by no means tell 'em, yet they ſoon after came to know it by others, which cauſed them, together with Monſ. *Verville* and Monſ. *la Garouſſiere*, to laugh exceedingly at him. The Wedding-day being at length come, the prior of St *Lewis* told the Parties he had made choice of his own Church to marry them in, whither they went ſoon after, with as little Noiſe as they could, and were married, after a very pious Exhortation. The Buſineſs being ended, they return'd to their Lodgings, where they dined; after which they knew not how to paſs their Time till Supper. As for Plays, Interludes, and Balls, they had been ſo us'd to them, that they were not at all entertaining, and therefore they propos'd to hear ſome Novel read. *Verville* ſaid, for his part he knew none. If *Ragotin* had not been melancholy, he had been the propereſt Perſon to relate one, but he was dumb. Then *Rancour* was deſir'd to tell that of the Poet *Roquebrune*, which he had promiſed the Company to do when ever Occaſion ſerved, and none could happen better than this.

this. His Answer was, He was not at all in Humour; and besides that, he did not care to bespatter his Friend *Roquebrune* with Aspersions, since he had better deserv'd of him of late than he had formerly done. At length Monsr. *la Garouffiere* told the Company, that if they would accept of such as he could entertain them with, he would tell them some Adventures he had been an Eye-witness of, and which you'll find in the following Chapter.

Chap. XV.

The two Jealous Ladies, a Novel.

'MY Father, who was a Counsellor of the Parliament of *Rennes*, said Monsr. *la Garrouffiere*, and who de-'sign'd me for his Successor, as I am, sent me to the 'College to qualifie me for that purpose; for whilst I 'continued in my own Country he fancied I profited but 'little, and therefore resolv'd to send me to *la Fleche*, where '(you know) the Jesuits have the best College through-'out all *France*. It was in this little Town that what I 'am about to tell you happen'd; and moreover, at the 'same time I studied there.——There were two Gen-'tlemen, the most accomplish'd in all that place, who 'altho' they were a little advanc'd in Years, were never-'theless not married, as it often happens amongst Persons 'of any Quality, who according to the Proverb, *Between 'whom we would have, and whom we would not, we remain a 'long time unmarried*. This Saying was nevertheless cross'd 'at last by these two well-bred Gentlemen. One of them, 'call'd Monsieur *de Fons-blanche*, married a Daughter of 'the Family of *Chateau-d'un*, who were a meaner sort of 'Gentry, but very rich. The other, whose Name was 'Monsieur *du Lac*, married a Lady from the City of *Char-'tres*, who was not rich, but nevertheless exceeding beau-'tiful, and of so good a Family, that she was related to 'several Dukes, Peers, and Mareschals of *France*. These 'two Gentlemen, who could share the Town betwixt 'em, 'had been always good Friends till after their Marriage, 'when their two Ladies looking enviously on each other, 'it quickly occasion'd a Rupture between the Husbands

'Mada-

Madam *de Fons-blanche* was not, 'tis true, handſom in Countenance, yet ſhe had nevertheleſs a graceful Mein, well ſhaped, had a great deal of Wit, and was very obliging. Madam *du Lac*, as beautiful as ſhe was, yet wanted Addreſs; ſhe had wit indeed a great deal, but ſo ill manag'd that ſhe thereby rather render'd her ſelf avoidable than acceptable. Theſe two Ladies were of the Humour of moſt Women now-a-days, who never think they live great, unleſs they have a ſcore or two of Beaux after them. This caus'd them to employ all the Arts they had in making Conqueſts, but therein *du Lac* ſucceeded much better than *de Fons-blanche*, for ſhe had ſubdued all the Youth of the Town, I mean among the Quality, for ſhe would by no means ſuffer any others to ſpeak to her. This Pride and Affectation occaſion'd a great many Murmurings againſt her, which at length broke out into open Detractation, but nothing harm'd her, for 'tis thought it rather contributed to, than hinder'd her procuring new Lovers. *Fons-blanche* was not ſo deſirous of having a great number of Sparks; ſhe nevertheleſs had ſome, which ſhe manag'd with a great deal of Addreſs, and whereof there was one a very handſome young Fellow, that had as much Wit as ſhe, and was one of the braveſt Youths of his time. This Spark was her greateſt Favourite, but at length his Diligence caus'd him to be ſuſpected by the Neighbours, and Slander began to talk loud: It was here the Rupture began between theſe Ladies, who before had viſited each other very civily, nevertheleſs with a little jealous Envy. *Du Lac* began at laſt to ſlander *Fons-blanche* openly, to pry into her Actions, and do all that lay in her power to ruin her Reputation, eſpecially about the aforeſaid Gentleman, whoſe Name was Monſieur *du Val-Rochet*. This ſoon came to *Fons-blanche*'s Ears, who was extreamly nettled at it; and ſaid, That if ſhe had Lovers, it was not by ſcores, as *du Lac* had, who every day gain'd new Conqueſts by her Impoſtures. *Du Lac* hearing this, quickly return'd her the like Reflections. Whence you may imagine that theſe two Women liv'd together in a Town like a Brace of Dæmons. Some charitable People

did

'did all they could to reconcile them, but which prov'd 'in vain, for they could never be prevail'd upon ſo much 'as to ſee each other. *Du Lac* thought, the only way 'to offend *Fons-blanche* to the quick would be to get a-'way her Lover *du Val-Rochet* from her. She then caus'd 'Monſieur *de Fons-blanche*, to be acquainted under hand, 'that he was no ſooner out of Doors, which he was often 'either hunting or viſiting, but that *du Val-Rochet* lay 'with his Wife; and farther, that ſeveral Perſons of Credit 'were ready to teſtifie, that they had ſeen him come na-'ked out of her Bed. Monſieur *de Fons-blanche*, who had 'never yet had any Suſpicion of his Wife, was nevertheleſs 'inclinable to reflect a little upon what he had heard, and 'in Confuſion, deſir'd his Lady to oblige him ſo far, as to 'entertain *du Val-Rochet's* Viſits no longer. She ſeem'd 'all Obedience, nevertheleſs inſinuated ſo many Reaſons 'why ſhe might ſafely admit him, that he gave her Liber-'ty, and ſuffer'd her to act as before. *Du Lac* perceiving 'this Contrivance of hers had not had its deſir'd Effect, 'reſolv'd to get ſome Opportunity to talk with *Val-Rochet* 'her ſelf. She was both fair and ſubtle, two Qualities 'ſufficient to ſurprize the warieſt Heart, tho' it had been 'never ſo much engag'd. *De Fons-blanche* was extreamly 'concern'd at being like to loſe her Lover, but much more 'when ſhe heard that *Val-Rochet* had ſpoke unhandſomly 'of her. This Grief was augmented by her Husband's 'Death, which happen'd a little while after. She went in-'to cloſe mourning 'tis true, but ſtill Jealouſie got the 'Aſcendant of her outward Concern. Her Husband had 'been ſcarce buried fifteen Days before ſhe had a ſecret Con-'ference with *Val-Rochet*. I know not the Subject of 'their Diſcourſe, but the Event makes me pretty well a-'ble to gueſs at it, for in little more than a week after, 'their Marriage was made publick, ſo that in leſs than a 'Month's time ſhe had two Husbands, a living and a dead. 'This ſeems to me to have been the moſt violent Effect 'of Jealouſie imaginable; for to deprive *du Lac* of her 'Lover, ſhe both forfeited her Modeſty by marrying ſo 'ſoon, and forgave the unpardonable Affront *Val-Rochet* 'had offer'd her. *Du Lac* was almoſt ready to run mad

when

'when she first heard this News, and resolv'd forthwith
'to have him assassinated as he went on a Journey to *Bri-*
'*tany*; but which he being made acquainted with, she
'was prevented in that Design. Then she enter'd upon
'the strangest thought that ever Jealousie could suggest,
'and that was, to set her Husband and *Val-Rochet* together
'by the Ears, which she brought about by her pernicious
'Artifices. They quarrell'd divers times and at length
'came to a Duel, which *du Lac* encourag'd her Husband
'in, being none of the wisest Men in the World, that *du*
'*Val-Rochet* might have an Opportunity to kill him,
'which she fancied no hard matter, and then she propos'd
'to hang him out of the way for his pains. But as For-
'tune would have it, it happen'd quite otherwise; for
'*Val-Rochet* trusting to his Skill in Fencing, seem'd to des-
'pise *du Lac*, thinking he durst not make a Thrust at
'him, but therein he was extreamly deceived; for whilst
'he put himself out of Guard, *du Lac* made a home Thrust
'at him, and run him thro' the Body, whereof he instant-
'ly died. This done, *du Lac* went home to his House,
'and acquainted his Wife therewith, who was not only
'surpris'd, but concern'd at so unexpected an Accident. He
'after this fled away privately to a Relation of his Wives,
'who as I have told you before, had several Persons of
'Quality to her Kindred, who labour'd incessantly to ob-
'tain her Husband's Pardon from the King. Madam *Fons-*
'*blanche* was not a little astonish'd when she was first told
'that her Husband was kill'd; but coming afterwards to
'her self, she was advised to bury him quickly and pri-
'vately, to prevent his Body being arrested by the Bailiffs.
'Thus in less than six Weeks time *Fons-blanche* had been
'a Widow twice. *Du Lac* not long after obtain'd his Par-
'don, which was confirmed by the Parliament of *Paris*,
'notwithstanding all the opposition the deceas'd Person's
'Widow could make. This made her to entertain a wis-
'der Design than Madam *du Lac* had done before, and
'that was to stab *du Lac* as he walked in the Market-place
'with some of his Friends. For this purpose she provided
'her self a pon yard, and marching up to him, attackt him
'so furiously, that before he could get himself into a Po-

ſture

'ſture of Defence, or have any of his Friends turn about 'to help him, ſhe had ſtabb'd him mortally in two Places, 'whereof he died three Days after. His Wife immediately 'got this Virago ſeiz'd and clapt up in Priſon. Her Tryal 'came on, and ſhe was condemn'd to die, but her execu-'tion was reſpited, by reaſon of her being with Child; 'nevertheleſs, not long after the Stench of the Priſon did 'the Work of the Hang-man, for ſhe died of a Diſeaſe 'caus'd thereby, after having been firſt delivered before her 'time, and her Child being baptiz'd, died likewiſe ſoon 'after. Madam *du Lac* began afterwards to reflect on 'what ſhe had been the occaſion of, and therefore forth-'with reſolv'd to turn a Nun, which ſhe did, after ha-'ving put her Affairs in order, in the Nunnery of *Almenesche*, 'in the Dioceſs of *Sees*, where ſhe now continues, if 'ſhe be not yet dead of her Auſterities, which ſhe volun-'tarily inflicted on her ſelf.

The Actors and Actreſſes continued their Attention, even while Monſieur *la Garouſſiere* had done ſpeaking, ſo well they lik'd the Story he had entertain'd them with. *Roquebrune* ſtarting up all of a ſudden, told the Company, after his uſual way, that this was a rare Subject for a grave Poem, and he would make an excellent Tragedy of it, which he would reduce to Dramatick Rules. The Company took little notice of what he ſaid, but all admir'd at the wondrous Courage of the Women, who being puſh'd on by Jealouſie, did not boggle at the moſt hazardous Attempts. Then it was diſputed, whether Jealouſie were a Paſſion or not; and all concluded, that whatſoever it was, it ruin'd the nobleſt of paſſions, Love. There was a good while yet to Supper, when all the Company agreed to go and walk in the Park, which they did, and afterwards ſat themſelves down on the Graſs. Then *Deſtiny* ſaid, He thought nothing ſo pleaſant as Novels, which *Leander* confirming, offer'd to relate another concerning a Neighbour's Daughter of his, which was accepted, and after three or four times coughing, he began as follows.

CHAP.

Chap. XVI.

The Capricious Lady, a Novel.

'THere liv'd in a ſmall Town of *Britany* call'd *Vitray*, 'an ancient Gentleman, who had been married a great 'while to a very virtuous Lady, without having any Children 'by her. Amongſt other Houſhold-Servants, he had a Ste-'ward and a Houſekeeper, thro' whoſe Hands moſt Mat-'ters relating to the Family paſſed. Theſe two perſons, 'as moſt Servants do ſooner or later, made Love, and 'promis'd each other Marriage. They had ſo well play'd 'their Parts in their ſeveral ſtations, that both the good 'old Gentleman and his Lady died not long after very much 'incumber'd. As for the two Servants, they became rich, 'and married, having little or no regard to their Maſter's 'Misfortune. Some Years afterwards a certain ill Accident 'fell out, that caus'd the Steward to fly his Country, 'which to do the more ſecurely, he liſted himſelf in a Troop 'of Horſe, leaving his Wife without Children. She having 'waited for his Return about two Years, and hearing no-'thing of him, caus'd a Report to be ſpread abroad that 'he was dead, and accordingly went into Mourning for 'him. When this was a little over, ſhe was ſought after 'by ſeveral Perſons in Marriage, and amongſt the reſt by 'a rich Merchant, who married her, and at the years end 'had a Child by her, who might be about four Years old 'when her Mother's firſt Husband return'd home to his 'Houſe. To tell you which was the moſt ſurpriz'd, the 'two Husbands or the Wife, is not in my power; but 'certain it is, the firſt Husband's Occaſion of going away 'ſtill continuing againſt him, he was eaſily prevail'd upon 'by the other Husband to take a ſmall Sum of Money to 'be gone again. 'Tis true, he ever now and then return'd 'ſecretly for a little Subſiſtance from his Wife, which 'was not refus'd him. In the mean time the Daughter, 'whoſe Name was *Margaret*, grew up, and being rich, 'though ſhe was not handſom, did not want for Sparks 'to court her. Among the reſt was a rich Merchant's 'Son, who did not mind his Father's Buſineſs, but lov'd

to

'to frequent Gentry's Company, where he often met with
'his Miſtreſs *Margaret*, who was receiv'd among them
'on account of her Riches. This young Man, whoſe Name
'was Monſieur *de St. Germain*, had a good Countenance,
'and Courage enough to engage him often in Duels, which
'at that time were very frequent. He danc'd gracefully,
'gamed with all the better ſort of Company, and was al-
'ways well dreſt. In the many Meetings he had with this
'young Laſs he took all Opportunities to let her know
'what a Kindneſs he had for her, and how deſirous he was
'to be her Husband. This ſhe ſeem'd to approve of well
'enough, and conſequently invited him to come and ſee
'her at home, which he did by permiſſion of her Father and
'Mother, who extremely favour'd the Match. But after-
'wards, when he was about to ask her of her Parents, he
'would by no means do it till he had her Conſent firſt, not
'believing when ſhe had yielded ſo far in other things ſhe
'would oppoſe him in that; but to his great ſurprize, up-
'on putting the *Queſtion*, he found her to repulſe him
'furiouſly, both in Words and Actions. Hereupon he
'went his way, and forbore viſiting her for five or ſix
'Days, hoping thereby he might in ſome meaſure abate
'his Paſſion; but to his Diſappointment found that it had
'taken too deep Root to be ſo eaſily remov'd, inſomuch
'that he was quickly forc'd to go ſee her again. He had
'no ſooner enter'd her Houſe but ſhe went out of it among
'her Companions in the Neighbourhood, whither he fol-
'low'd her, after having had a Promiſe from her Father
'and Mother to uſe their Endeavours to make her more ſo-
'ciable. This nevertheleſs they durſt not attempt to do
'with Rigour, ſhe being their Darling and only Daughter,
'and therefore choſe rather to repreſent to her mildly what
'Injuſtice ſhe did the young Man, after having once pro-
'feſs'd to love him. To this ſhe gave no anſwer, and not-
'withſtanding all was ſaid, continued in her ill humour;
'for whenever he offer'd to come near her, ſhe would ſtill
'change her Place. Then he would follow her, but ſhe
'always flew from him. One Day, as ſhe was getting a-
'way, he caught her by the Sleeve; ſhe told him he rump-
'led it, and that if he offer'd to come near her any more ſhe

'would

'would give him a Box o'th' Ear. In a word, the more 'he follow'd her, the more ſhe avoided him. When ſhe was 'at the Ball, and he offer'd to dance with her, ſhe affronted 'him, telling him ſhe was out of Order, and at the ſame 'time danc'd with another. She at length arriv'd to that 'pitch of Ill-nature, that ſhe occaſion'd him Quarrels, and 'he above four times accepted Challenges on her account, 'in all which he nevertheleſs came off ſafe, which ſhe 'ſeem'd to be very ſorry for. All this ill Uſage did but en-'flame his Paſſion the more, like Oyl thrown upon the 'Fire, inſomuch that his Viſits were made the more fre-'quently for his being diſcourag'd. One Day above the reſt 'he fancied his Perſeverance had wrought an Alteration in 'her, for that ſhe ſuffer'd him to come near her, and ſeem'd 'to hearken attentively to what he ſaid to her. His Lan-'guage was this: Why do you thus fly me, inſenſible Fair 'one! that cannot live without you? If I have not Merit ſuf-'ficient to deſerve you, yet conſider at leaſt the Exceſs of my 'Paſſion, and the many Indignities I have born from you with 'Patience. Very well, anſwer'd ſhe, you may flatter your 'ſelf with that Fancy if you pleaſe, but I would have you 'to know, that the beſt way for you to win upon me, is to 'get as far out of my ſight as you can; and becauſe you can-'not well do ſo as long as you continue in this Town, I com-'mand you (which if you have that Reſpect you pretend for 'me, you will not fail to obey me in) to liſt your ſelf in the 'Troops that are now raiſing; and after you have made a few 'Campaigns it may be you may find me more kind. This 'ſmall Pittance of Hope which I afford you ought to incline 'you to obey me; but if you will not do it, loſe me for ever.' 'Then ſhe drew off a Ring from her Finger, and gave it 'him, ſaying, *Keep* this Ring to put you in mind of me, but 'remember I forbid you to come any more near me, tho' 'to take your leave of me. This ſaid, ſhe ſuffer'd him to 'take a parting Kiſs of her, and ſo went into an adjoyning 'Chamber, locking her ſelf up. Then this wretched Lo-'ver went to take leave of her Father and Mother, who 'pitied him extremely, promiſing to continue always his 'Friends, and next Day he liſted in a Troop of Horſe that 'was raiſing to go the Seige of *Rochelle*. His Miſtreſs ha-

'ving

'ving enjoin'd him not to ſee her again till after his Return, 'he durſt not pretend to attempt it; however, the Night 'before his departure he gave her a Serenade under her Win-'dow, with this Complaint at the end of it, which he 'ſung to the melancholy Strains of his Lute.

The Words of the SERENADE,

IRIS, inexorable Fair!
Whom neither Love nor Friendſhip ſway,
Will you not pity my Deſpair,
Rather than Innocence betray?

Will you for ever cruel prove,
And muſt I think your Heart of Stone?
Will you not yet conſent to love,
But ſuffer me to be undone?

Alas! fair Nymph, at length I yield
To Fate, and take my laſt Adieu:
Never was Lover ſurer kill'd,
Nor Miſtreſs leſs concern'd than you.

When I am dead, ſome Friend of mine
Shall rip up this unhappy Breaſt,
And to your Power my Heart reſign,
But leave to Earth and Worms the reſt.

'The capricious Creature at the ſound of this Serenade 'got out of her Bed, and opening the Shutters of the Win-'dow, peep'd thro' the Glaſs, and ſet up ſo hearty a Laugh 'as might well make the poor Lover think he was *not* 'like to ſucceed in his Deſign. Juſt as he was about to ex-'preſs his Mind farther ſhe clapt to the Shutter, crying out 'to him aloud, 'Keep your Promiſe, Sir, for your own ſake, 'and it may be I may not be worſe than mine. 'With this 'anſwer poor St. *Germain* retir'd, and a few Days after-'wards ſet out with his Troop for the Seige of *Rochelle*. 'This Town, as you may have heard, held out very ob-'ſtinately for ſome time, till at length it was forc'd to ſur-'render upon diſcretion. Then was it that the Troop where-'in St, *Germain* rode was disbanded, and he conſequently

'return'd

'return'd to *Vitray*. He no ſooner arriv'd than he went 'to waiton his unkind Miſtreſs *Margaret*; who permit-'ted him, 'tis true, to ſalute her, but afterwards told him 'he had return'd too ſoon, and that ſhe was not yet diſpos'd 'to receive him, therefore deſir'd him to be gone again. 'His anſwer was in theſe mournful Words, 'You are cer-'tainly the moſt cruel Creature of your Sex, and I plainly per-'ceive you deſire nothing more than the Death of him that 'has all-along approv'd himſelf the moſt faithful Lover in the 'World. You have put me four times upon ſingle Trials of 'my Courage, and I have always had honourable Eſcapes. 'You then would have me hazard my Life in the Army, and 'I have likewiſe come off ſafe there, even where many a leſs 'unhappy Wretch than I has met his end. But ſince I find 'you ſo ardently covet my Ruin, I will go ſeek my Fate in 'ſo many places, that it ſhall be out of the power of Fortune 'to afford me any more Deliverances; it may be you will 'not be able to forbear repenting of having occaſion'd this, 'ſince my Death ſhall be of that kind, as will not only ſur-'prize, but incline you to pity me. Adieu, then added he, 'moſt cruel of your Sex, adieu for ever. 'Having utter'd 'theſe words, he was riſing to be gone, but ſhe would not 'ſuffer it till ſhe had told him, that ſhe did not by any means 'deſire his Death, and that what ſhe had done by engaging 'him in Duels, was only to be the better convinc'd of his 'Courage, that he might be the more worthy of her. And 'laſtly, ſhe let him know, that ſhe was not yet diſpos'd to 'receive his Addreſſes, but that Time, for ought ſhe knew, 'might make an alteration upon her to his Advantage. With 'theſe Words ſhe left him, and retir'd. The ſmall Hopes 'ſhe gave him put him upon a Stratagem which was like 'to have ſpoil'd all, and that was, to make her jealous. 'He conſider'd with himſelf, that ſince ſhe had ſhew'd 'ſome Good will towards him, ſhe would not fail to be 'jealous if ſhe really lov'd him. He therefore ſought out a 'Comrade of his that had a Miſtreſs that lov'd him as much 'as his ſlighted him. He deſir'd to give him leave to make 'his Addreſſes to her, and he would do the like to his, to 'the end he might obſerve how ſhe would take it. His 'Comrade would by no means grant his Requeſt till he had 'his Miſtreſs's Conſent which nevertheleſs ſoon after de-

manding,

'manding, he eaſily obtain'd. The firſt that time theſe two
'Ladies came together, which I ſhould have told you they
'did almoſt every day, the two Lovers made their ex-
'change according to agreement, St. *Germain* ſtepping
'up to and courting his Comrade's Miſtreſs, whilſt his
'Comrade did the like to the haughty *Margaret*, who re-
'ceiv'd him but very coldly. But as ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd
'her former Spark and his Miſtreſs laugh, ſhe began to
'flye out into a great Paſſion, well knowing then that
'this Exchange had been concerted on Agreement, and there-
'fore immediately flung out of the company with Tears in
'her Eyes. This cauſed the obliging Miſtreſs to go after
'and endeavour to appeaſe her, telling her, this Stratagem
'of her Lover's was only to know her Mind the better,
'and not to either circumvent or affront her, and therefore
'earneſtly entreated her to take no farther notice of it, but
'rather to favour the conſtant Addreſſes of ſo ſincere a
'Lover as St. *Germain* had long been to her. All this not-
'withſtanding gain'd little upon the humourſome *Marga-*
'*ret*; whereupon the unfortunate St. *Germain* was driven
'to ſo fierce Deſpair, that for the future he ſought nothing
'ſo much as to ſhew the Violence of his Love by ſome raſh
'Action, which he hoped might procure his Death. This
'Reſolution, one Night not long after, he had an occaſion
'to put in Practice; for whilſt he and ſeven of his Com-
'rades were coming out of a Tavern half drunk, and with
'their Swords by their ſides, they chanc'd to meet three
'or four Gentlemen, amongſt whom was a Captain of
'Horſe. With theſe they began to diſpute the Wall, and
'which they obtain'd by being the greater number; but
'the Gentlemen returning immediately after with four or
'five more of their Company, purſued theſe Perſons that
'had ſo greatly affronted them, and overtook them in the
'High-Street: when St. *Germain* being the foremoſt, and
'having been the forwardeſt in the Affront, the Captain
'diſcovering him to be a Trooper by his Hat, ſtept up to
'him, and gave him ſuch a luſty Blow with a Backſword,
'that he cut thro' his Hat, and cleft part of his Scull. Ha-
'ving done this, and thinking themſelves ſufficiently re-
'veng'd, the Captain and his Companions march'd off,
'leaving St. *Germain*, for dead in the Arms of his Friends.

'He

« He had little or no Pulſe left, and leſs Motion, inſomuch « that they immediately carried him home, and ſent for ſe- « veral Surgeons, who found Life yet remaining in him. « Theſe dreſs'd his Wound, ſtitch'd up his Scull, and then « bound it up. The Noiſe of this Conteſt had at firſt a- « larm'd the Neighbourhood; but they were much more « ſurpriz'd when they heard a Man had been ſo dangerouſly « wounded. The thing was talk'd about from one to t'other « after a different manner, however all concluded St. *Ger-* « *main* was a dead Man. This Report quickly got to his « cruel Miſtreſs's Houſe; who tho' undreſt, yet immediate- « ly ran to ſee him, and whom ſhe found in the condition « I have told you. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw Death begin to ſhew « it ſelf in his Face ſhe fell down in a Swoon, and it was « found no eaſie matter to recover her. When ſhe came to « her ſelf the Neighbours began to accuſe her of being the « Cauſe of this Diſaſter, and that if ſhe had not been ſo « unkind to him, he would never have been ſo deſperately « raſh, this being but the Reſult of what he had frequently « threatned. Then began ſhe to tear her Hair, wring her « Hands, and do all that mad People are wont to do. She « afterwards proceeded to ſerve him with that diligence, « that all the time of his Illneſs ſhe would neither undreſs « her ſelf, lye down on the bed, nor permit any of his « Siſters to do any thing about him. After he came to « himſelf, and began to know People, it was judg'd ne- « ceſſary ſhe ſhould abſent her ſelf, which ſhe was never the- « leſs with great difficulty prevail'd on to do. He at length « was cur'd, and when he came to be perfectly well, was « married to his capricious Miſtreſs *Margaret*, to the ſatiſ- « faction of every body, but much more of himſelf. After *Leander* had finiſh'd this Novel, the Company return'd to the Town, where having well ſupp'd, and the like, they put the new-married Couples to bed. Theſe Weddings had been kept ſo ſecret, that they had no Viſitors for two Days after, but on the third they were ſo embarras'd with Company that they had not Leiſure left 'em to ſtudy their Parts. After a little time they all return'd to their Exerciſe as before, except *Ragotin*, who was fallen into a perfect Deſpair; as you will find in the following Chapter.

Chap. XVII.

Ragotin's Despair and Death, with the End of the Comical Romance.

Rancour now perceiving, that he as well as *Ragotin* had no more hopes left of his succeeding in his Love to *Star*, got up betimes, and went to the little Man, whom he found likewise risen and writing at the Table. Upon his enquiry what he was doing, he told him, he was writing his own Epitaph. *How!* quoth *Rancour, do people use to make their Epitaphs before they are dead? But what surprizes me yet more*, continued he, *is that you make it your self.* 'Yes, I have made it my self, answer'd *Ragotin*, 'and will shew it you. He thereupon open'd a paper which 'was folded, and read these Verses.

Ragotin's Epitaph.

Here th' unlucky Ragotin *lies,*
Who liv'd a Slave to fair Star's *Eyes,*
Yet Destiny *him of her depriv'd;*
Which made him take a Journey strait
To th' other World, compel'd by Fate,
For needs must where the Devil driv'd.
For her a Stroller *he became,*
And here with Life concludes the same.

This is fine indeed, quoth *Rancour*; *but you will never have this satisfaction to read it on your Tomb; for it is the common Opinion that dead People neither see nor understand any thing they do that survive them.* 'Ah! answer'd *Ragotin*, 'you have partly been the cause of my Misfortunes, for 'you always gave me hopes I should succeed, and yet I 'am very well assur'd you all-along knew the contrary. Then *Rancour* protested to him, that he knew nothing certainly of it, but confess'd, he had all-along suspected it as he had told him before, when he advis'd him to stifle his passion, she being the proudest Woman in the world. *But methinks*, added he, *her Profession of a* Stroller, *which you know*

know is none of the moſt honourable, might have ſomewhat abated her ſelf-conceit; yet it has always ſo happen'd, that theſe ſort of Women take much more upon them than belongs to them. But at length, continued he, *I muſt diſcover ſomething to you that I have kept a Secret till now, and that is, That I was as much in love with Madam* Star *as you, and I know not how a Perſon that had ſo much Converſation as I had with her could have well avoided it; but now that I find my ſelf out of hopes, as well as you. I am reſolv'd to leave the Company, eſpecially ſince Mrs.* Cave's *Brother is come to it, who can act all thoſe Parts, I did; and therefore I believe they will be the more willing to part with me. I will then go to* Remes, *where the other Company is, and wherein to I do not queſtion I ſhall be receiv'd, becauſe they at preſent want an Actor.* 'Then, quoth *Ragotin,* ſince you were in love with the ſame perſon, I 'do not know how you ſhould ſpeak to her for me. But *Rancour* ſwore like a Devil, he was a Man of Honour, and had done all that in him lay to promote his Intereſt, but ſaid he could never prevail to be heard. *Well then,* quoth *Ragotin, you have reſolv'd to quit the Company, and ſo have I, but I have determin'd to make a larger Leap, and forſake the World too. Rancour* made no Reflections on his Epitaph, thinking he meant only retiring to a Convent, and therefore took no care to prevent his doing himſelf harm. As for the Epitaph, he never ſpoke of it to any body except the Poet *Roquebrune,* to whom at his requeſt he gave a Copy. When *Ragotin* was alone he began to think what Method he ſhould make uſe of to rid himſelf of the world. He took a Piſtol and charg'd it with a brace of Bullets, to ſhoot himſelf thro' the Head, but then he was afraid that they would make too much Noiſe. Then he took the Point of his Sword and put is againſt his Breaſt, but as ſoon as he felt it prick, it made him ſick, and therefore that Method was rejected. At laſt he went down into the Stable, where whilſt the Hoſtlers were at Breakfaſt, he took one of the Halters that he found lying there, and faſtning one end to the Rack, put the other with a Nooſe about his Neck; but when he was about to let himſelf ſwing, he found he had not the Heart to

do it, and therefore waited till ſome-body came in when he was reſolv'd upon it. At length a Gentleman came, and then he let go the hold of his Hands, but ſtill kept one Foot bearing on the Manger. However he might have been ſtrang'led had he continued ſo hanging for any while. The Boy that went to put up the Gentleman's Horſe ſeeing *Ragotin* hang in that manner, thought verily he had been dead, and therefore began to bawl out like mad for Help. All the Family came down, and ſeeing a Man hang'd, immediately took the Rope from his Neck, and brought him to himſelf; which you may imagine was not very eaſie to do. Then he was ask'd what made him to enter upon ſo ſtrange a Reſolutton, but no anſwer could be got out of him. Afterwards *Rancour* took Madam *Star* aſide, whom I might have call'd by the Name of *Deſtiny*, but being ſo near to the End of this Romance, it will be ſcarce worth while, and told her the Occaſion, as he believ'd, of this ſtrange Undertaking. She ſeem'd much ſurpriz'd, but was much more when ſhe heard this wicked Man tell her he was ſtill in the ſame Mind, to make away with himſelf, but would not attempt it any more by a Halter. To this *Star* anſwer'd not one Word, whereupon *Ragotin* took his leave and departed. Some little time after he made known to the Company a Deſign he had to accompany Monſieur *Verville* to *Mans*. The Company was willing enough to part with him as long as he had a Companion, but would not have car'd to truſt him alone. Next Morning they ſet out betimes, after that Monſieur *Verville* had made a thouſand Proteſtations of continued Freindſhip to the Actors and Actreſſes, but eſpecially to *Deſtiny*, whom he embrac'd, profeſſing the great Joy he had to ſee his Deſigns accompliſh'd. *Ragotin* made a long Harangue by way of Compliment, but which was ſo confus'd that I don't think fit to inſert it. When they were ready to go, *Verville* enquir'd if the Horſes had drank. The Hoſtler told him it was too early in the Morning, but he might let them do it on the Road if he pleas'd. Then having taken Leave of Monſieur *la Garouffiere*, they mounted and ſet forwards. Monſieur *la Garouffiere* mounted likewiſe, to go home, to whom the new-married Couples return'd abundance of

Acknowledgements, for coming ſo far to honour their Nuptials with his Preſence. After a hundréd Proteſtations of Service on both ſides, he ſet out, and *Rancour* follow'd him, who notwithſtanding his Inſenſibility could not forbear weeping. *Deſtiny* wept alſo, calling to mind the many Services *Rancour* had done him, eſpecially that upon the *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*, when he was there ſet upon and robb'd by *la Rappiniere* and his Followers. As ſoon as *Verville* and *Ragotin* were got to a River, they immediately went therein to water their Horſes, but it was *Ragotin*'s peculiar ill Fortune to light on a place where the Bank had been cut down, which cauſing his Horſe to ſtumble, he threw the little Man violently over his Head into the River, which was exceeding deep in that part above others. Poor *Ragotin* knew not how to ſwim, and tho' he had, his Equipage of Carabine, basket-hilted Sword, and Cloak, would have ſunk him in ſpite of his Teeth. One of *Verville*'s Men immediately rode after *Ragotin*'s Horſe to catch him, whilſt another ſtript himſelf and leapt in after the Maſter to ſave him, but found him dead. Then Company was call'd and the Body taken out and laid on the Graſs. Next the *Strollers* were ſent for, who mightily condoled poor *Ragotin*'s Fate; which having done, they took him and buried him in St. *Catherine*'s Chapel, which is not very far from this River. This diſmal Event nevertheleſs verified the Proverb, That he that was born to be hang'd would never be drown'd. *Ragotin* experienc'd the reverſe, for he could not ſtrangle himſelf, and ſo might be drown'd. Thus ended the Life and Adventures of this little comical Advocate, who ſhall be remember'd by the Inhabitants of *Mans* and *Alenſon* as long as they have any taſte for Strolling, or reliſh for Stage-plays. *Roquebrune* ſeeing *Ragotin* in his Grave, ſaid, That his Epitaph muſt be alter'd in the following manner.

Here